

JUNE
No. 59

SMASH COMICS

10¢

SM
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6



MIDNIGHT

gets mixed up with
A Corpse that
Comes to Life!





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

"Let me show **YOU** too, HOW TO MAKE **YOURSELF** **COMMANDO** **-TOUGH**

inside and out... in double quick time
—OR IT WON'T COST YOU A CENT!"

says *George F. Jowett*

whom experts call the
WORLD'S GREATEST BODY BUILDER

Thousands of Jowett pupils are in the U. S. and British forces knocking Japs and Nazis slap-happy with their swift, powerful bodies. Let me prove to YOU how in double quick time I can put inches of dynamic muscles on your arms! Add inches to your chest! Broaden your shoulders! And power-pack the rest of your body—so quickly it will amaze you! My methods can give you the untiring endurance of a panther. I have done it for thousands the world over. Give me a fighting chance to do it for you.



"The Jowett System is the greatest in the world!" says R. F. Kelly, Physical Director of YMCA, Washington, D. C.

Give me 10 Minutes a Day Learn My Time Tested Secrets of Strength

I'll teach you the "Progressive Power Method" through which I rebuilt myself from a physical wreck the doctors condemned to die at 15, to the holder of more strength records than any other living athlete or teacher! "Progressive Power" has proven its ability to build the strongest, handsomest men in the world. And I stand ready to show you on a money back basis—that no matter how flabby or puny you are I can do the same for you right in your own home. Through my proven secrets I bring to life new power in you inside and out, until YOU are fully satisfied you are the man you want to be. **MY TIME TESTED METHODS RE-BUILD YOU.**

PROVE TO YOURSELF IN ONE NIGHT

Send only 25c in full payment for my test course "Moulding A Mighty Arm." Try it for one night! Experience the thrilling strength that will surge through your muscles.

READ WHAT THESE FAMOUS PUPILS SAY ABOUT JOWETT



A. PASSAMONT, Jowett-trained athlete who was named America's first prize-winner for Physical Perfection.

REX FERRIS, Champion Strength Athlete of South Africa. Says he, "I owe everything to Jowett's methods!" Look at this chest—then consider the value of the Jowett Courses!



BUILD A BODY YOU'LL BE PROUD OF

Send for These
FIVE Famous Courses
NOW in **BOOK FORM**
ONLY 25c EACH
or **ALL 5 for \$1**

At last, Jowett's world-famous muscle-building courses, are available in book form to all readers of this publication at an extremely low price of 25 cents each! All 5 for only \$1.00. You owe it to your country, to your family, and to yourself, to make yourself physically fit now! Start at once to improve your physique by following Jowett's simple, easy method of muscle-building!

10-DAY TRIAL OFFER!

Think of it—all five of these famous course-books for only ONE DOLLAR—or any one of them for 25c. If you're not delighted with these famous muscle-building books—if you don't actually **FEEL** results within ONE WEEK, send them back and your money will be promptly refunded!

Don't let this opportunity get away from you! And don't forget—by sending the **FREE GIFT COUPON** at once you receive a **FREE** copy of the famous Jowett book, "Nerves of Steel, Muscles of Iron."

JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL CULTURE
230 Fifth Ave., Dept. 586 New York 1, N. Y.



MAIL ORDER-COUPON NOW and get my

FREE! for a limited time only — **ALL 5 GIFTS!** and Jowett's big Photo Book

I want **TWICE** as many red-blooded Americans to start on the road to Mighty Strength **THIS MONTH**, so, with Coupon-order, I offer **FREE** of further cost, all 5 World Famous Inside Secrets!

- ① **Inside Secrets** of "Commando Self Defense Tactics". How to defend yourself against Rough and Tumble.
- ② **Inside Secrets** of "Strong Man Stunts Made Easy". Easy-to-learn tricks that will amaze your friends.
- ③ **Inside Secrets** of "The World's Greatest Knock-out Punch". How to deliver it and defend yourself against it.
- ④ **Inside Secrets** of "Hand-balancing Made Easy". How to stand and walk on your hands.
- ⑤ **Inside Secrets** of "Scientific Weight Lifting". How to lift heavy weights with ease.



5 INSIDE STRENGTH SECRETS and **PHOTO BOOK** of STRONG MEN **FREE!**



Jowett Institute of Physical Culture
230 Fifth Avenue, Dept. 586 New York 1, N. Y.
George F. Jowett: Your proposition looks good to me. Send by return mail, prepaid, the courses checked, for which I enclose (). Send 5 Secrets and Photo Book **FREE**.

- ☐ All 5 courses for.....\$1
- ☐ Molding a Mighty Arm 25c
- ☐ Molding a Mighty Back 25c
- ☐ Molding a Mighty Grip 25c
- ☐ Molding a Mighty Chest 25c
- ☐ Molding a Mighty Legs 25c
- ☐ Send all 5 C.O.D. (\$1 plus postage.) No orders less than \$1 sent C.O.D.

George F. Jowett
Champion of Champions

NAME.....Age.....
Please Print Plainly

ADDRESS.....

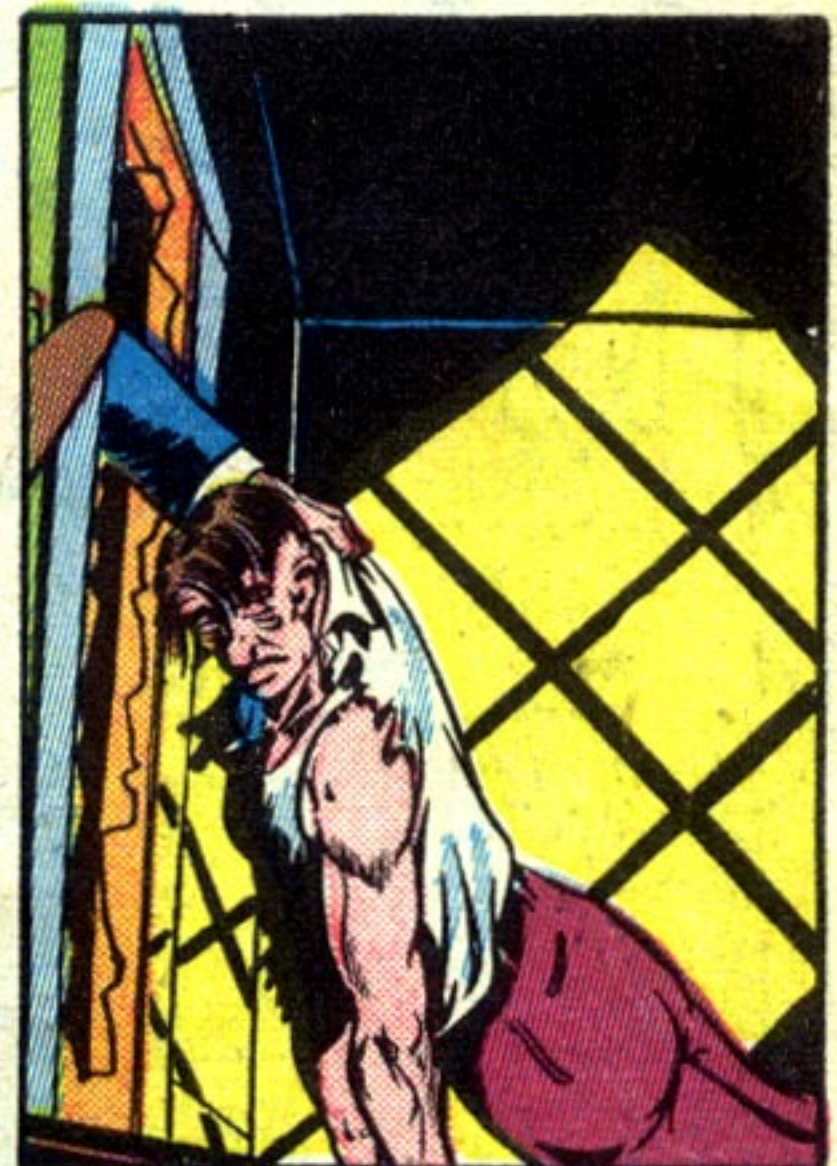
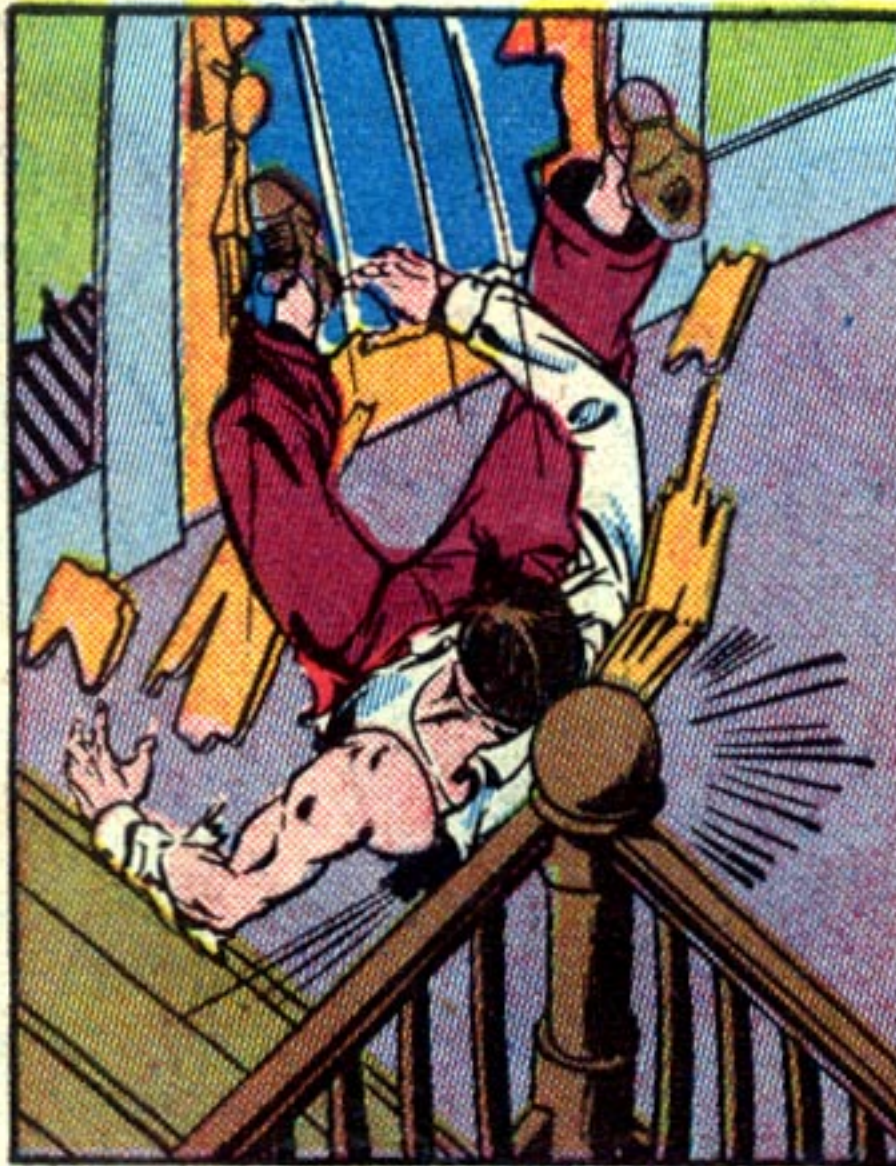
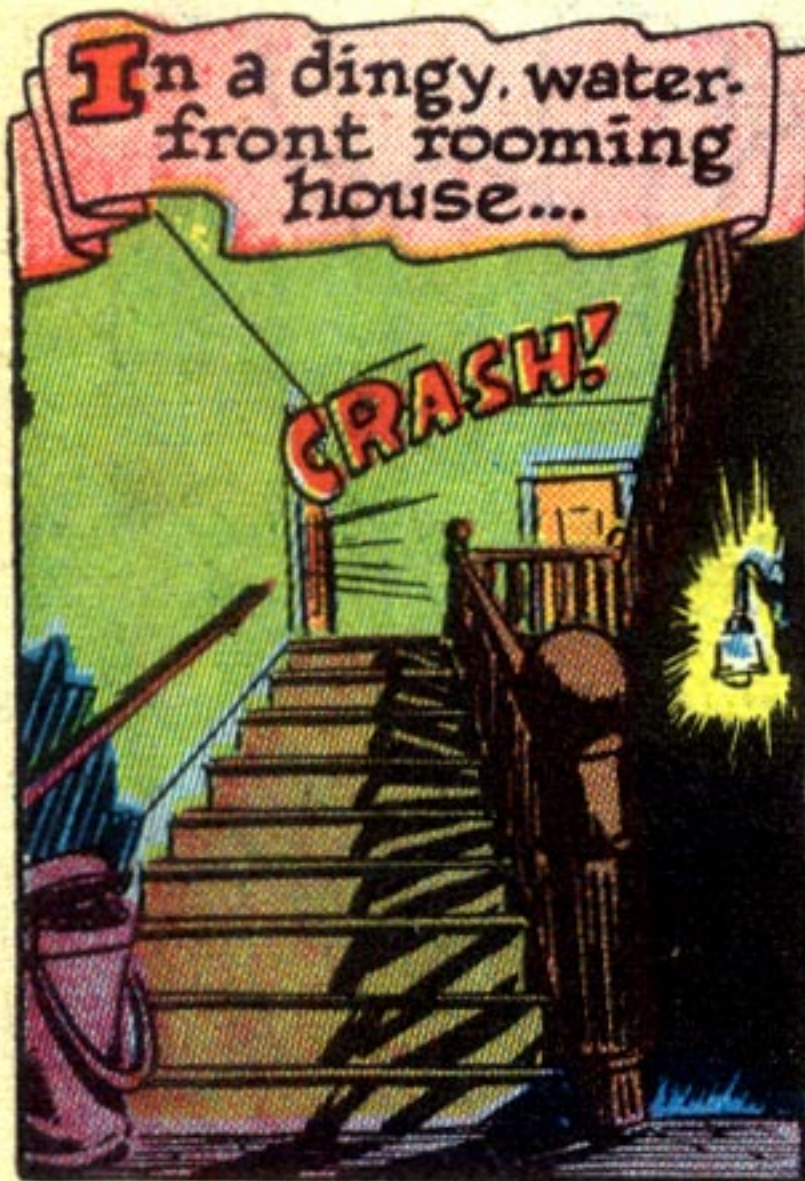
Midnight

DON'T PAY
NO ATTENTION,
MOIPHY! THINGS
LIKE THAT IS GOIN'
ON IN THAT HOUSE
ALLA TIME!

MIDNIGHT!
HALP!

THEY'RE GONNA
MURDER ME!







THEY'RE AFRAID OF MONK!
IF HE WERE OUT OF THE WAY,
THEY'D FALL OVER ONE
ANOTHER TO SPILL
EVERYTHING
THEY KNOW!



BUT I'LL -----
WHAT THE...!
WHO LOCKED
MY DOOR?

HEY--YOU
DOPES! LET
ME IN!



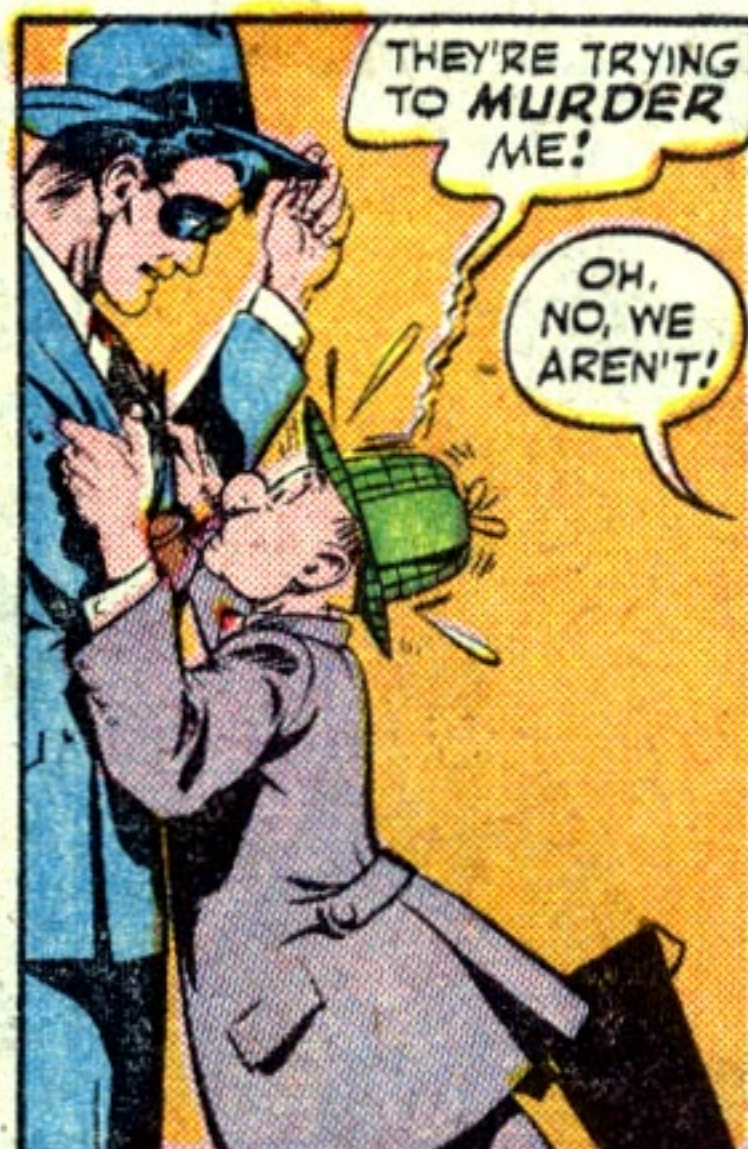
SNIFFER SNOOP,
YOU DIMWIT! WHO
DID YOU THINK IT
WAS? ...
CLEOPATRA?

WH-WHO
IS IT?...
MIDNIGHT?



FER THE LUVVA
PETE -- WHAT'S
GOING ON HERE?

IT'S DOC WACKY AND
THAT UNDER-SIZED APE!
THEY'VE GONE RAVING
MAD! THEY'RE
HOMICIDAL
MANIACS...



THEY'RE TRYING
TO MURDER
ME!

OH,
NO, WE
AREN'T!



MURDER IS TOO
EASY FOR YOU!
WE JUST WANT
TO SLICE YOU
UP IN LITTLE,
QUIVERING
FRAGMENTS...

AND
PICKLE THE
FRAGMENTS
IN SUL-
PHURIC
ACID!

ALL
RIGHT...

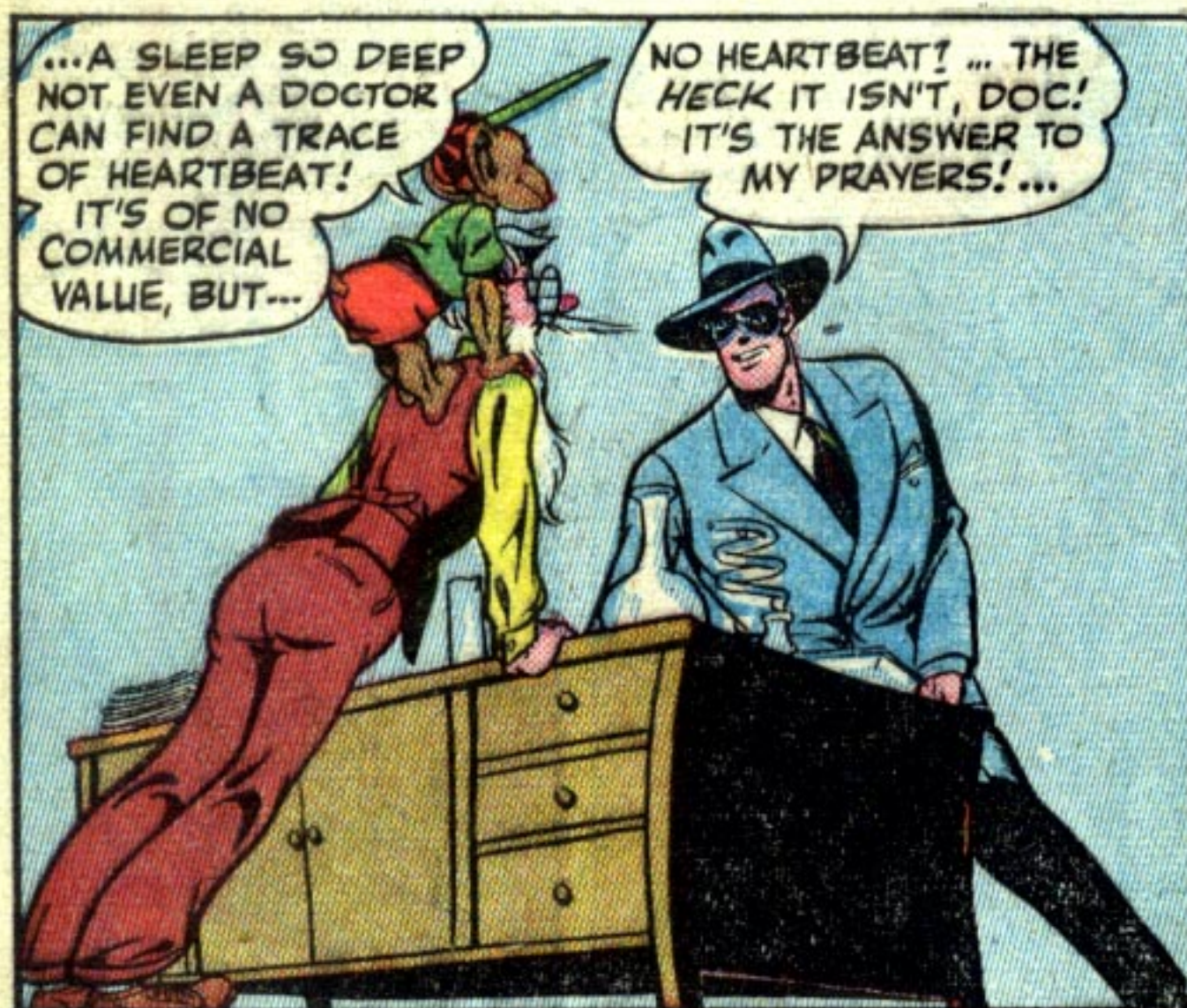


CUT OUT THE
MAYHEM AND TELL
ME WHAT THIS
IS ALL ABOUT!

SURE!... I WAS WORKING ON
MY TWO GREATEST DISCOVERIES,
MEASURING CHEMICALS ON
DELICATE SCALES...



...WHEN THAT
CARBUNCLE'S UNCLE
SLAMMED THE DOOR
SO HARD HALF THE
GLASSWARE FELL OFF
MY SHELVES!





HEY, DOC! - HADN'T YOU OUGHTA LABEL THESE BOTTLES? THEY LOOK EXACTLY ALIKE!

LATER, GABBY! I KNOW WHICH IS WHICH BECAUSE THE SUPER VITAMIN'S ON THE LEFT AND THE SLEEP DRUG'S ON THE RIGHT!

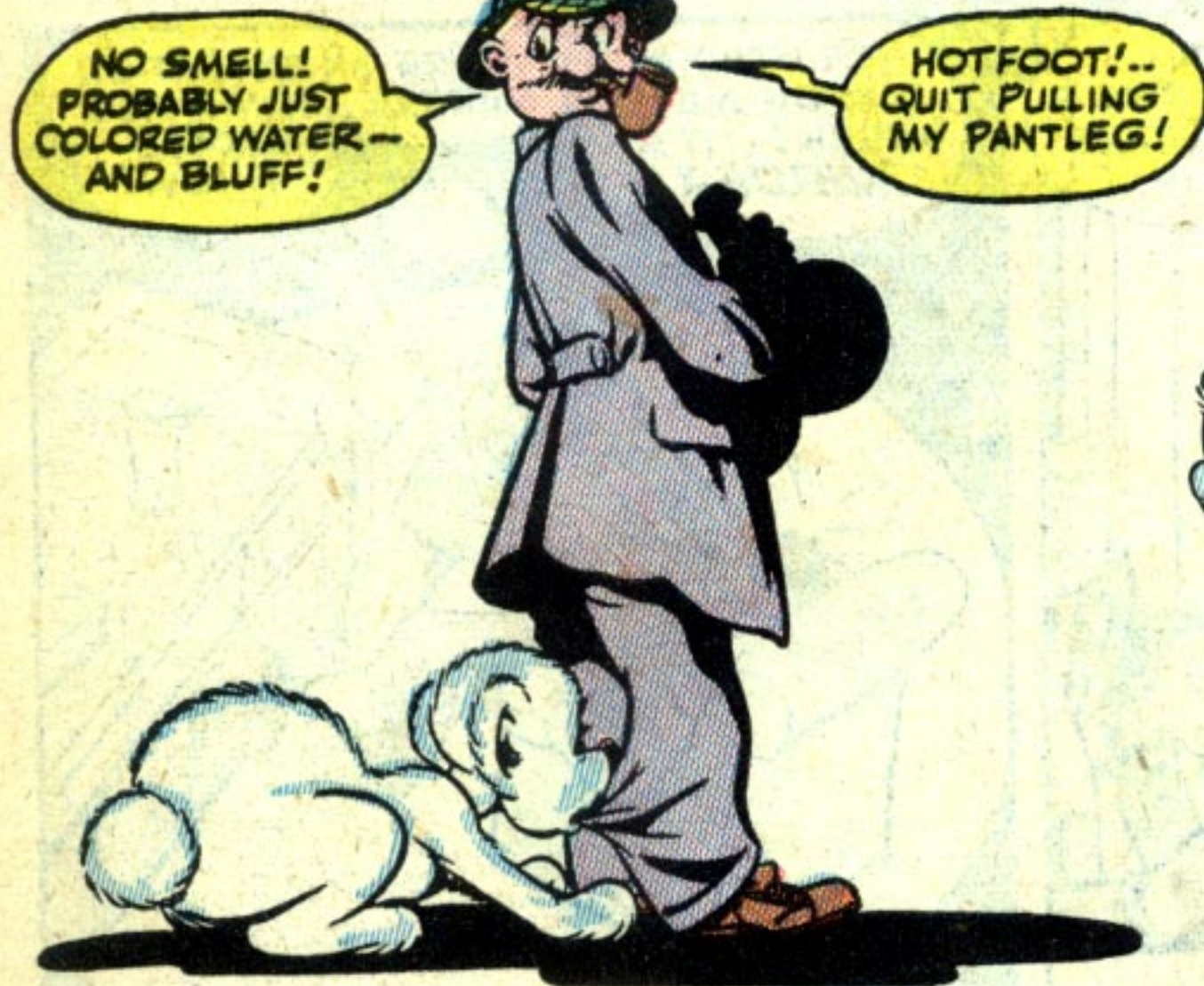


SNAP IT UP, GABBY! WE'VE GOT TO SLICK OURSELVES UP FOR OUR APPOINTMENT WITH HIZZONER THE MAYOR!

BOY! I'LL BET HE APPOINTS US STREET COMMISSIONERS OR SUMP'N FOR THIS FAVOR!

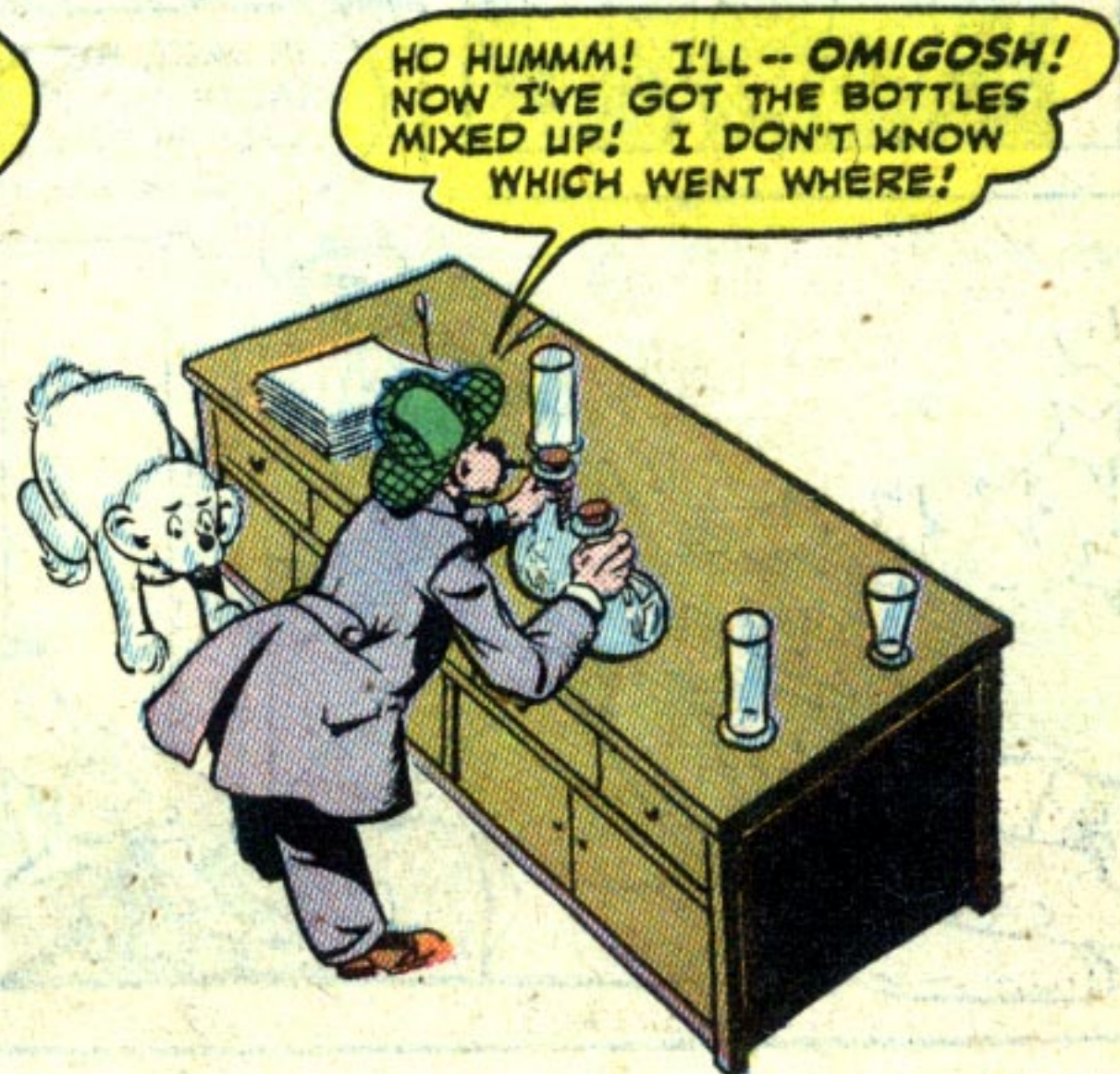


HMMMF! SO THESE ARE DOC'S LATEST BRAIN-STORMS! FUNNY THAT OLD WIND-BAG NEVER GETS RICH, IF HE'S SO HOT!



NO SMELL! PROBABLY JUST COLORED WATER-- AND BLUFF!

HOTFOOT!... QUIT PULLING MY PANTLEG!



HO HUMMM! I'LL -- OMIGOSH! NOW I'VE GOT THE BOTTLES MIXED UP! I DON'T KNOW WHICH WENT WHERE!



C'MON, HOTFOOT! WE'D BETTER-- ER-- TAKE A NICE BRISK WALK IN THE FRESH AIR UNTIL DOC STRAIGHTENS THINGS OUT!



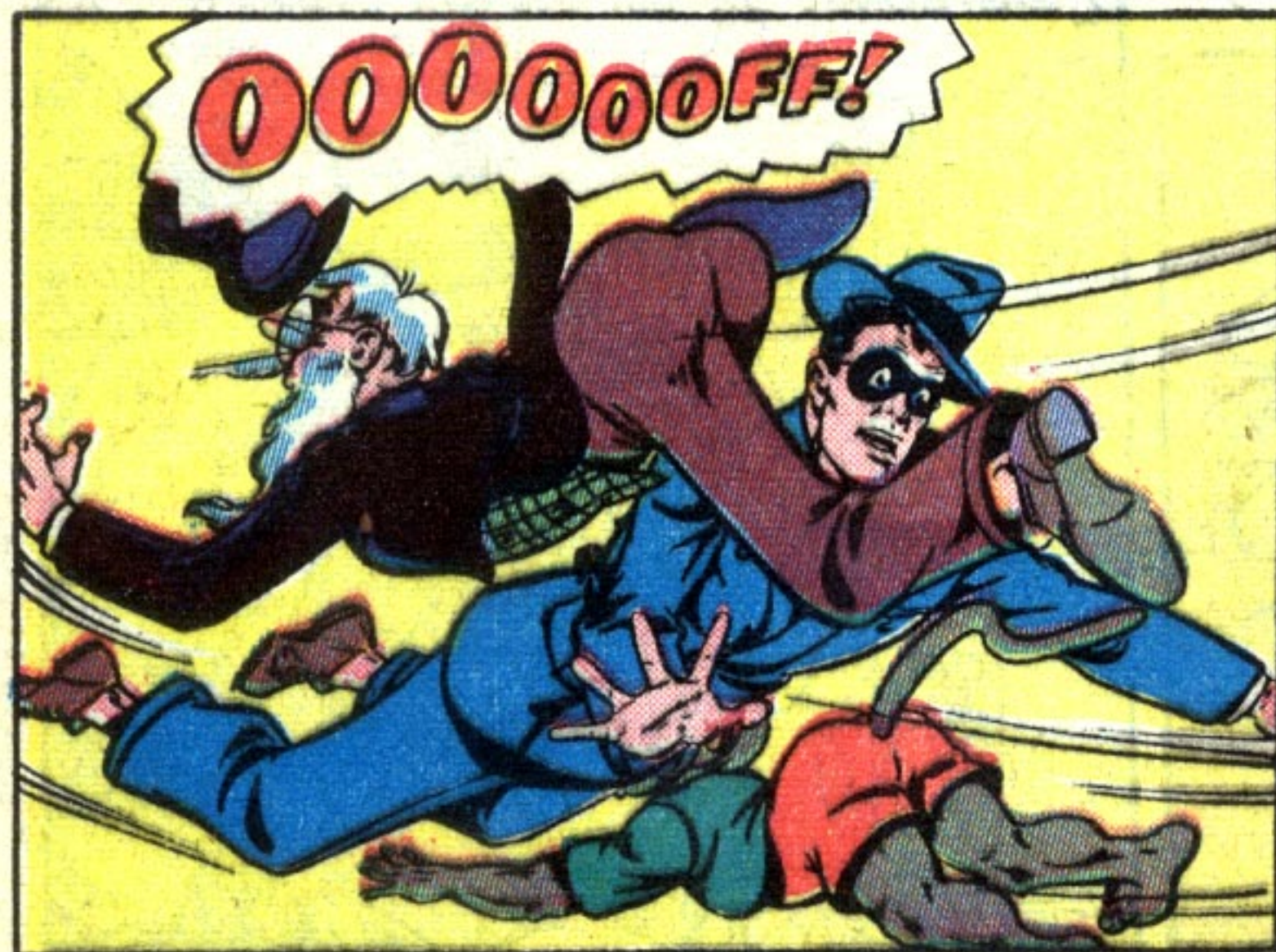
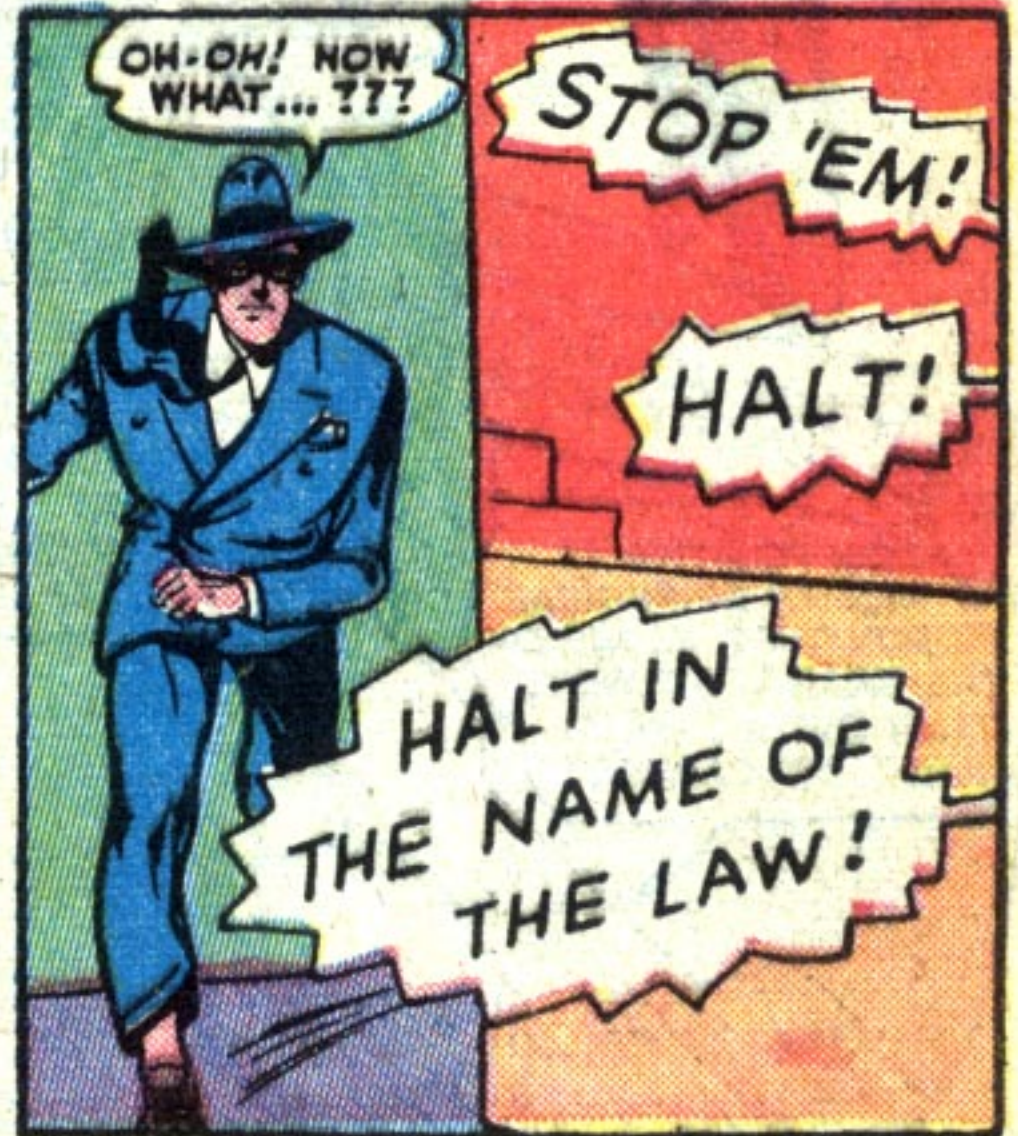
HURRY UP, GABBY! AND BE SURE YOU TAKE THE BOTTLE ON THE LEFT!

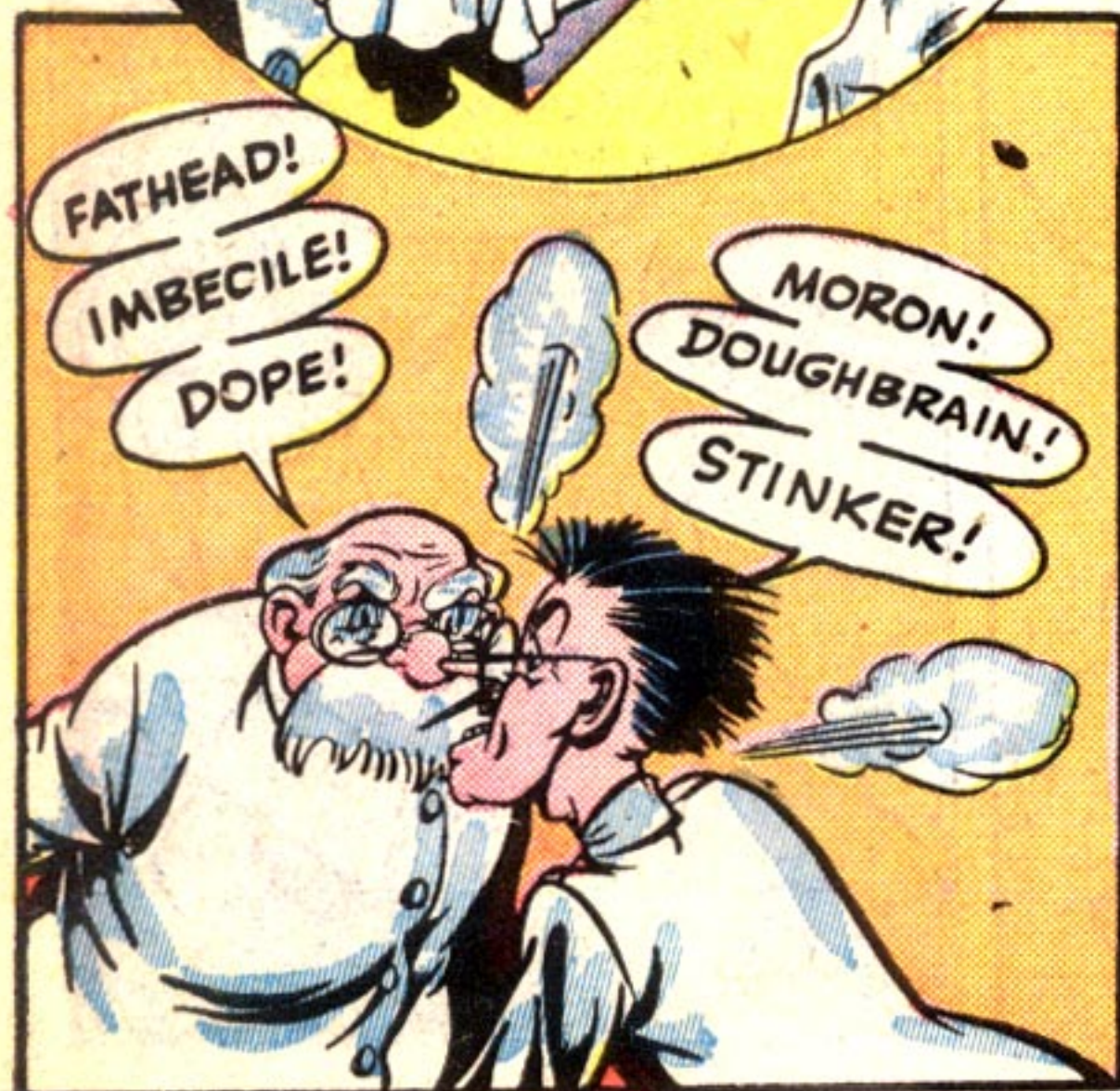
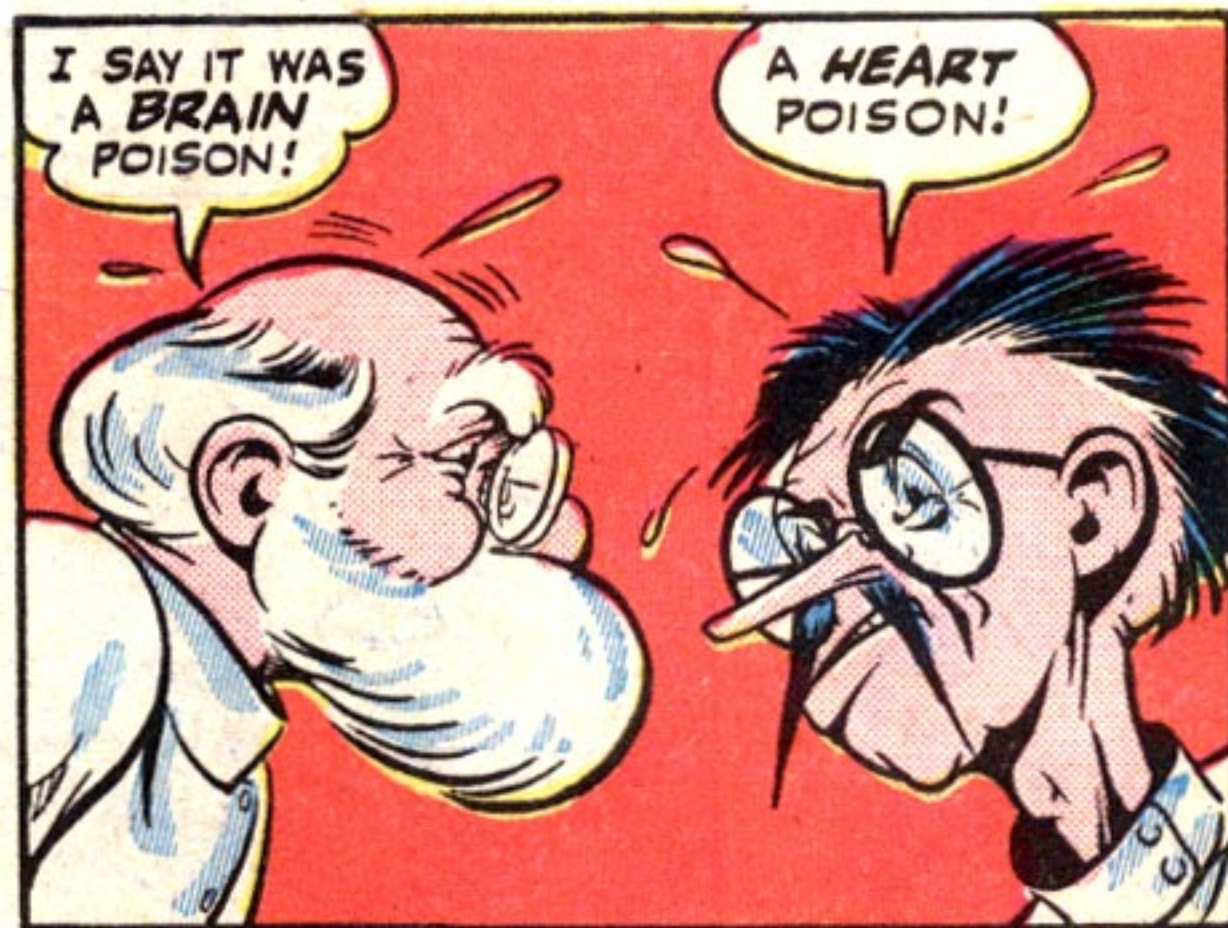
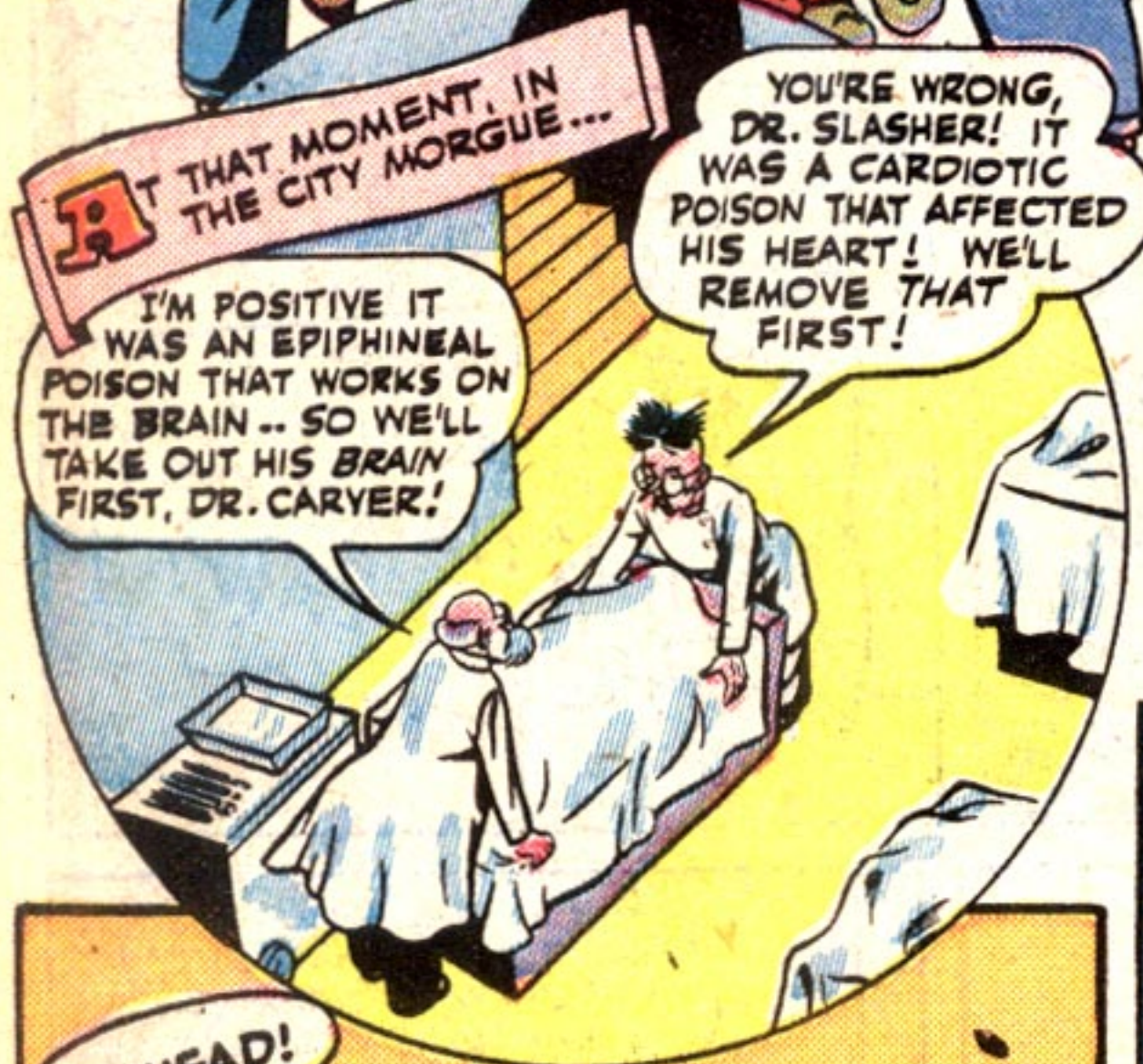
I GOT IT! BUT MEBBE WE OUGHTA TRY THE OTHER ONE ON SNIFFER SNOOP FIRST --JUST TO BE SURE!



DON'T BE SILLY! WHO COULD TELL WHETHER THAT ZOMBIE WAS ALIVE OR DEAD, ANYHOW?







HE SHOULD BE SAFE FOR A WHILE
HERE IN DAVE CLARK'S BEDROOM!
NOBODY KNOWS MIDNIGHT AND
DAVE CLARK ARE THE SAME PERSON!



I'LL SCOUT AROUND AND
TRY TO SLIP WORD TO
DOC AND GAB NOT TO
WORRY! NOBODY'LL
FIND HIM HERE!



Ten minutes later...

C'MON, HOTFOOT! WE'LL
HIDE IN DAVE CLARK'S
BEDROOM UNTIL WE KNOW
HOW DOC AND MIDNIGHT
FEEL ABOUT THOSE
BOTTLES!...

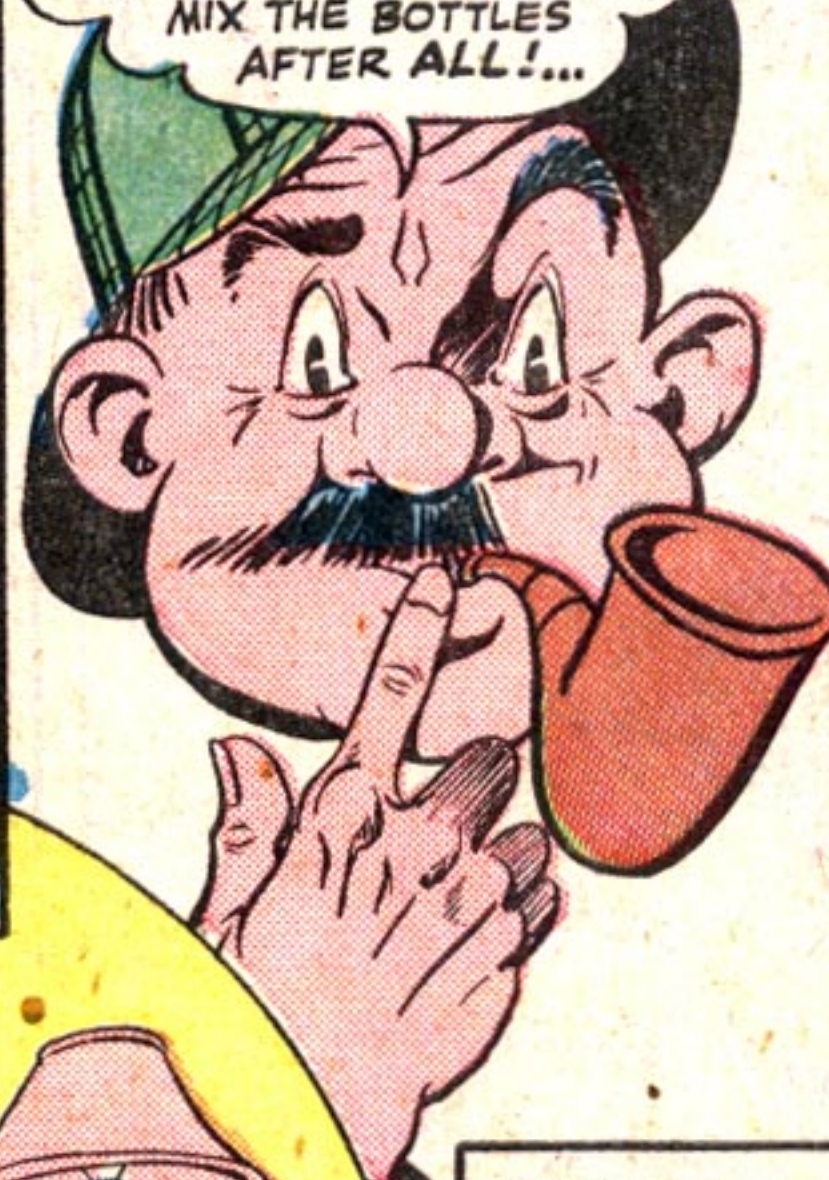


UNDER THE BED
SHOULD
EEEEEEOWW!
A CORPSE!

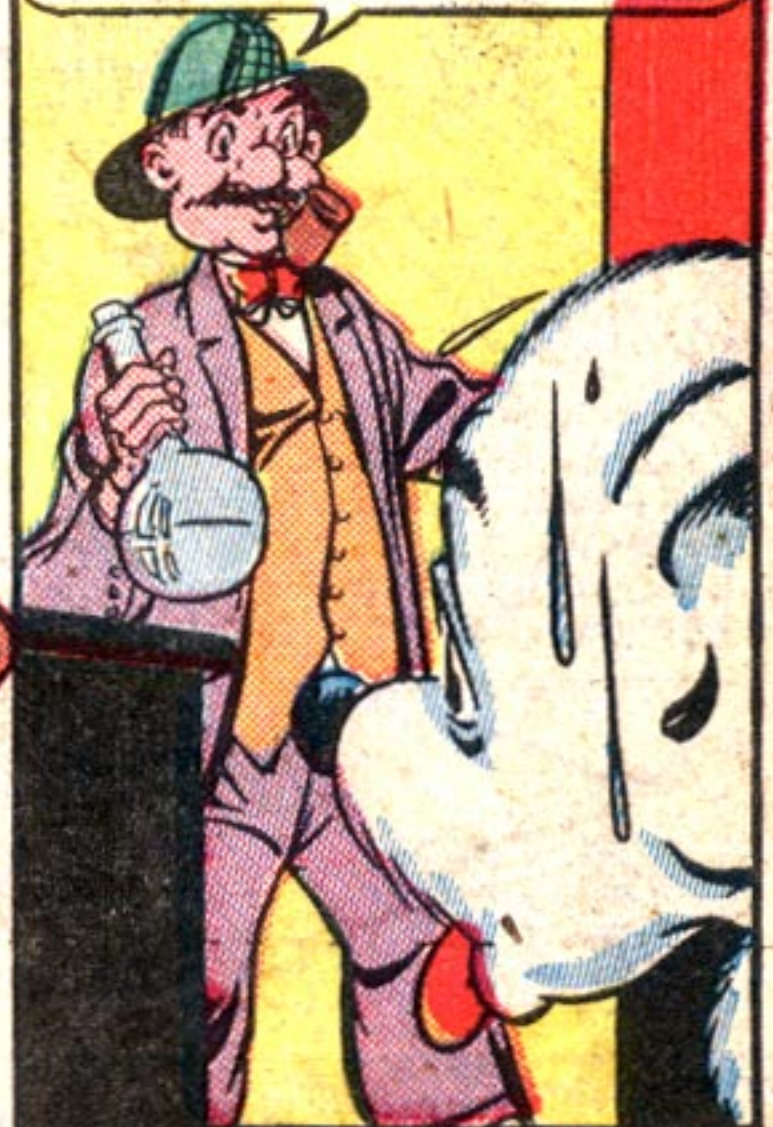
CALL
THE
POLICE!



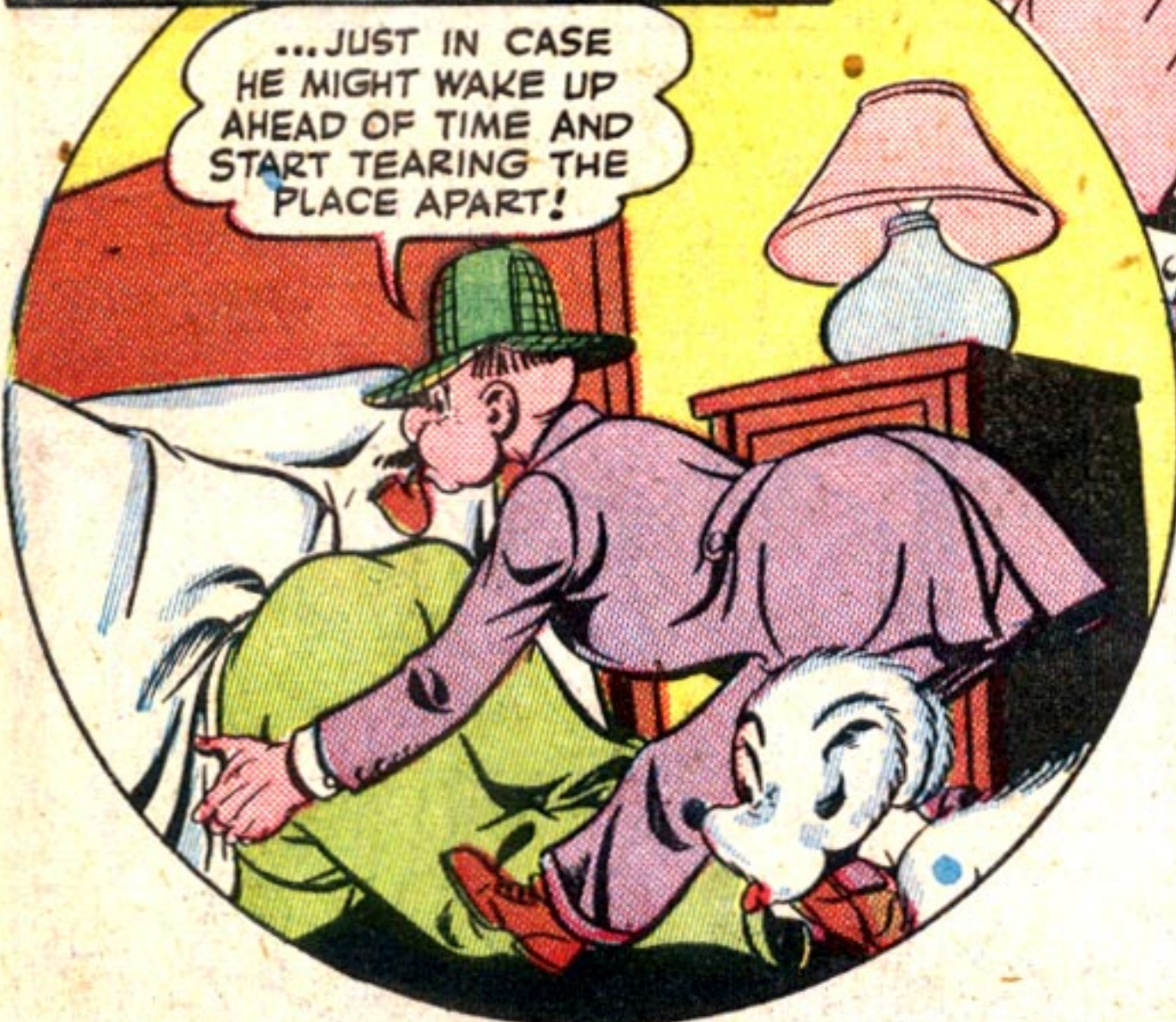
NO! THAT MUST BE THAT
GANGSTER MIDNIGHT WAS
GONNA GIVE THE SLEEPING
DRUG TO! THEN I DIDN'T
MIX THE BOTTLES
AFTER ALL!...



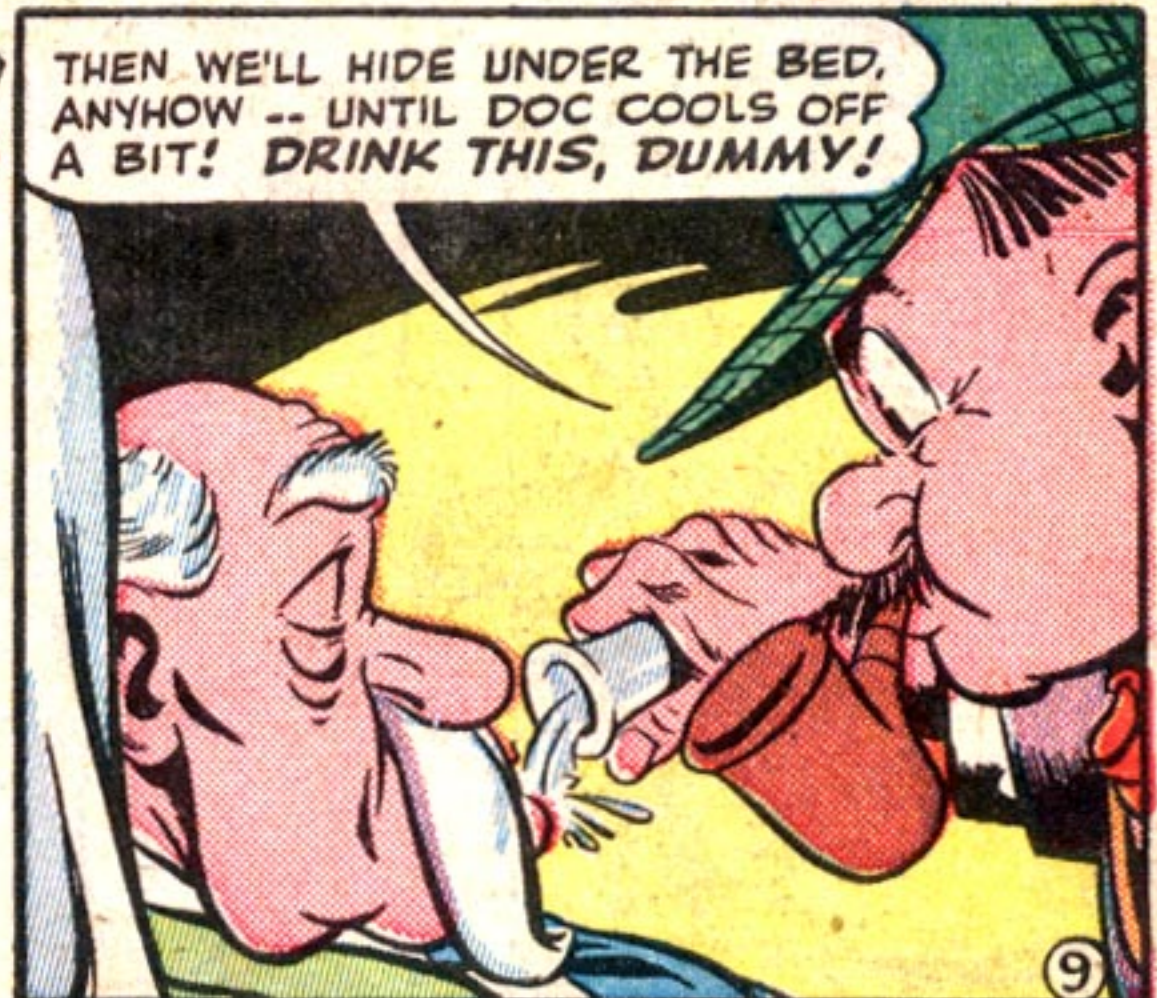
WE'LL HIDE OUT, JUST IN CASE!
BUT I'LL GIVE THAT HOOLIGAN
ANOTHER DOSE OF THE DRUG...

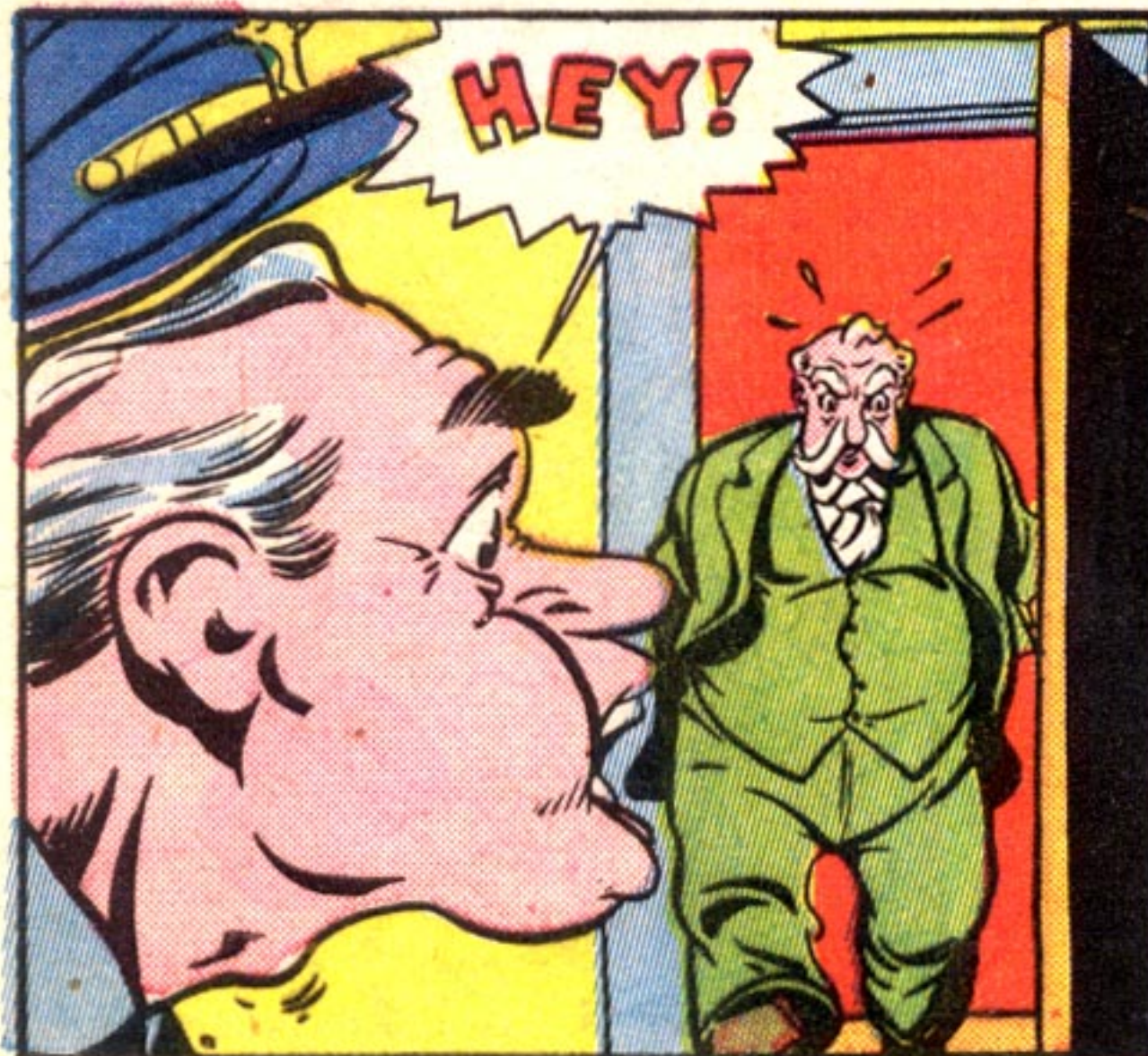
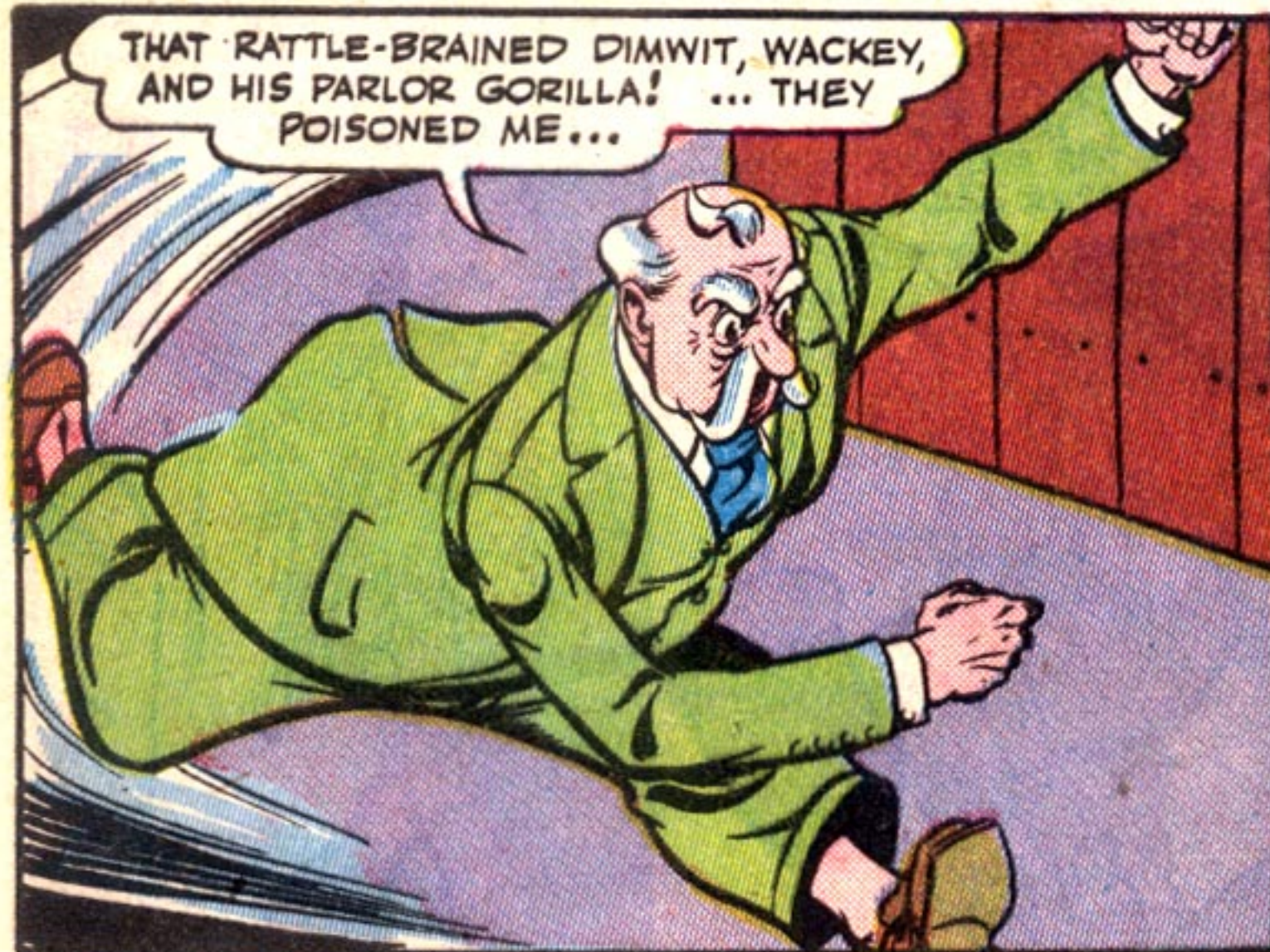
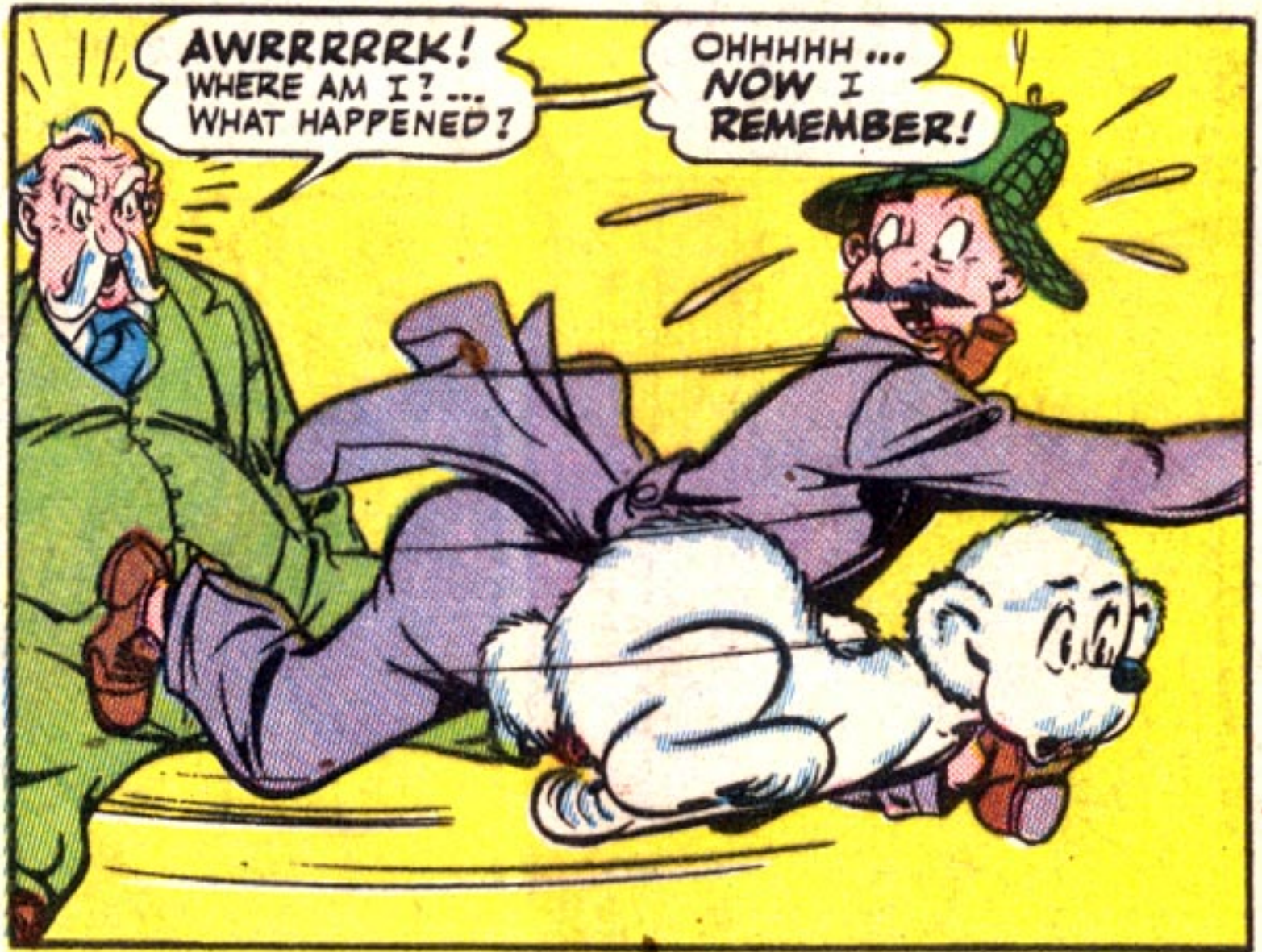


...JUST IN CASE
HE MIGHT WAKE UP
AHEAD OF TIME AND
START TEARING THE
PLACE APART!



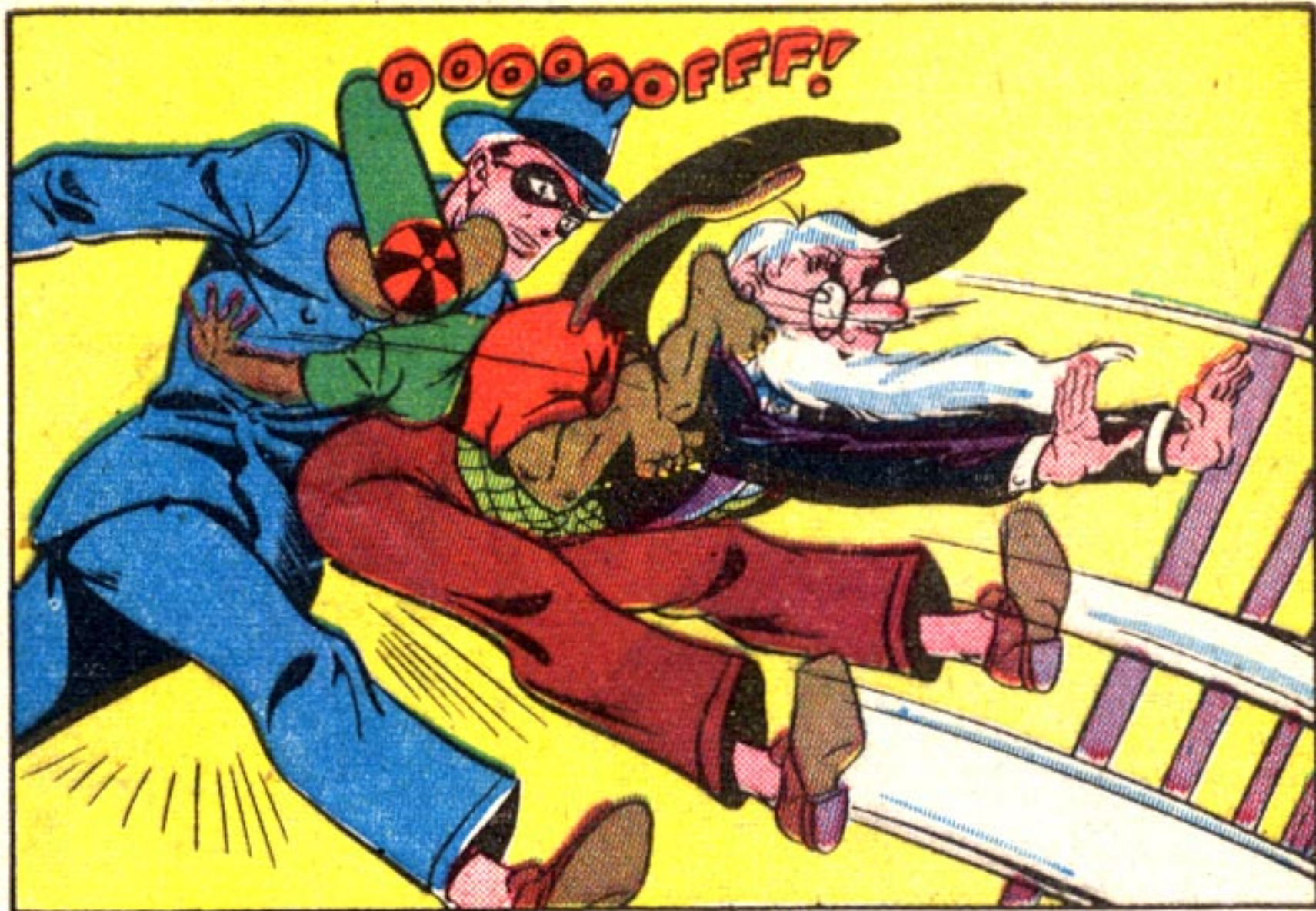
THEN WE'LL HIDE UNDER THE BED,
ANYHOW -- UNTIL DOC COOLS OFF
A BIT! DRINK THIS, DUMMY!







I'VE GOT TO SAVE DOC AND GABBY! THE MAYOR'S IN NO CONDITION TO BE REASONED WITH RIGHT NOW!



OOOOOOFFF!



CAN YOU IMAGINE--THE GRATITUDE OF THAT GUY, AFTER THE WAY I SLAYED TO HELP HIM GET RE-ELECTED!

AFTER WHAT'S GONE ON, I CAN IMAGINE ANYTHING!



WUXTRY! MOB CONFESSIONS CLEAR UP CITY'S MAJOR CRIMES! WUXTRY!

AWRRRK!

MONK SHOT IN BAY HOLD-UP!



A FINE MESS FOR ME TO STAR IN! ALL I'VE DONE IS TAKE A PUSHING AROUND AND GET NO CREDIT FOR ANYTHING!

DON'T FORGET IT WAS THE DRUG YOU GAVE MONK THAT MADE HIM RECKLESS ENOUGH TO GET SHOT!



THAT'S NO CONSOLATION!

AHEM! SPEAKING OF CREDIT, GENTLEMEN...

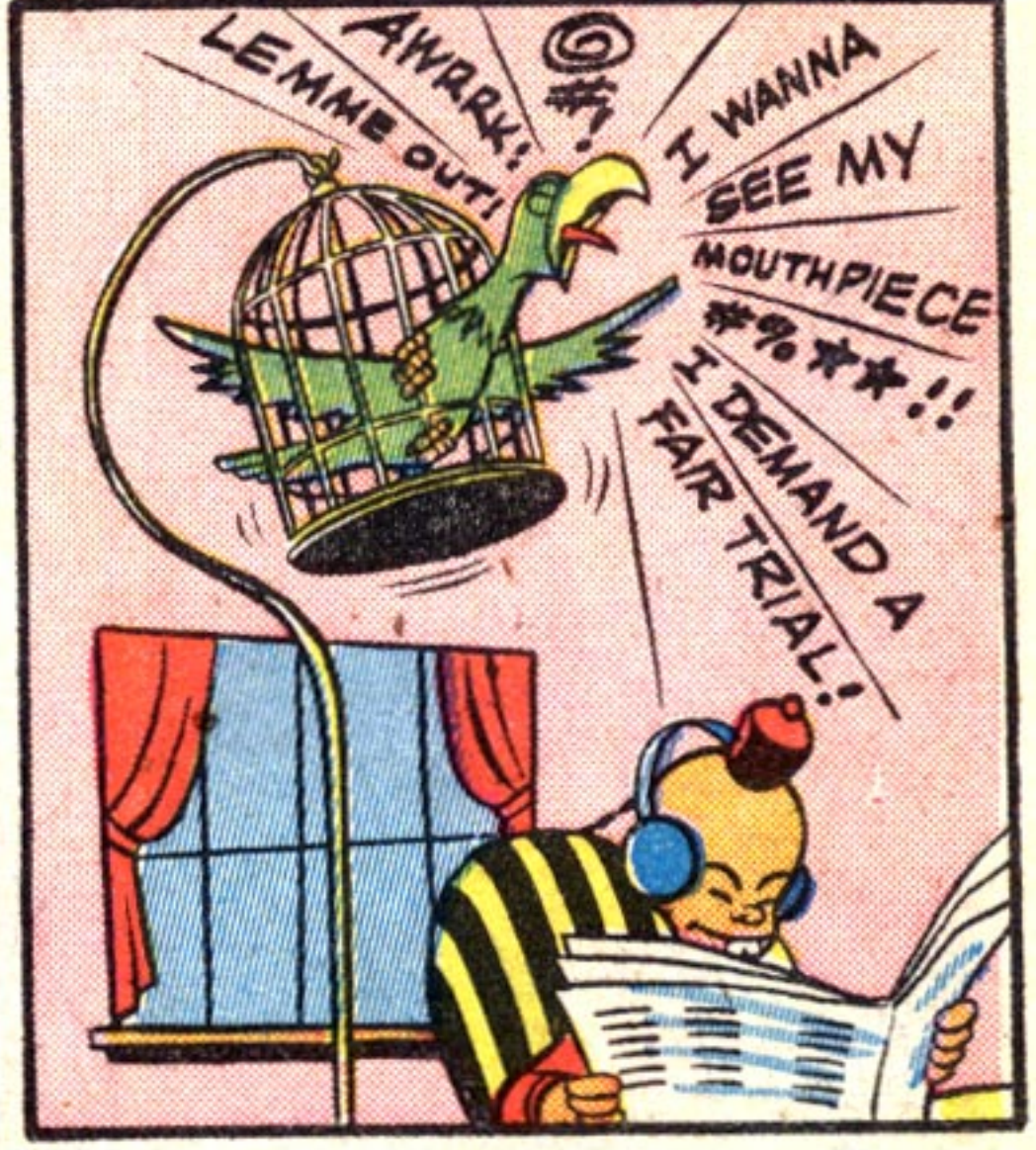
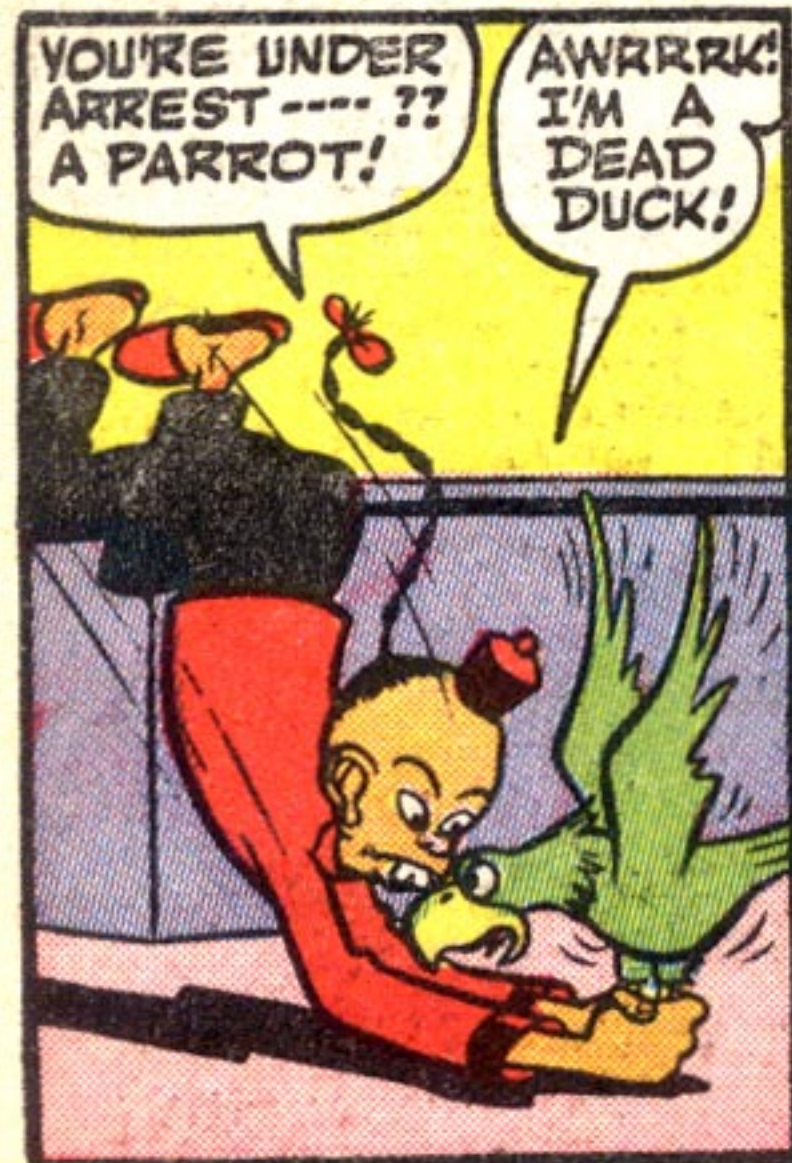
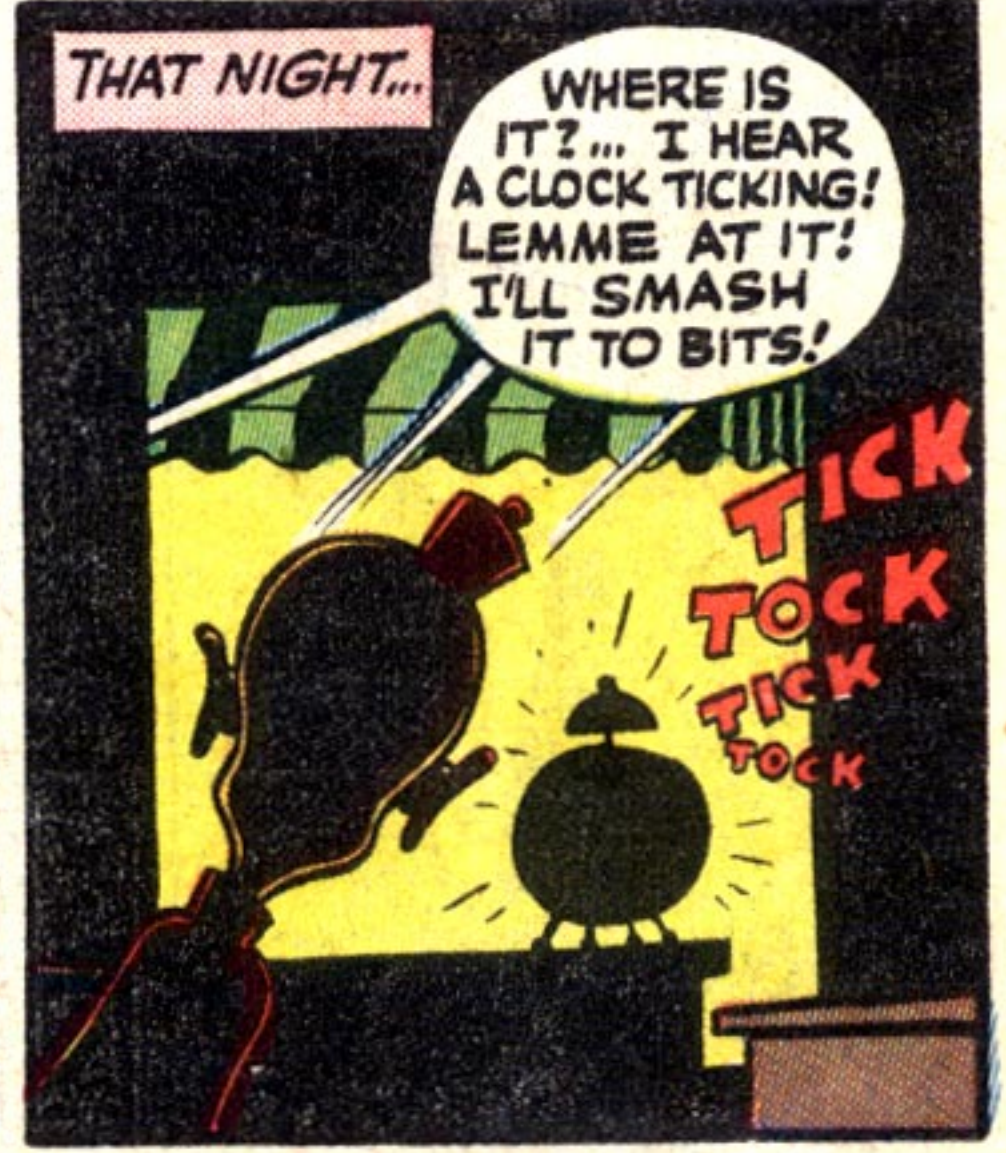
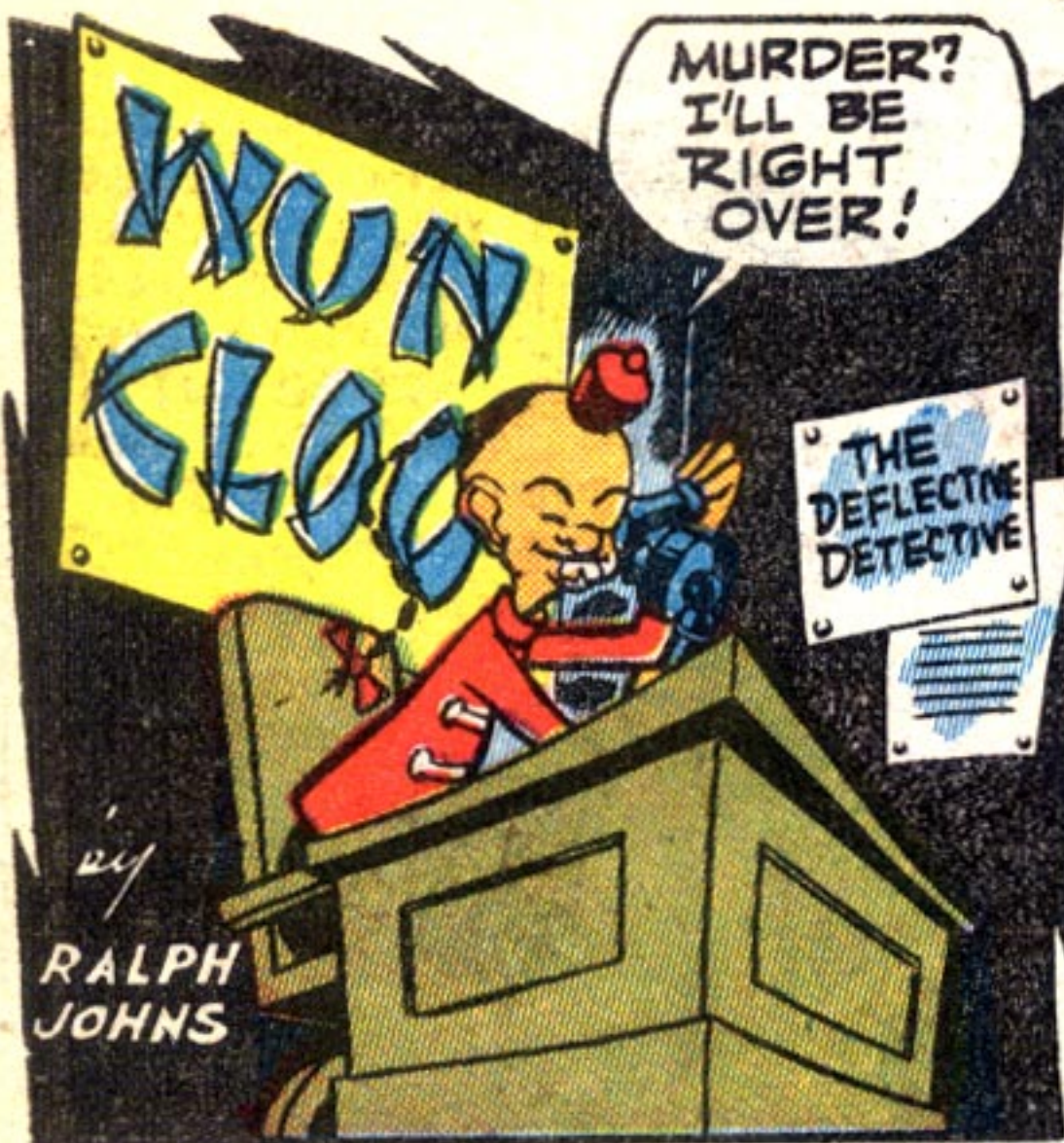


DON'T FORGET THAT I FIGURED OUT THE SUPER VITAMIN WAS AN ANTI-DOTE FOR THE SUPER-SLEEP DRUG... ULP!

OH, YES, YOU FIGURED OUT...

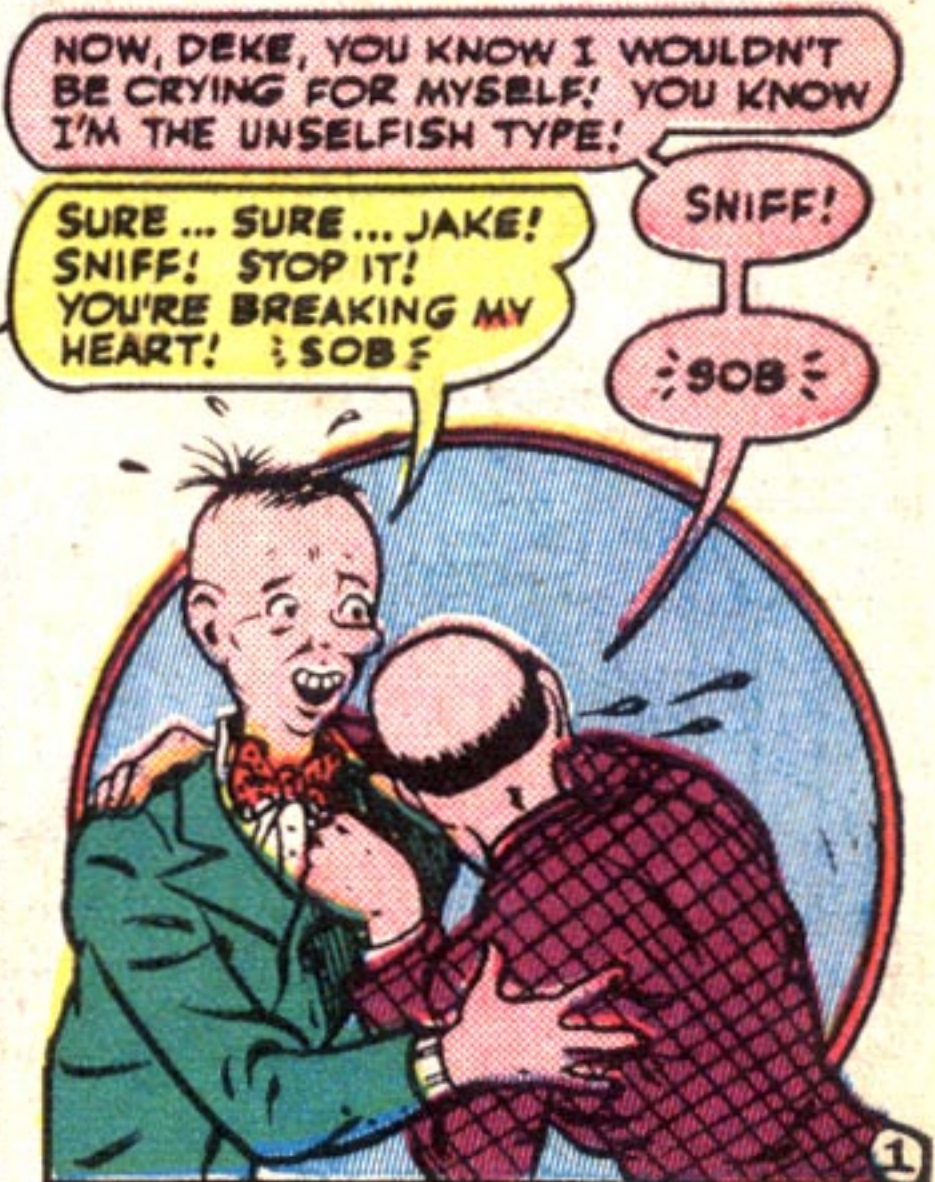


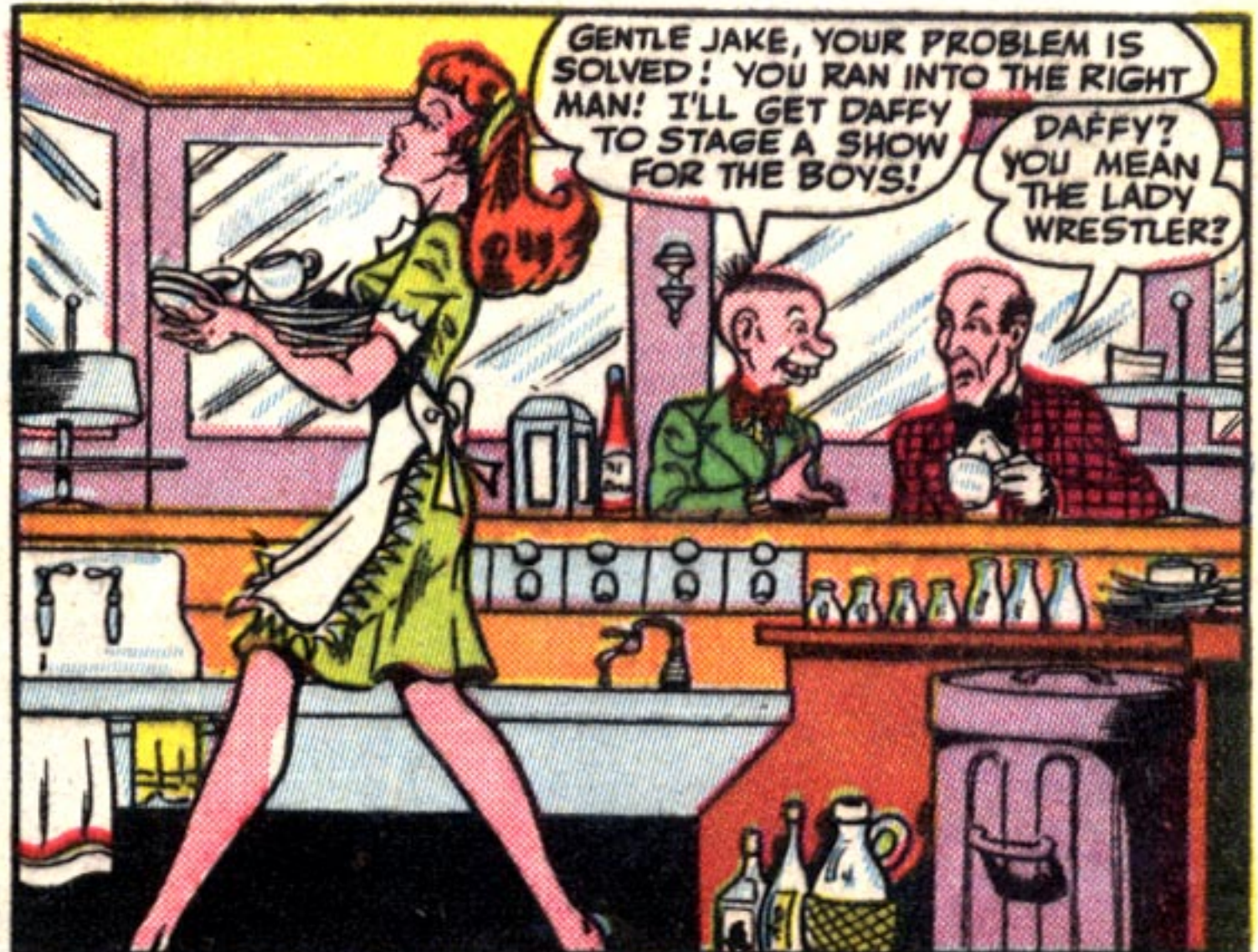
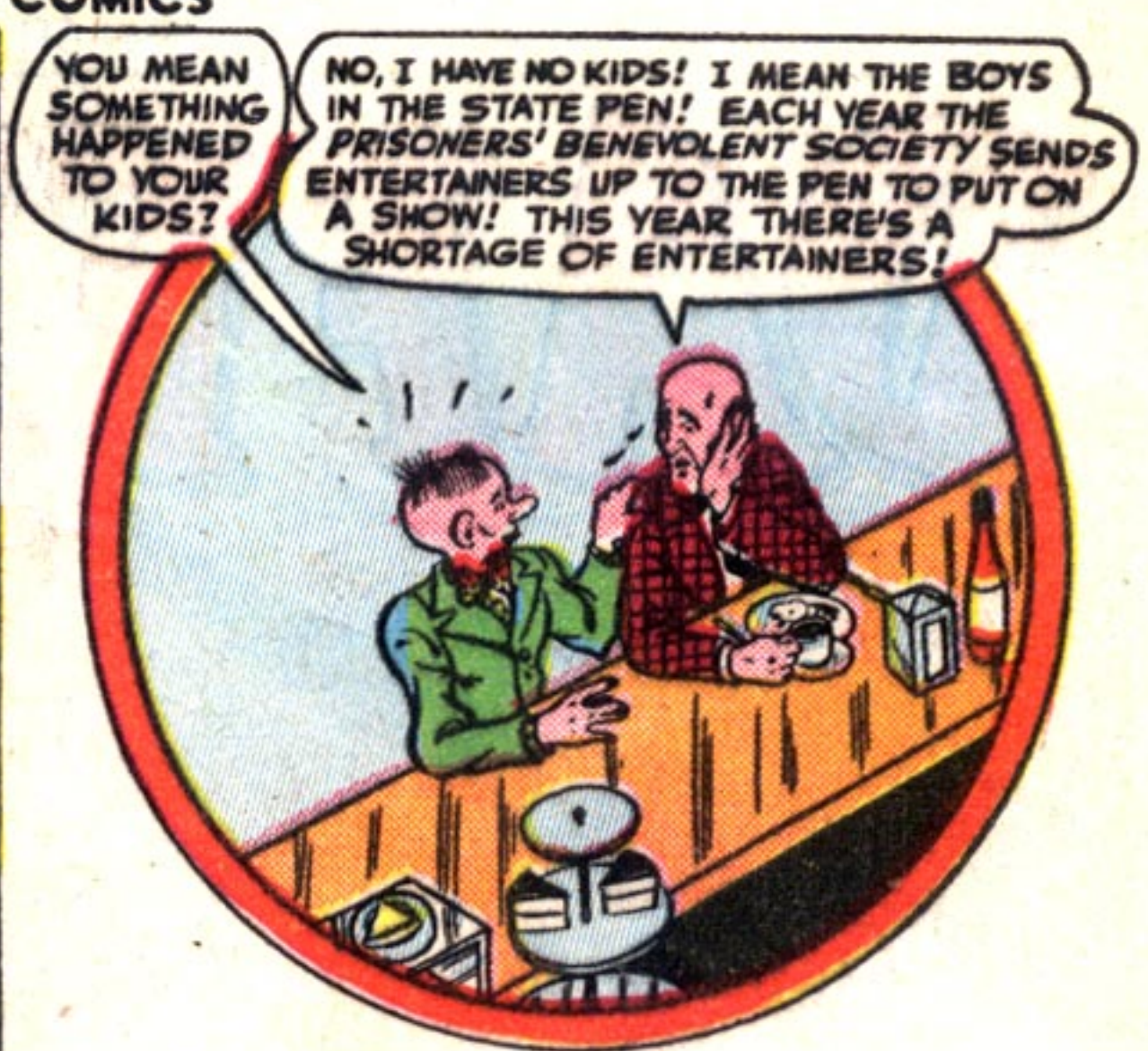
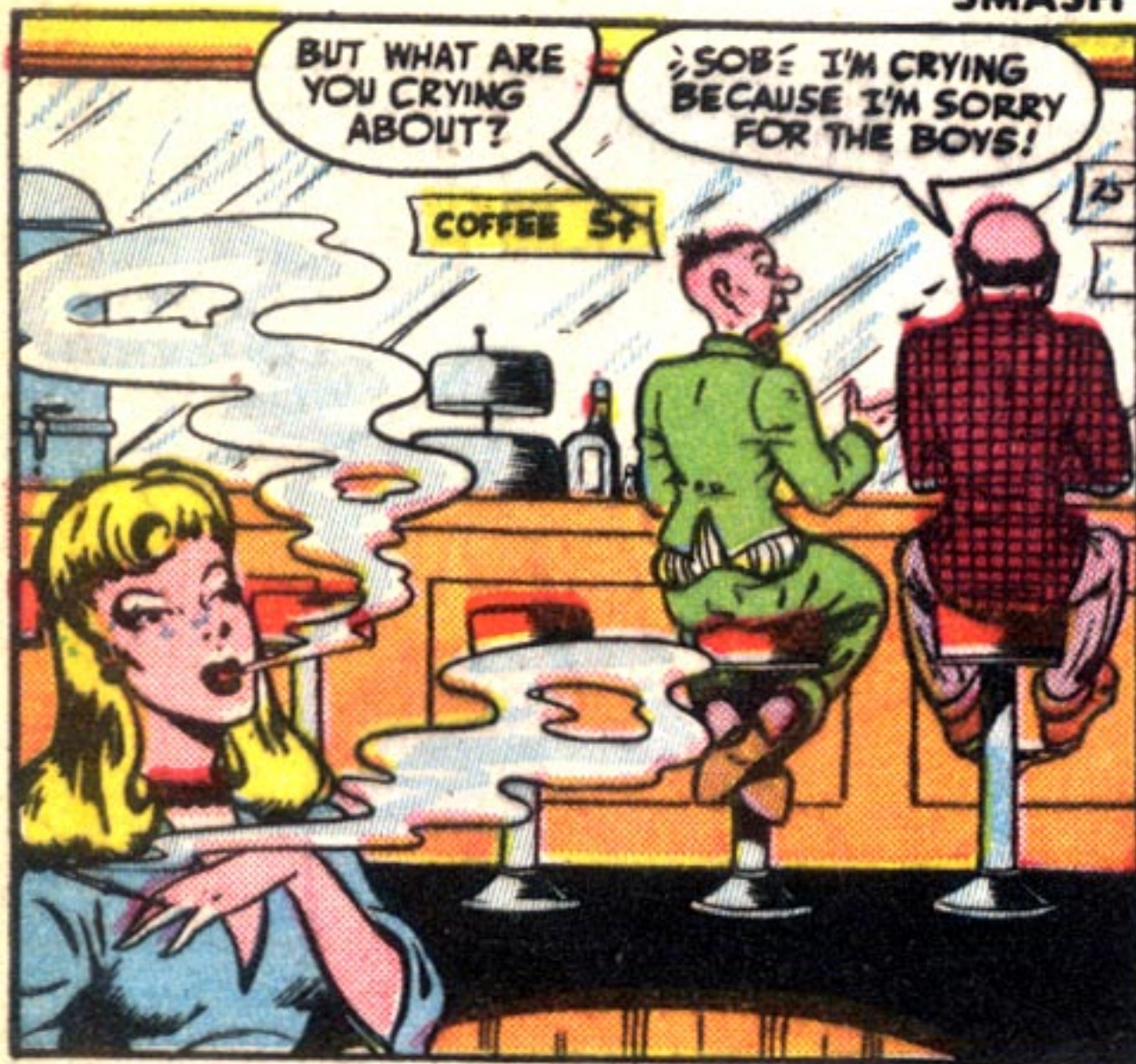
Y'SEE, MOIPHY? IT'S JUST SOME KINDA DIZZY GAME THEM DOPES PLAYS EVERY NIGHT, I GUESS!!



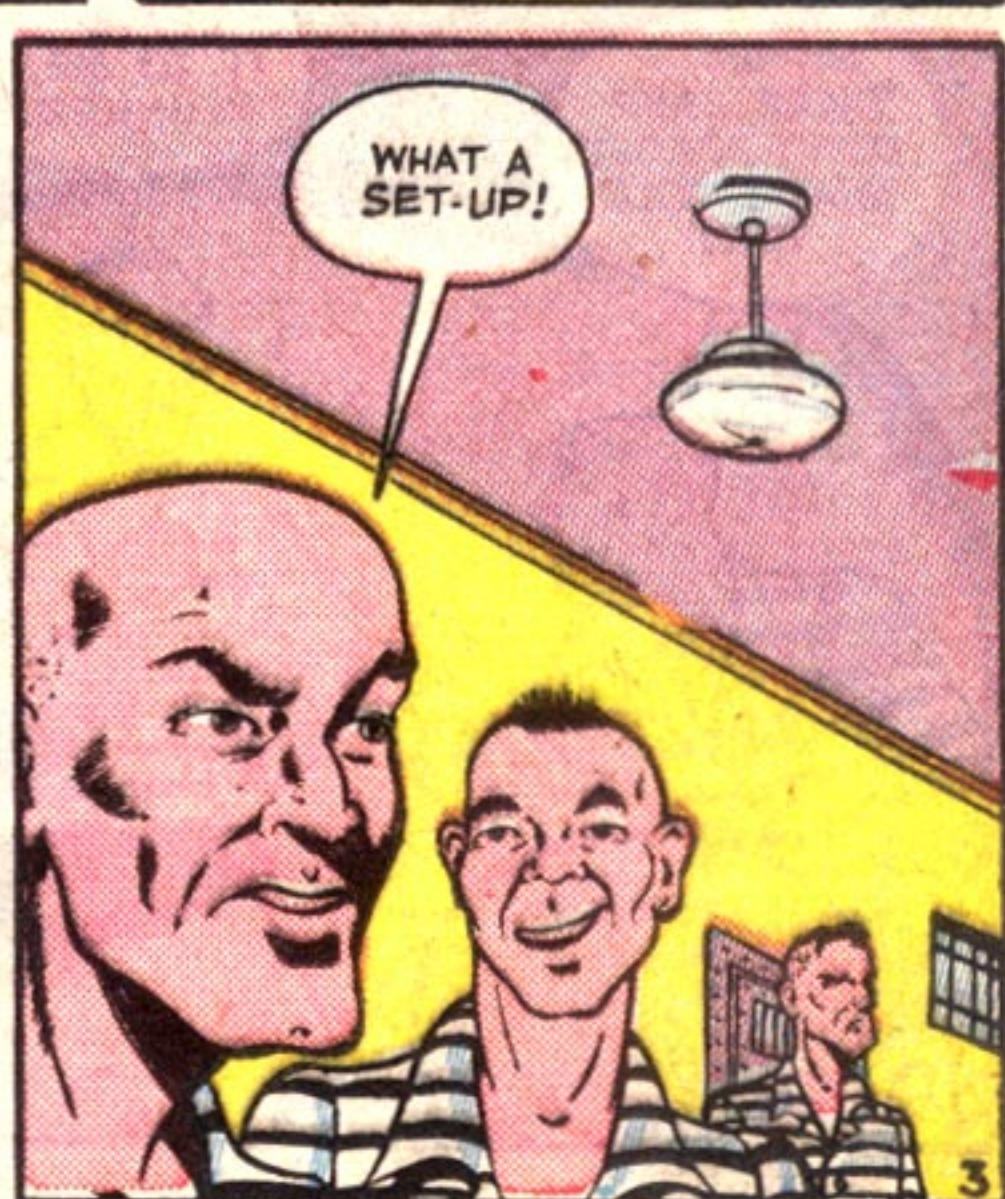
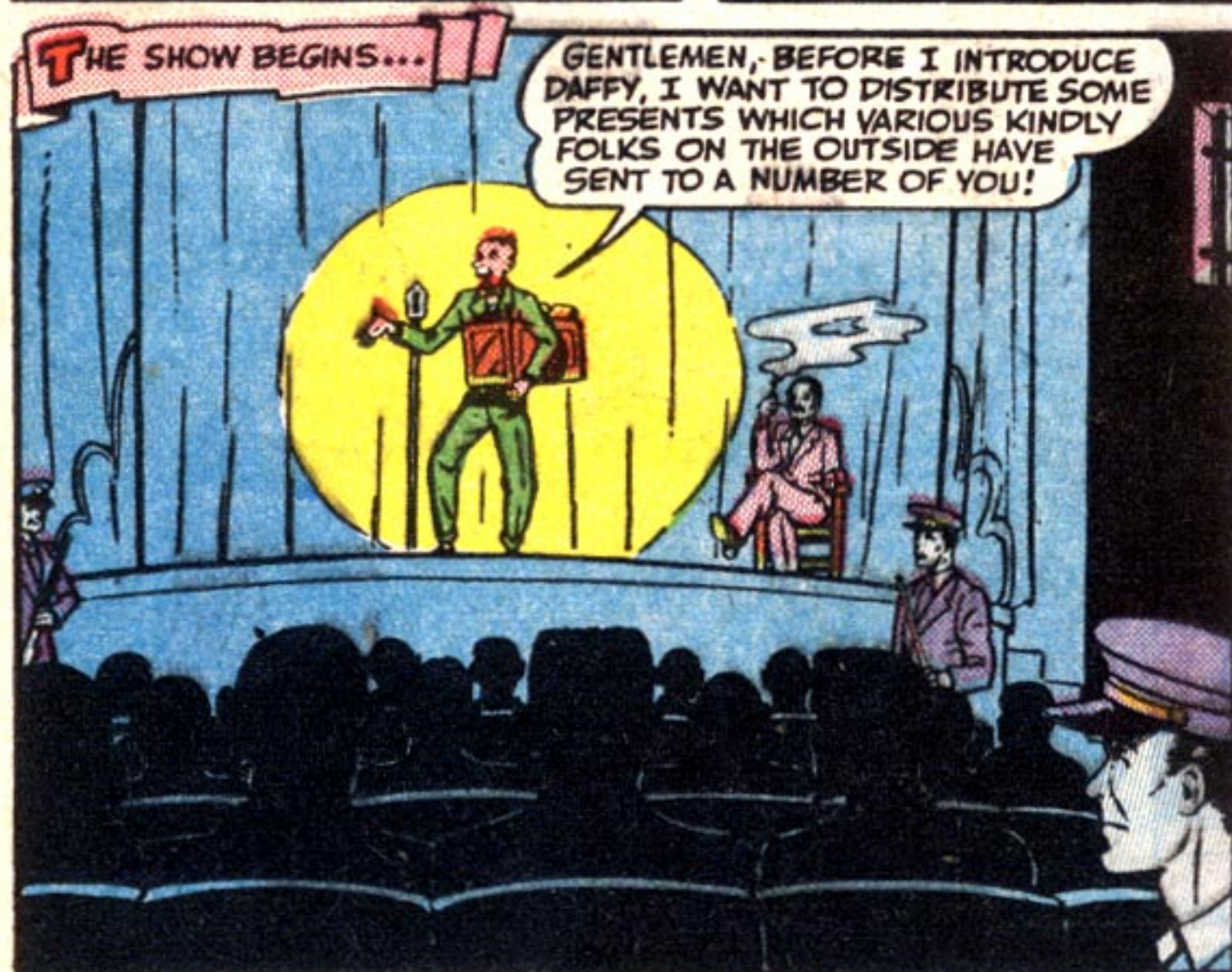
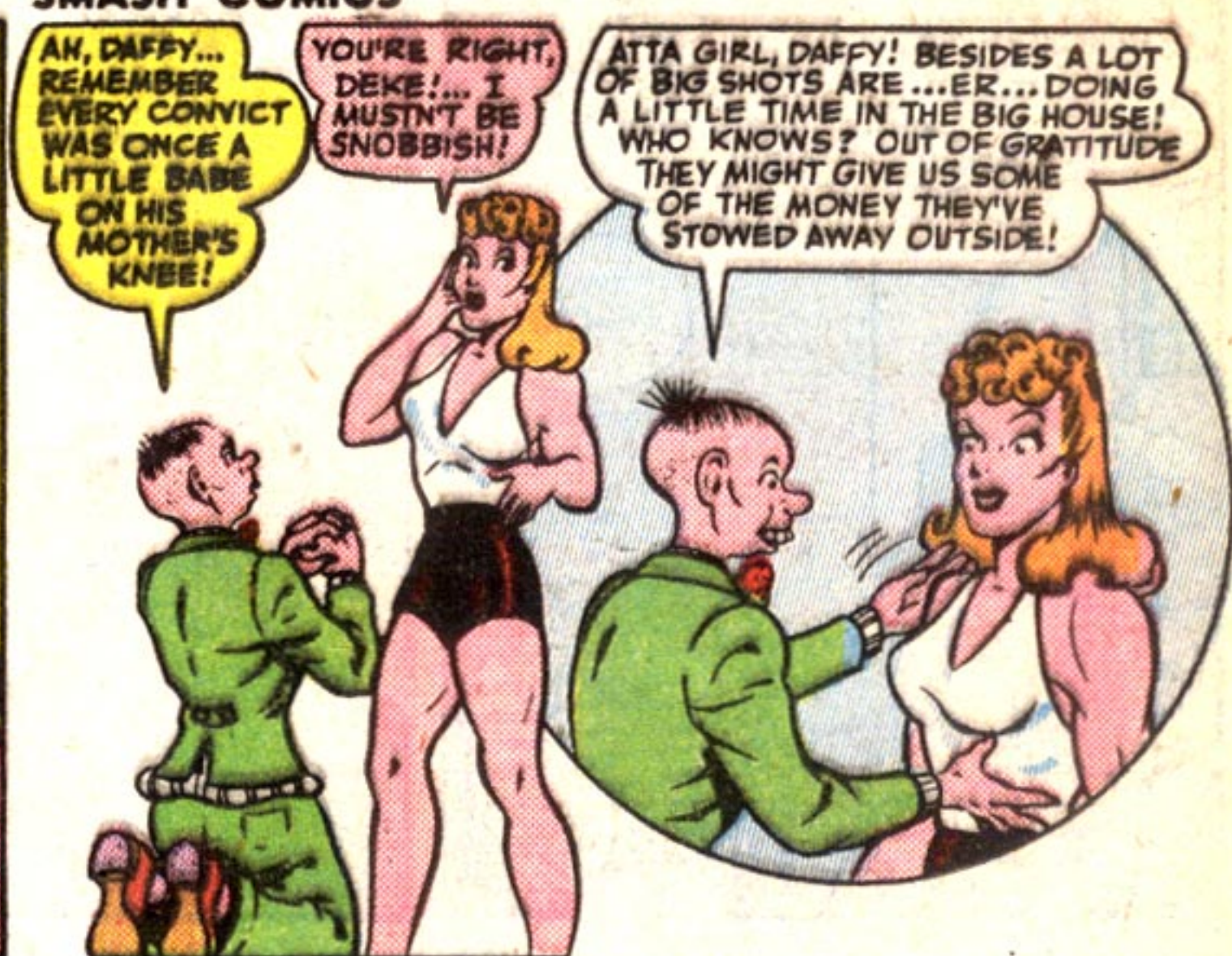
DAFFY

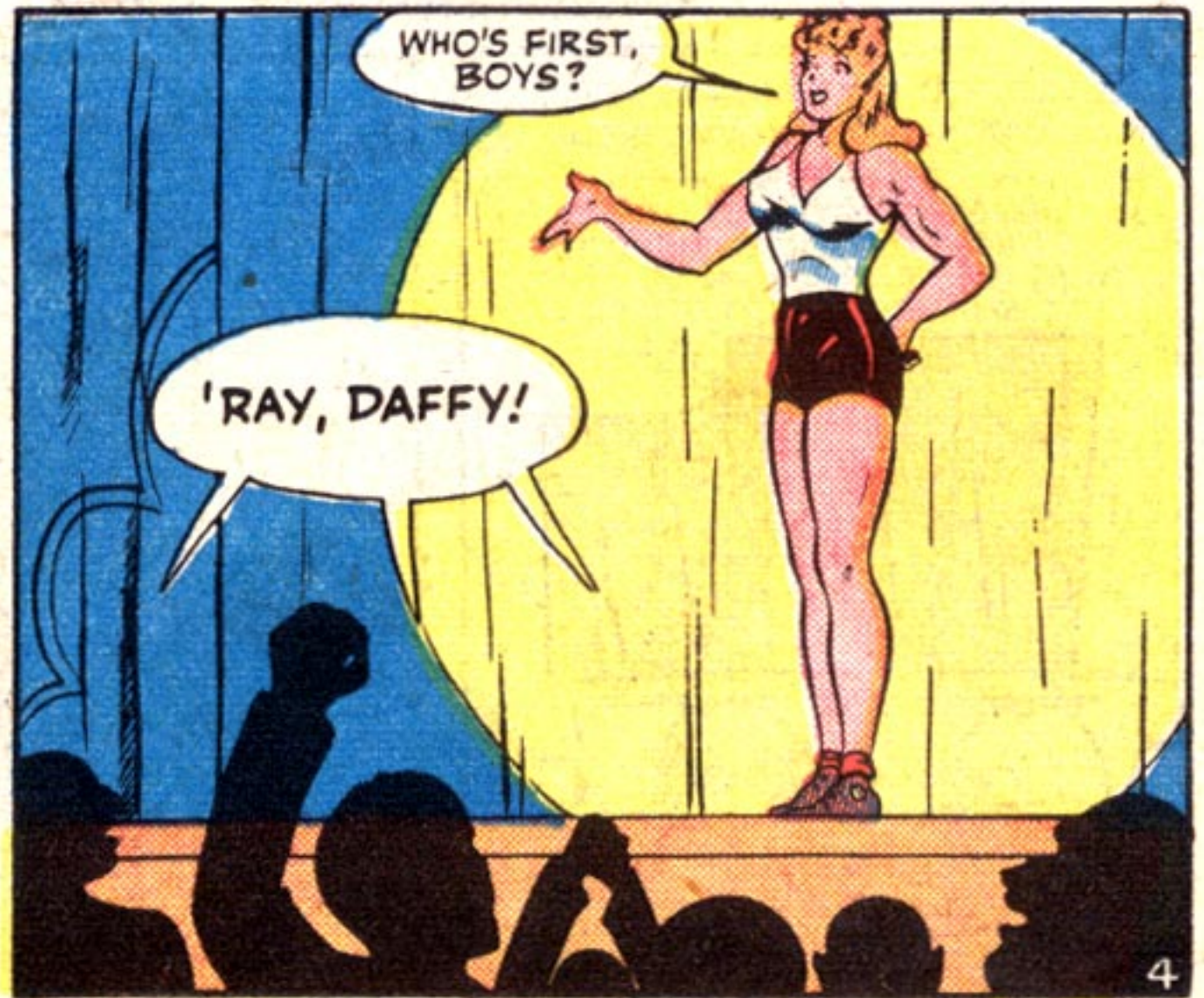
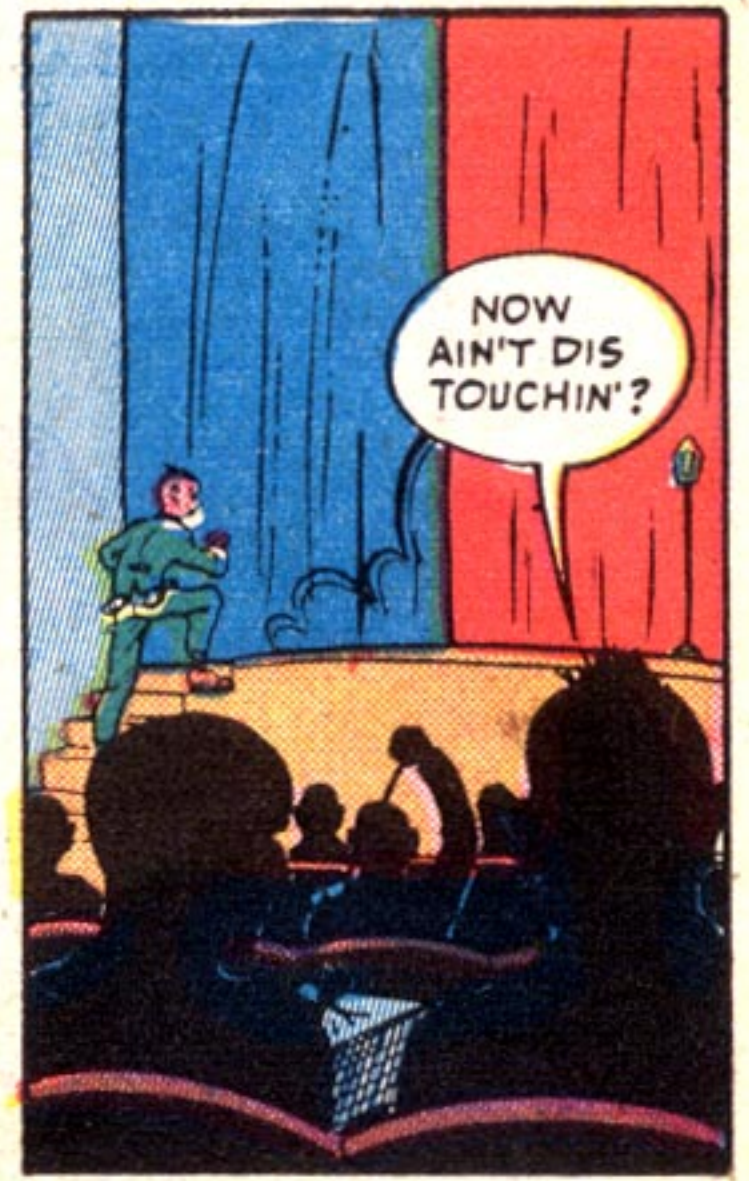
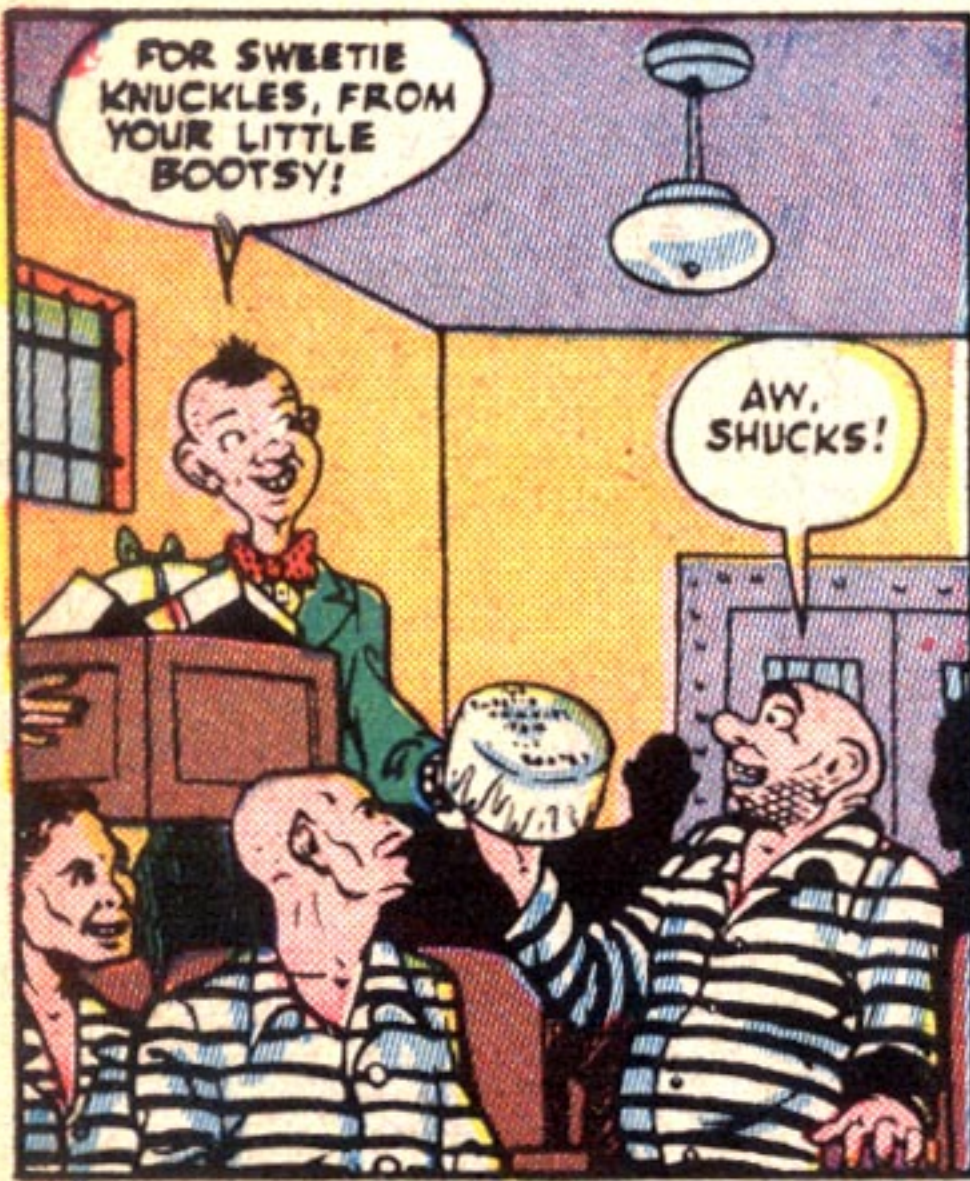
NOW YOU KNOW
YOU'LL ONLY GET
LONESOME FOR THE
OLD PLACE, ONCE
YOU'RE OUT IN
THE COLD, CRUEL
WORLD!

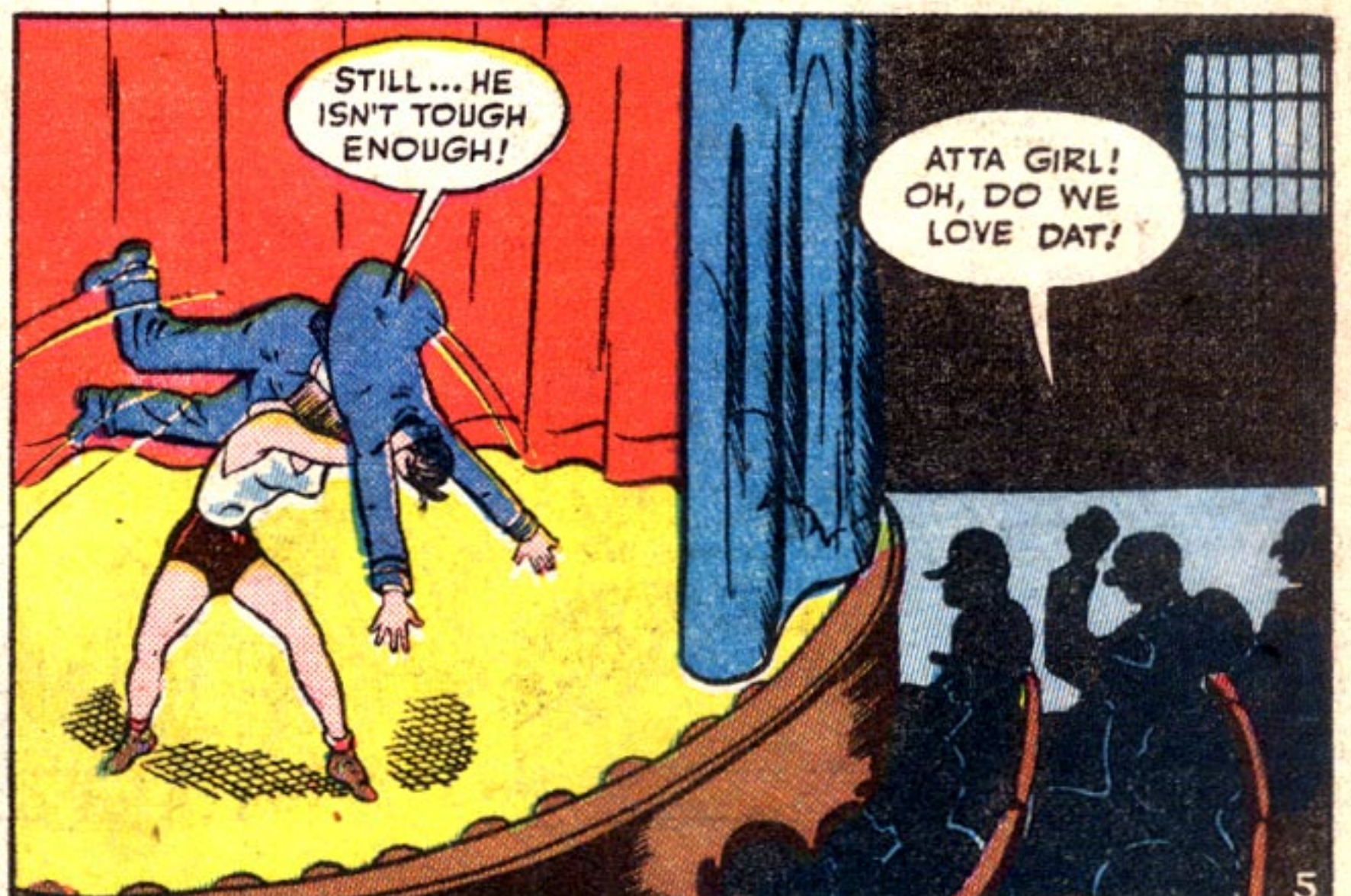
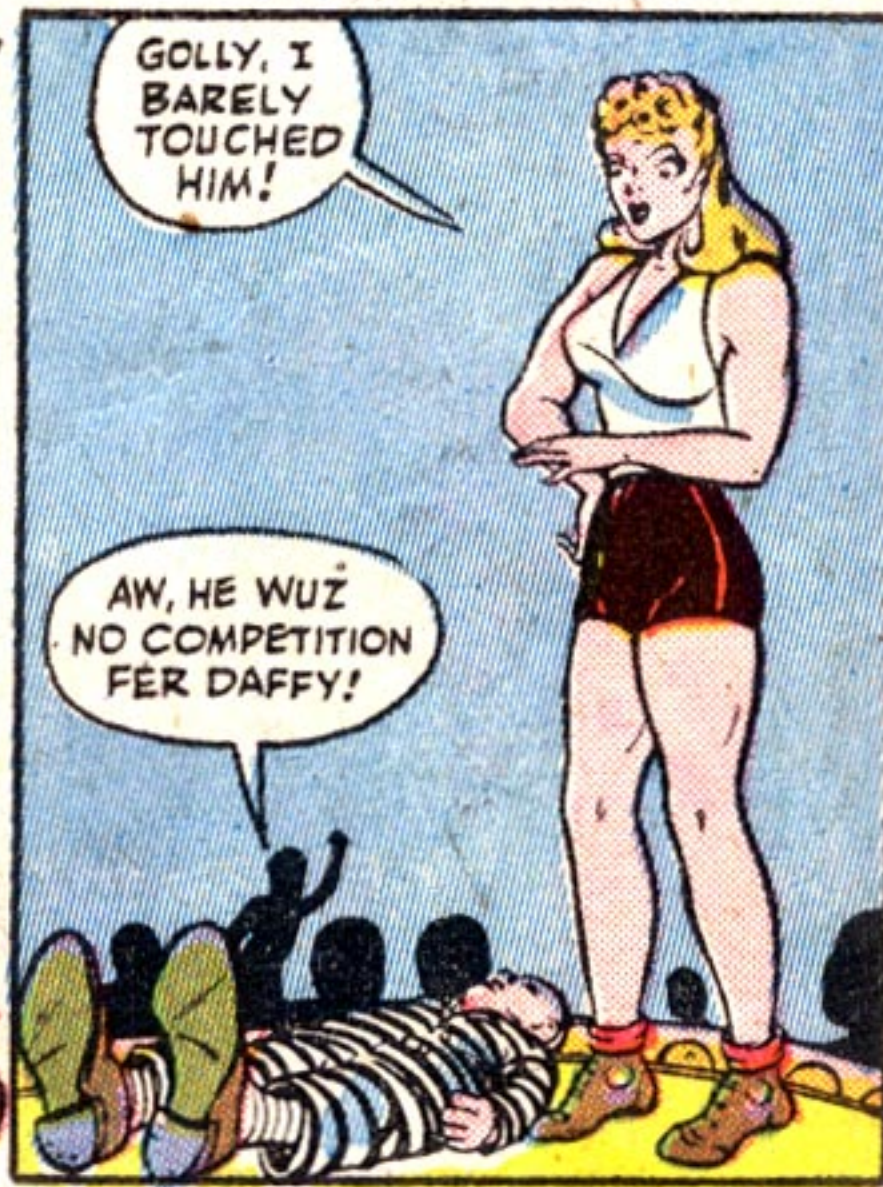


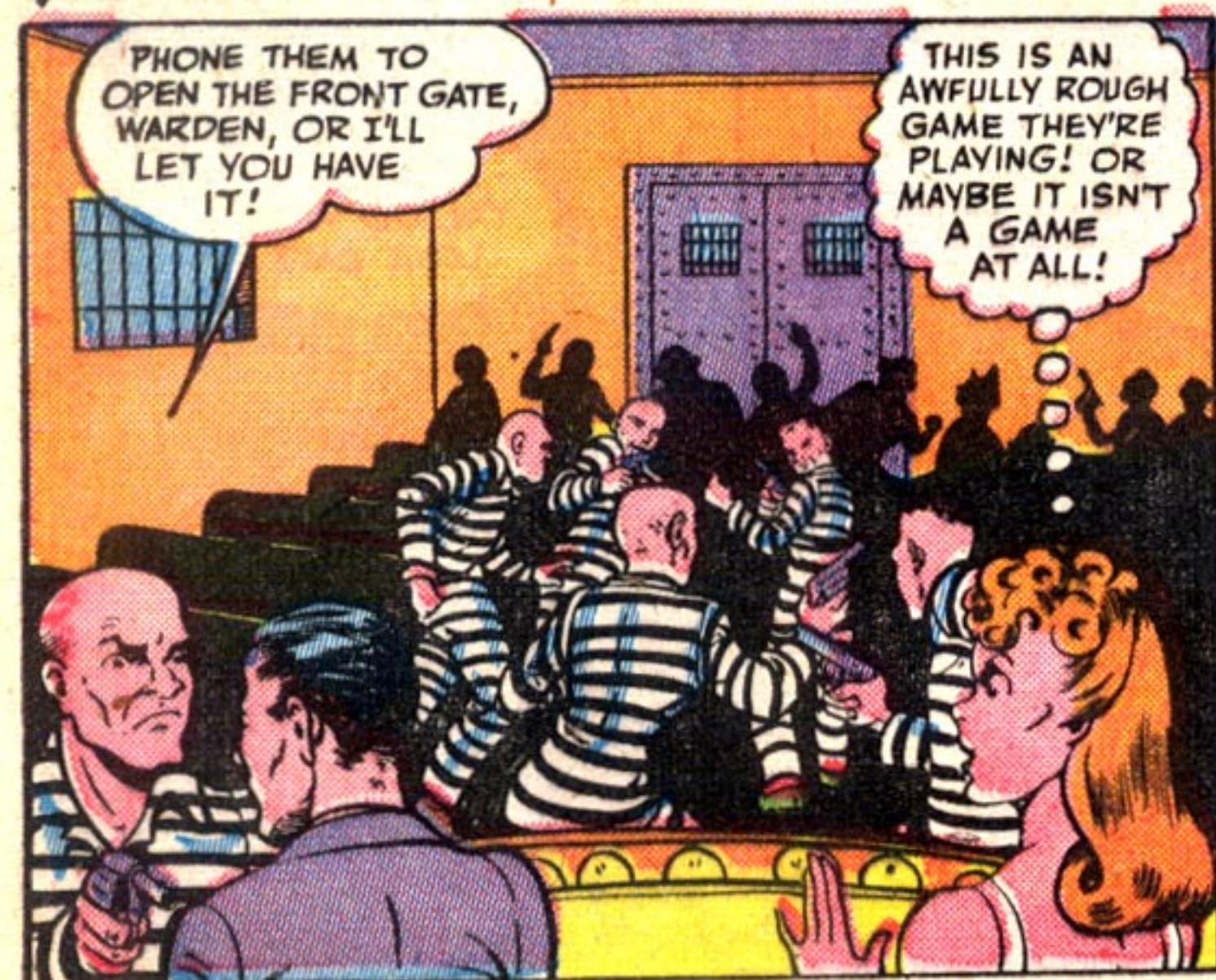


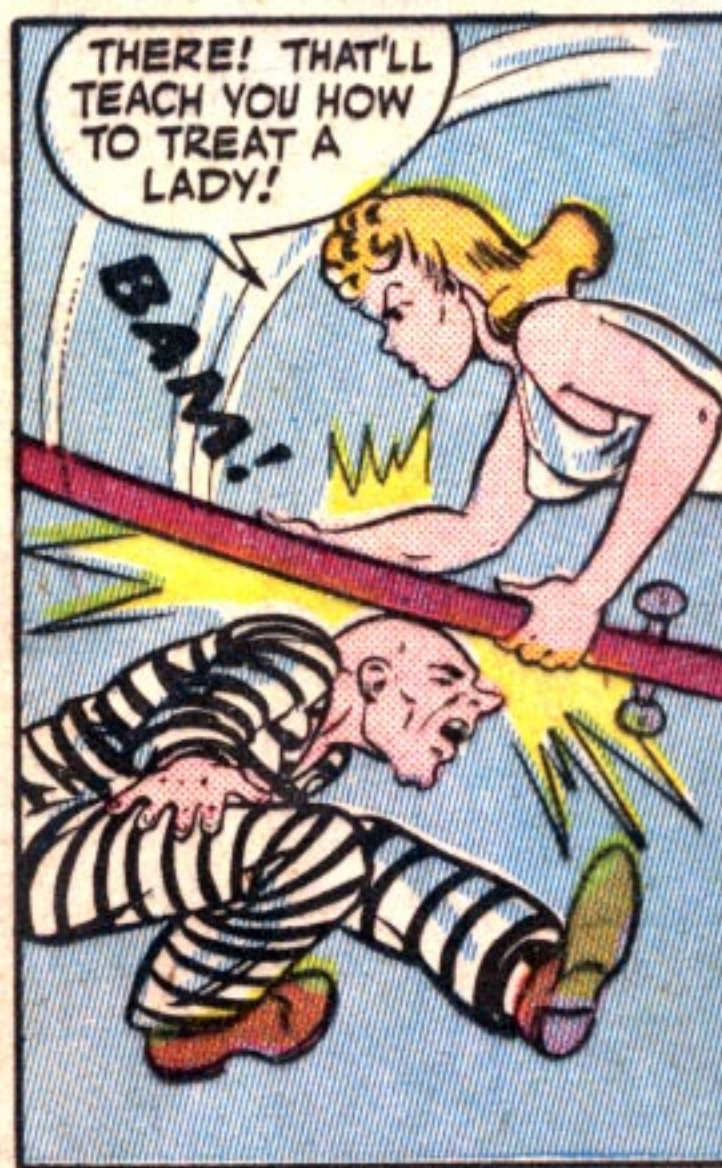
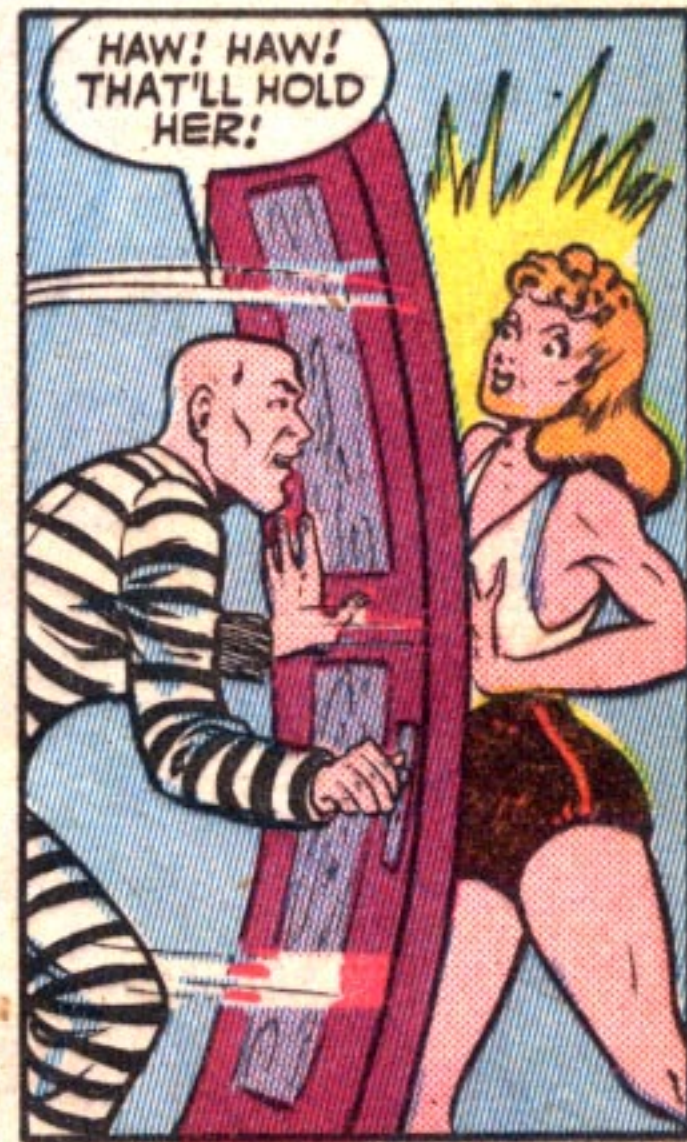
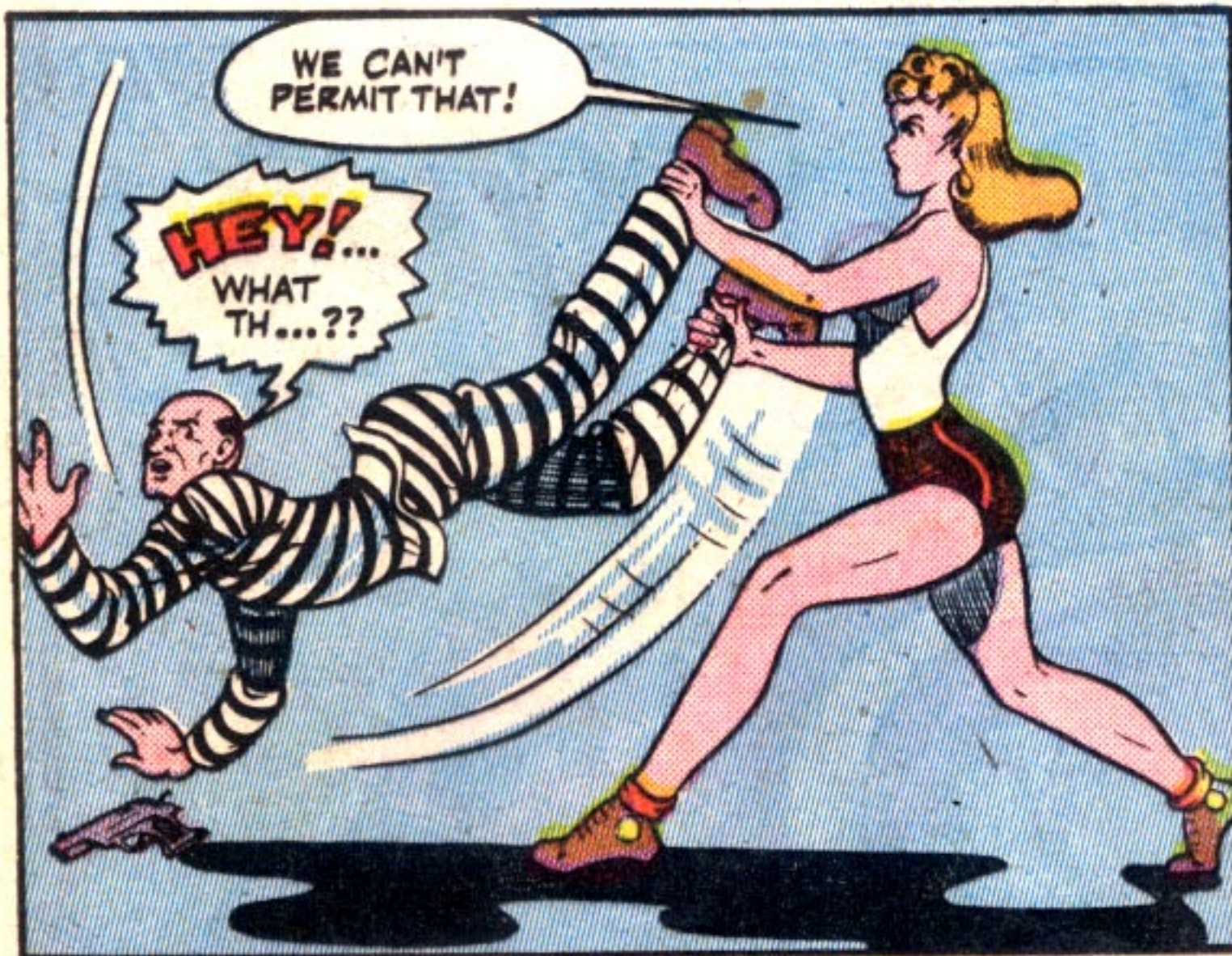
SMASH COMICS









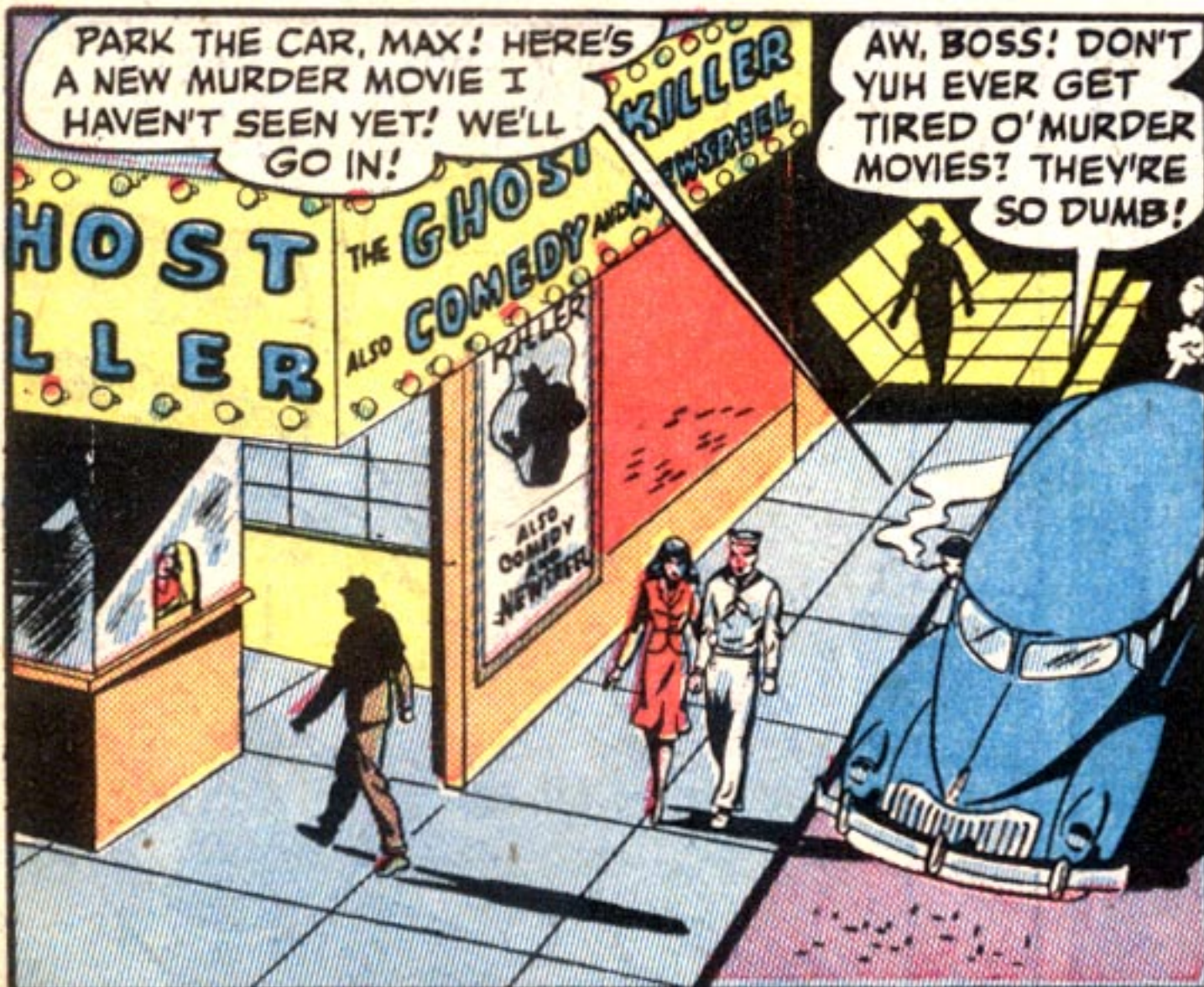
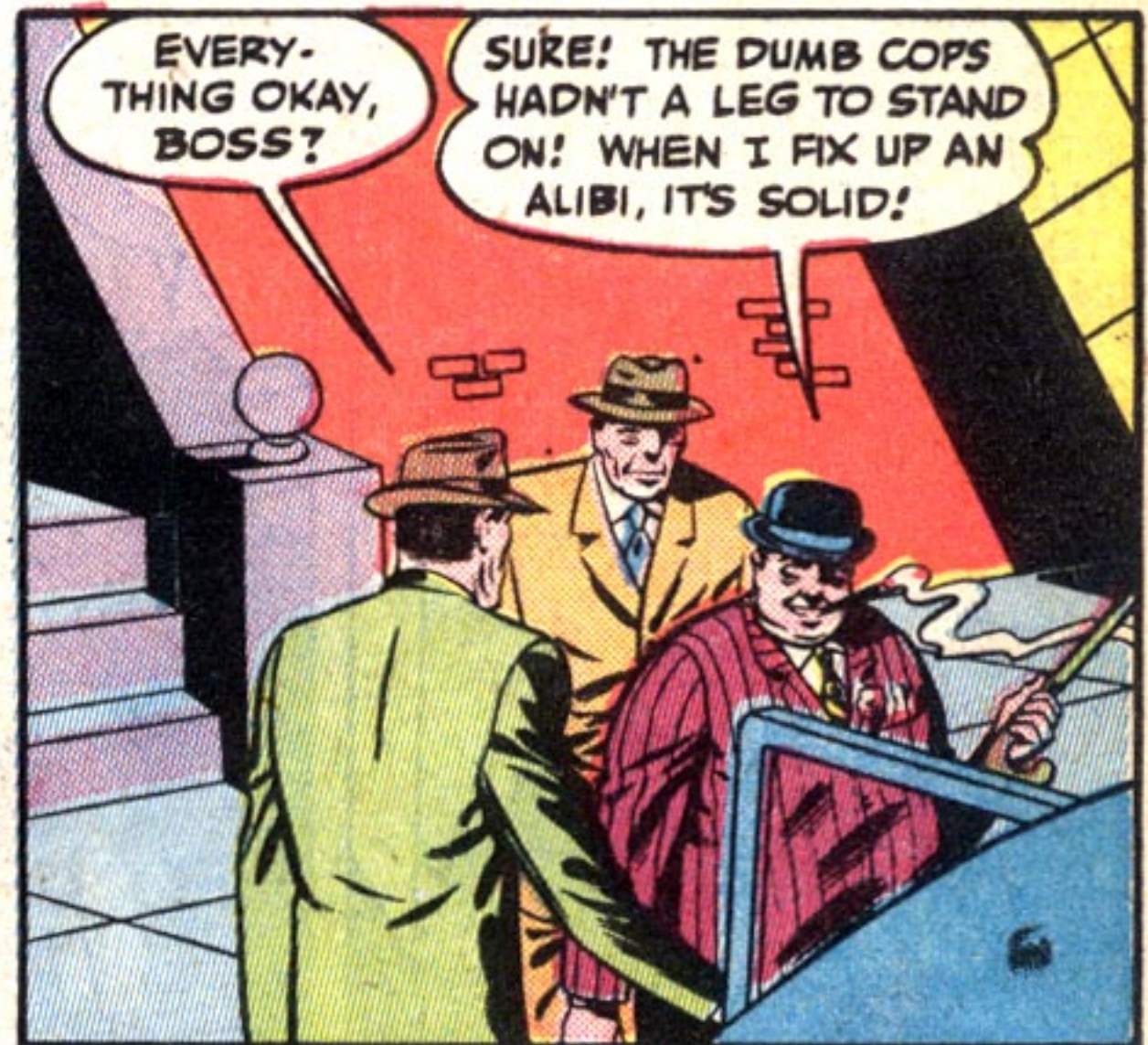
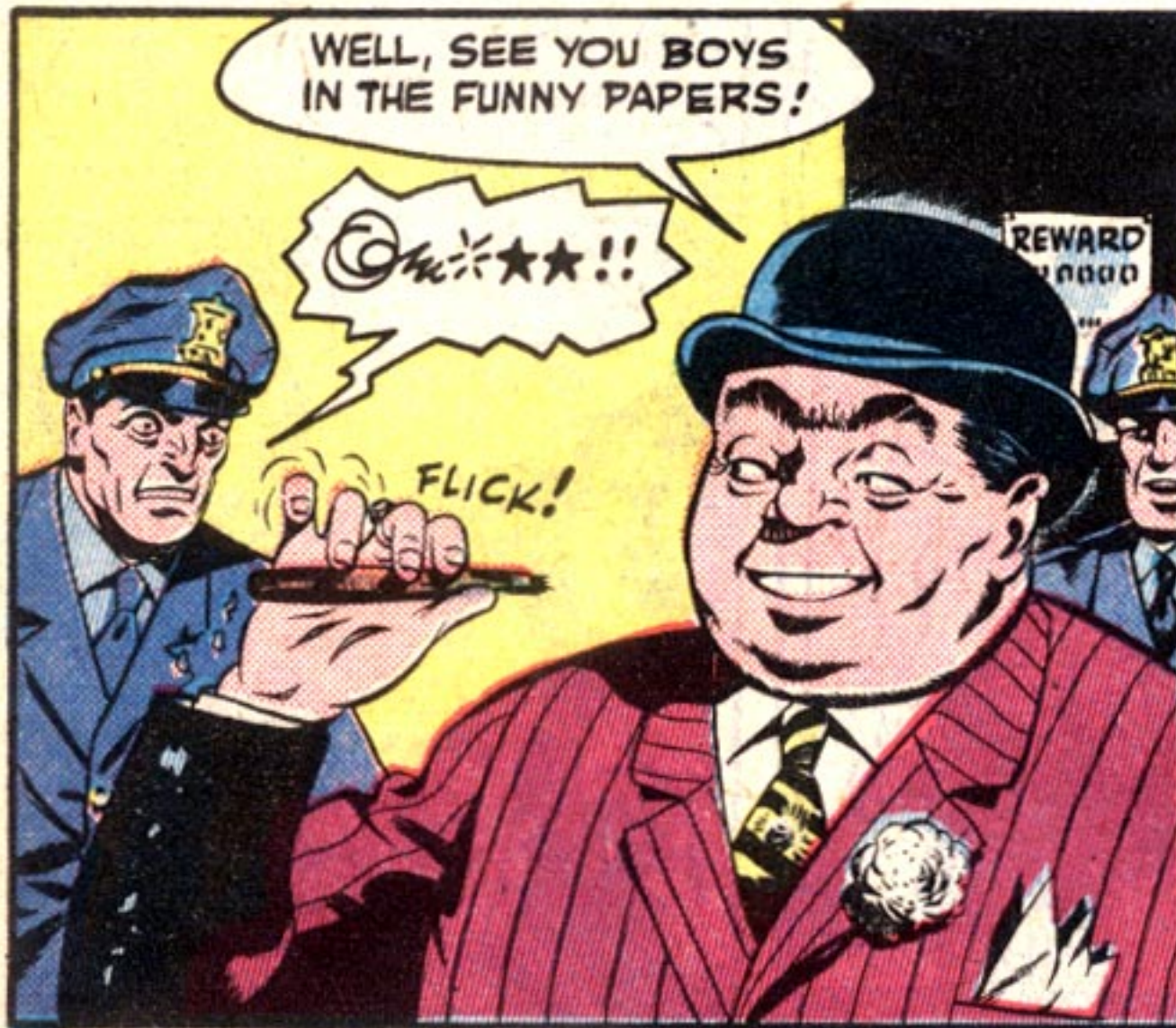


Rookie RANKIN

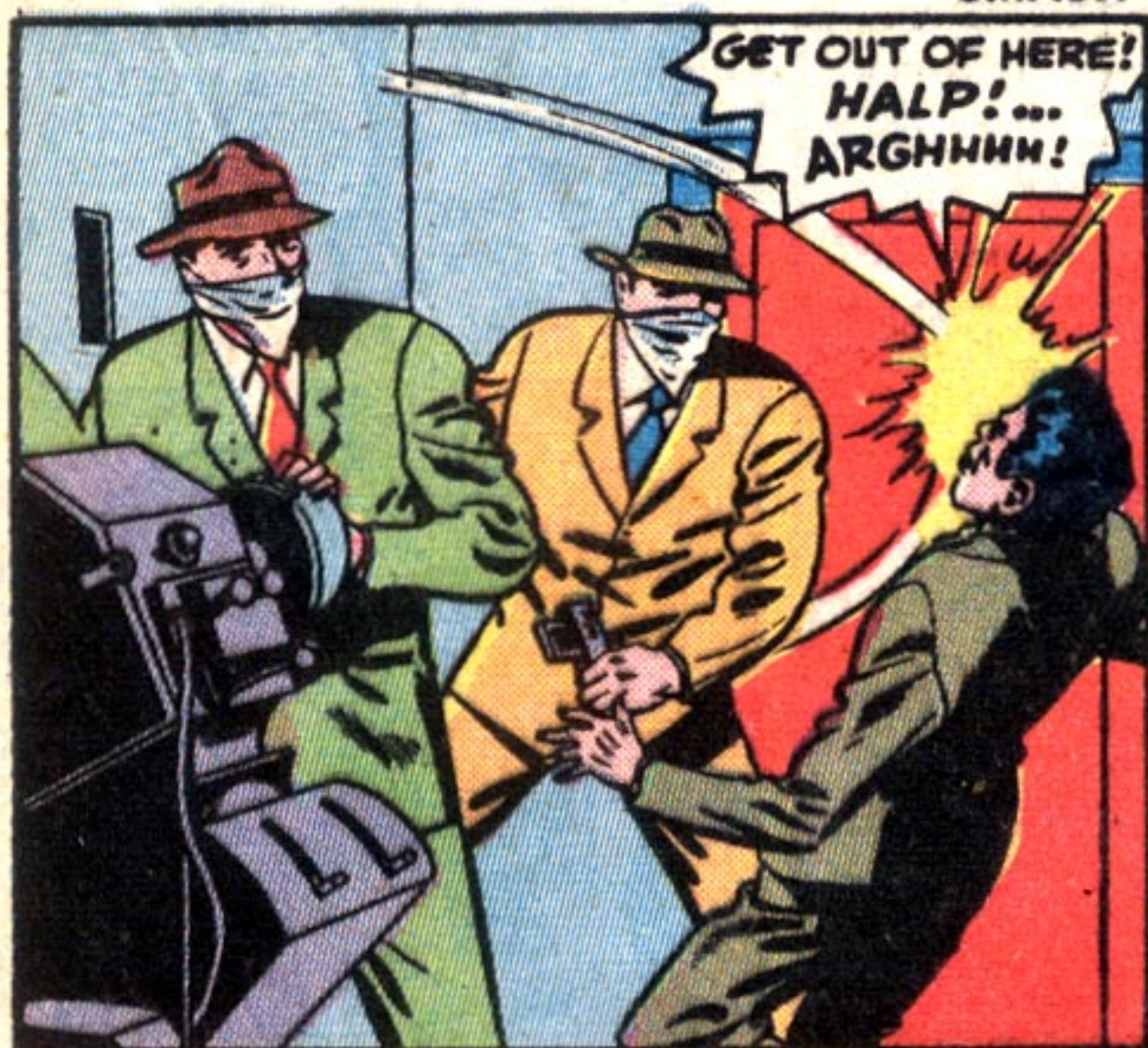


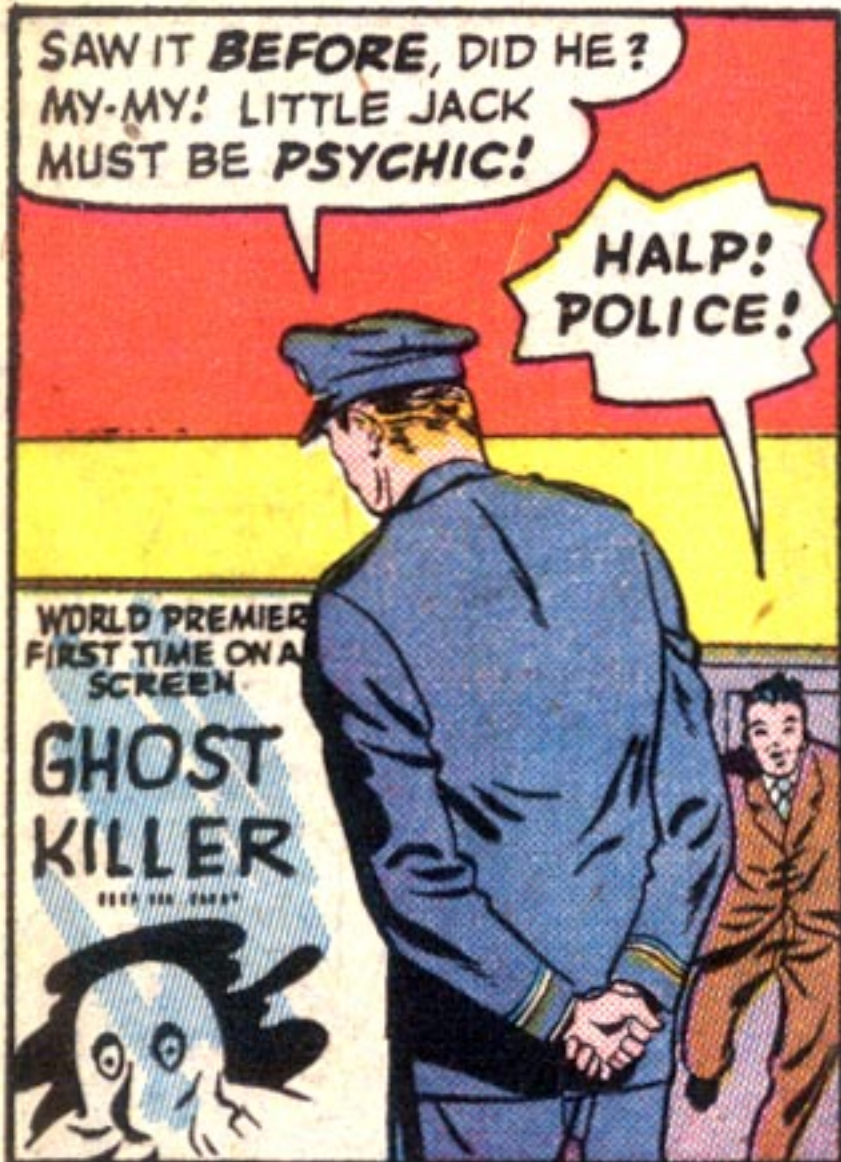
IT was one of the dizziest cases Rookie Rankin ever tangled with!

WHY should crooks risk prison or the electric chair to steal a piece of newsreel film ... showing kids in a pie-eating contest?









SAW IT **BEFORE**, DID HE?
MY-MY! LITTLE JACK
MUST BE **PSYCHIC!**

**HALP!
POLICE!**



**QUICK, OFFICER -- SOME
HOODLUMS JUST KNOCKED
OUT MY OPERATOR AND
STOLE A STRIP OF
NEWSREEL FILM!
COME ON...**

**LEAD
THE WAY!**



**TWO OF THEM --
WORE MASKS --
KNOCKED ME
DOWN AND
GRABBED PIECE
OF FILM! ONE
CALLED THE
OTHER SAMMY!**

**SAMMY? SAM
AND MAX, LITTLE
JACK'S HOODS,
I'LL BET A DOLLAR!
THAT'S WHY
THEY DIDN'T
STAY FOR
THE SHOW!**



**WHY SHOULD
THEY STEAL A
PIECE OF FILM?
WHAT WAS IT?**

**ONLY PICTURES OF A PIE-
EATING CONTEST AT THE
NEWSBOYS' PICNIC! THAT'S
ALL THEY TOOK!**



**THEN THERE'S SOMETHING
IMPORTANT IN THOSE SHOTS!
QUICK, WHO ELSE HAS
THAT NEWSREEL FILM
IN TOWN?**

**NOBODY! I
HAVE EXCLUSIVE
RELEASE ON
THAT NEWS-
REEL!**



**I COULD ORDER
ANOTHER FILM AND
HAVE IT DELIVERED
TOMORROW!**

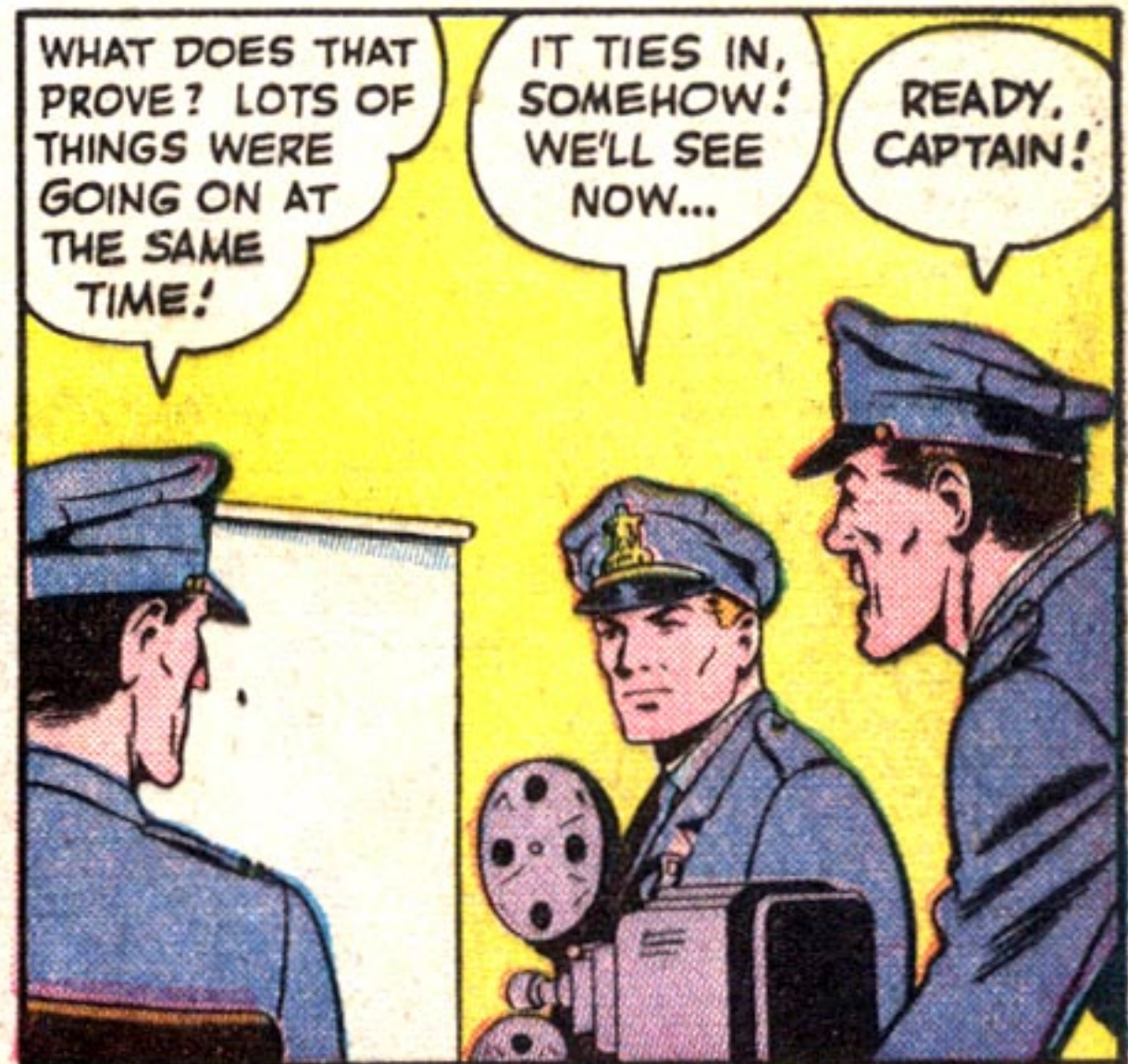
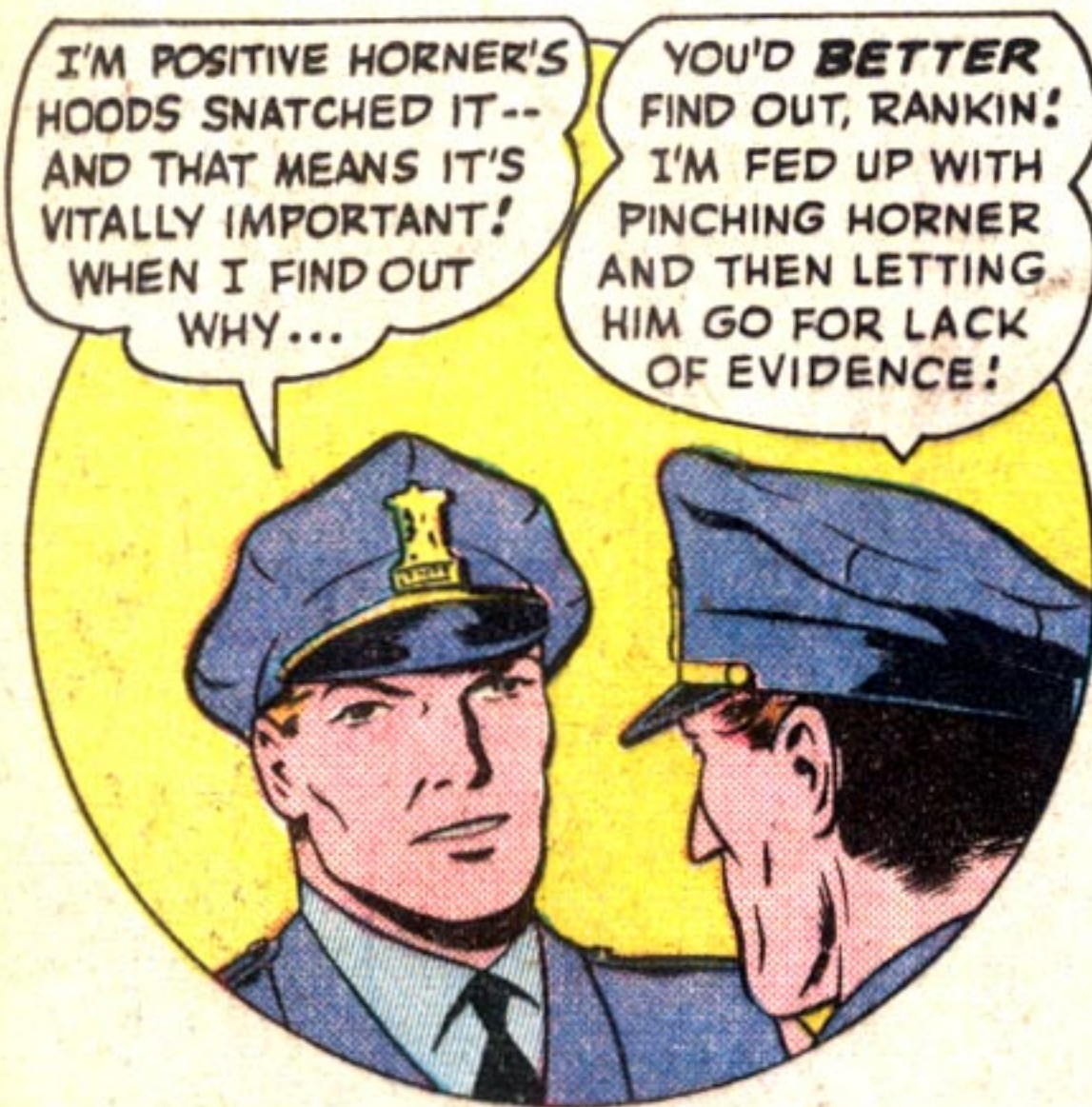
**DO THAT -- AND SEND IT TO
POLICE HEADQUARTERS!
I THINK MAYBE WE'RE
GOING TO HANG SOME
KILLERS WITH THAT
STRIP OF FILM!**



But at Headquarters ...

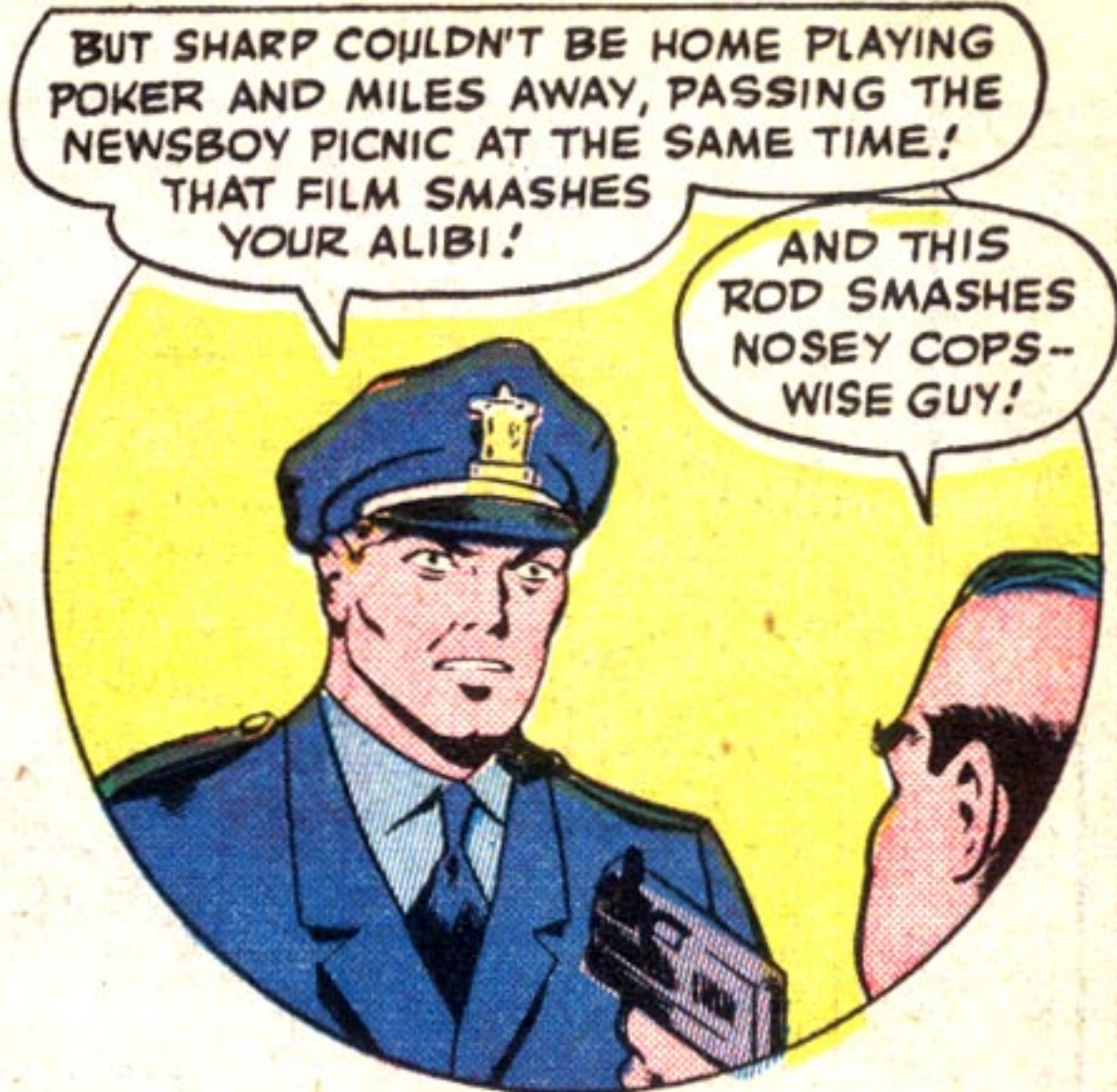
**RANKIN, YOU GET DUMBER
EVERY DAY! ASSAULT, BATTERY
AND ROBBERY -- AND YOU
DON'T REPORT IN OR EVEN
SEARCH THE AUDIENCE!**

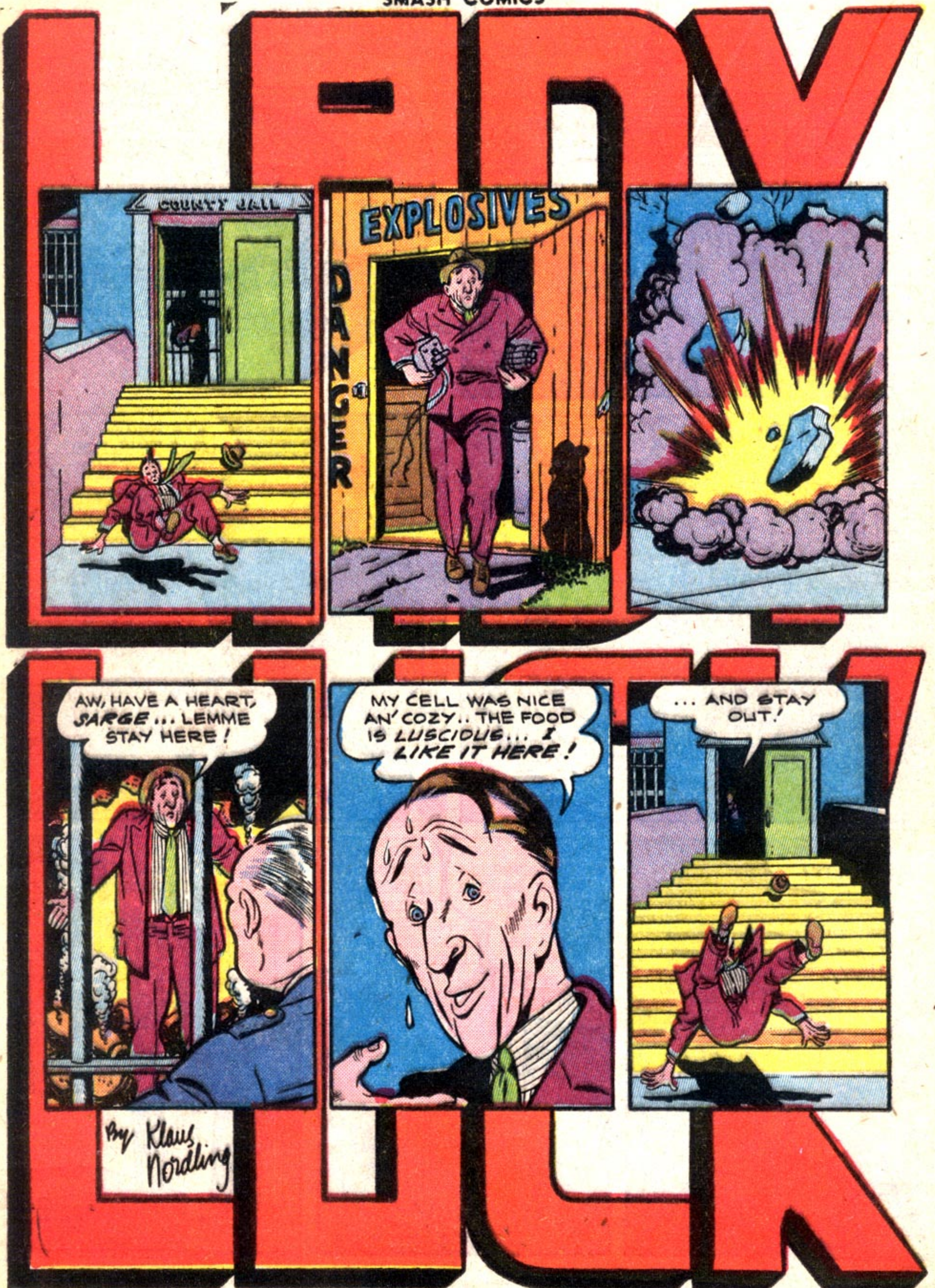
**B-BUT,
CAPTAIN...**

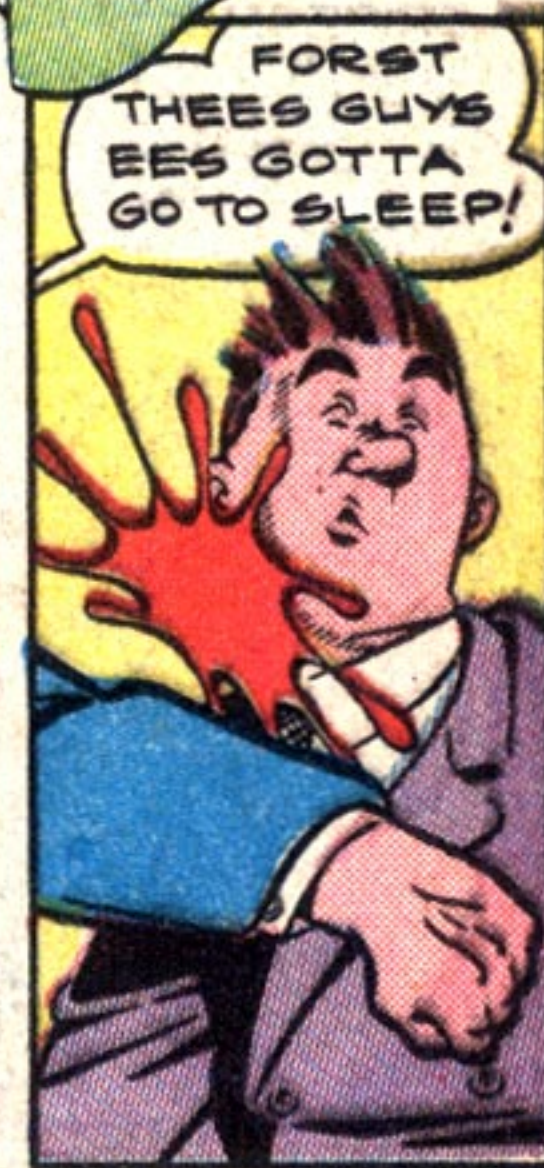


SMASH COMICS

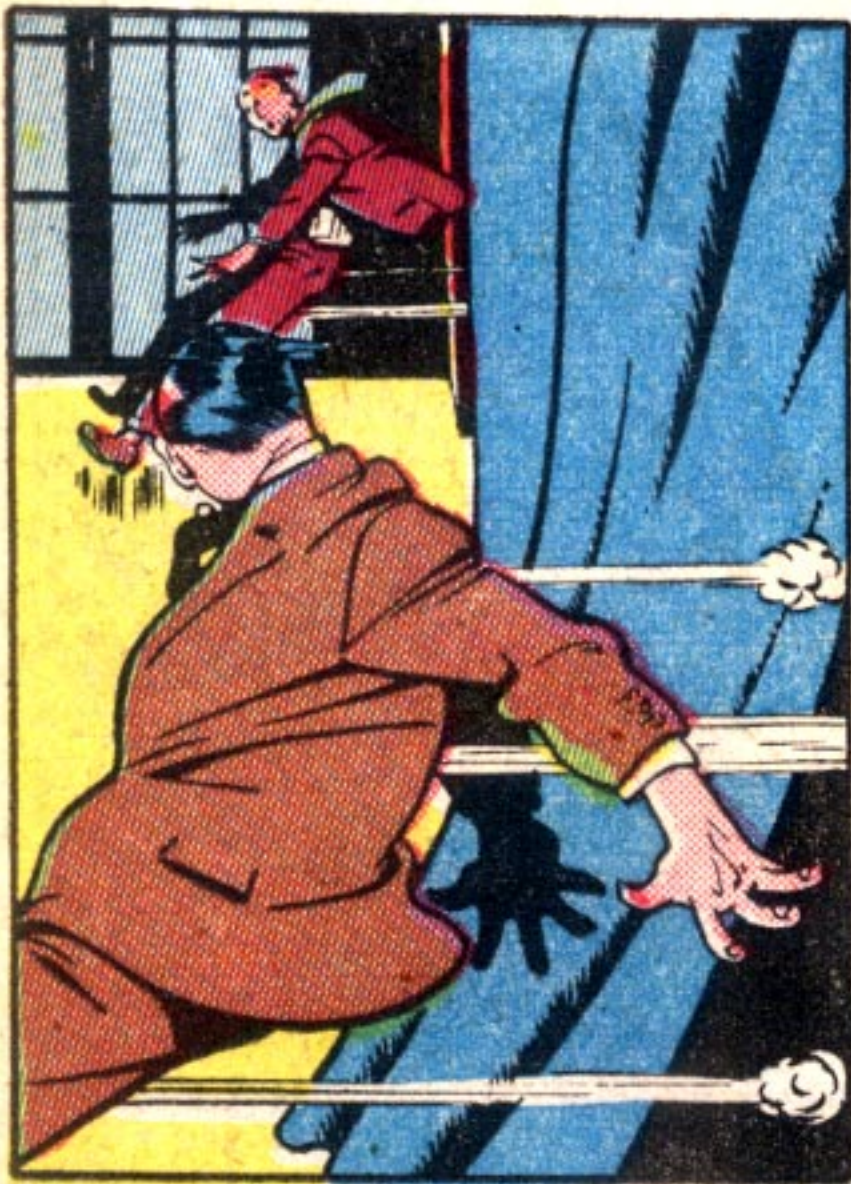


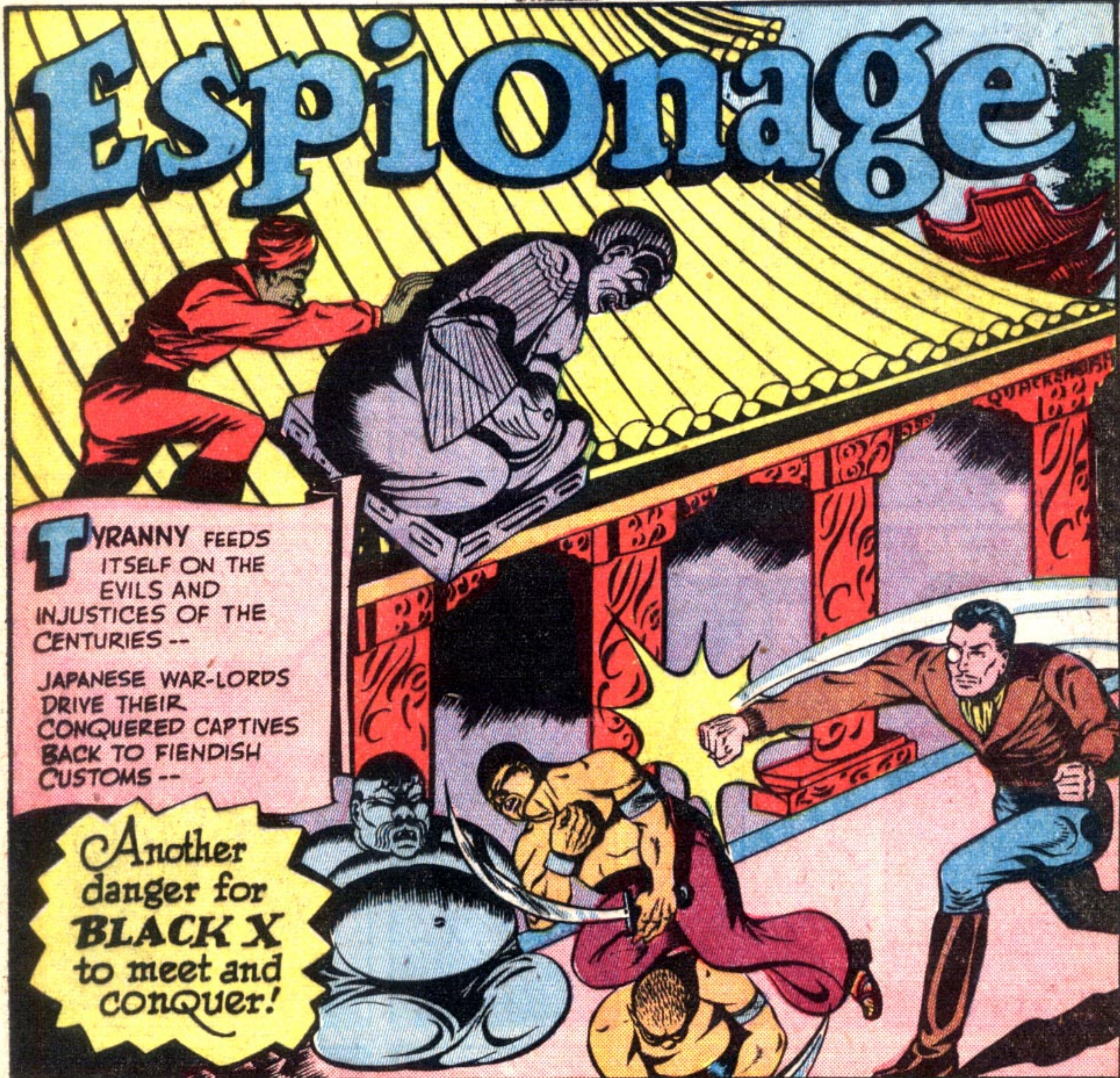












DEEP IN CONQUERED ZAZARSTAN, JAPANESE POLICE QUESTION THE PEOPLE...

CEASE THESE LIES! **BLACK X** IS HIDDEN SOMEWHERE NEAR THIS SPOT! -- TELL US WHERE!

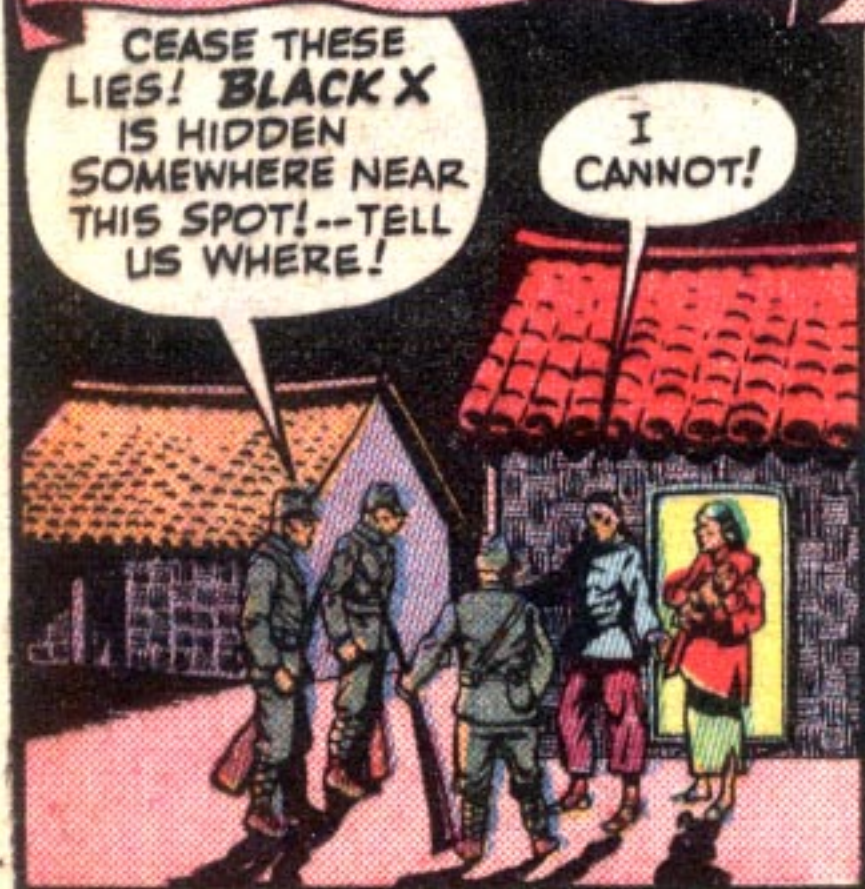
I CANNOT!

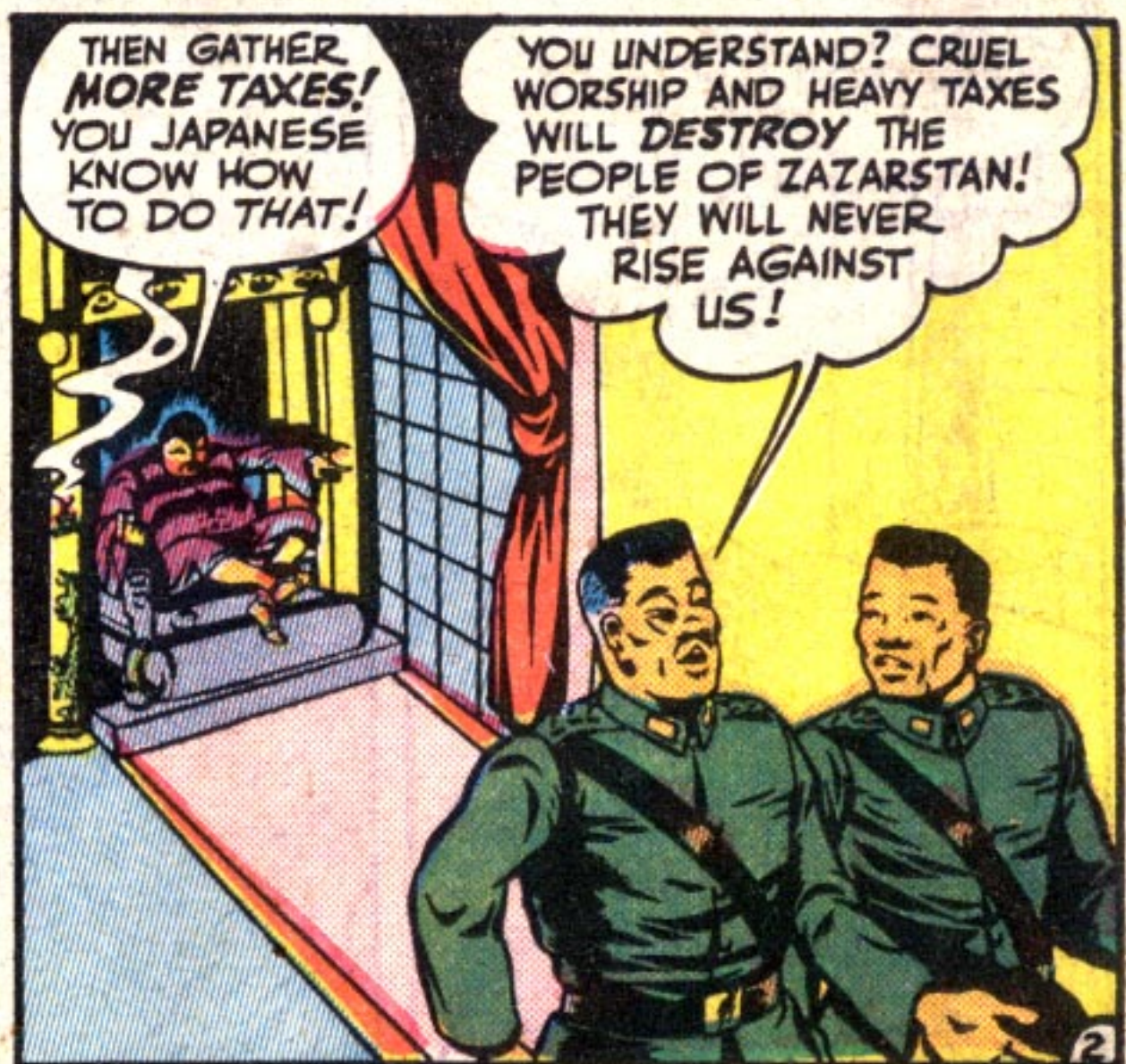
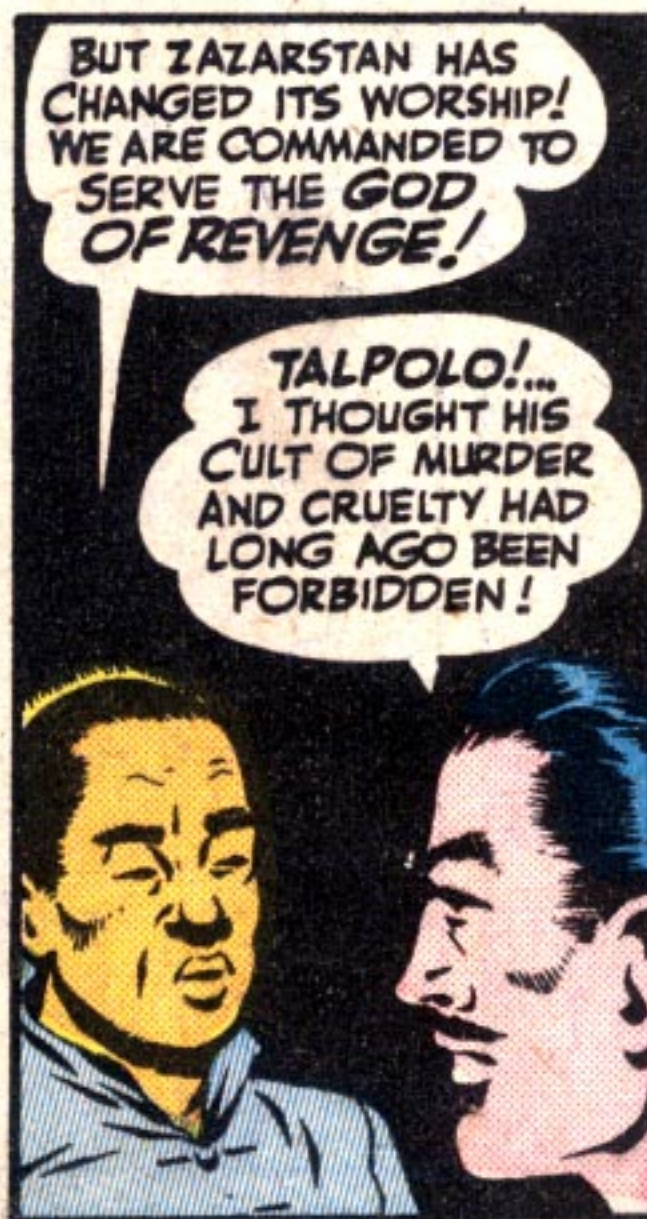
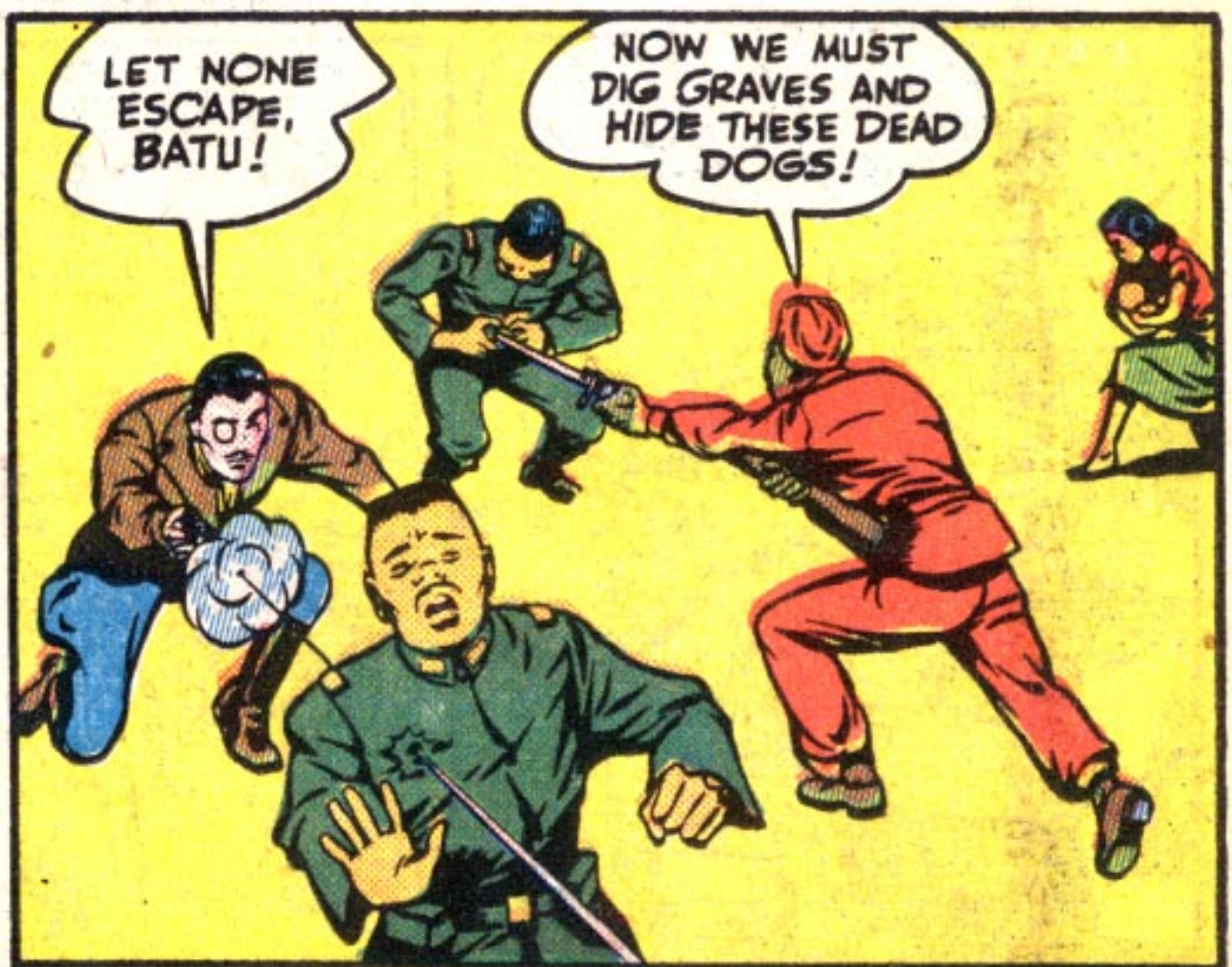
TELL -- OR YOUR CHILD DIES!

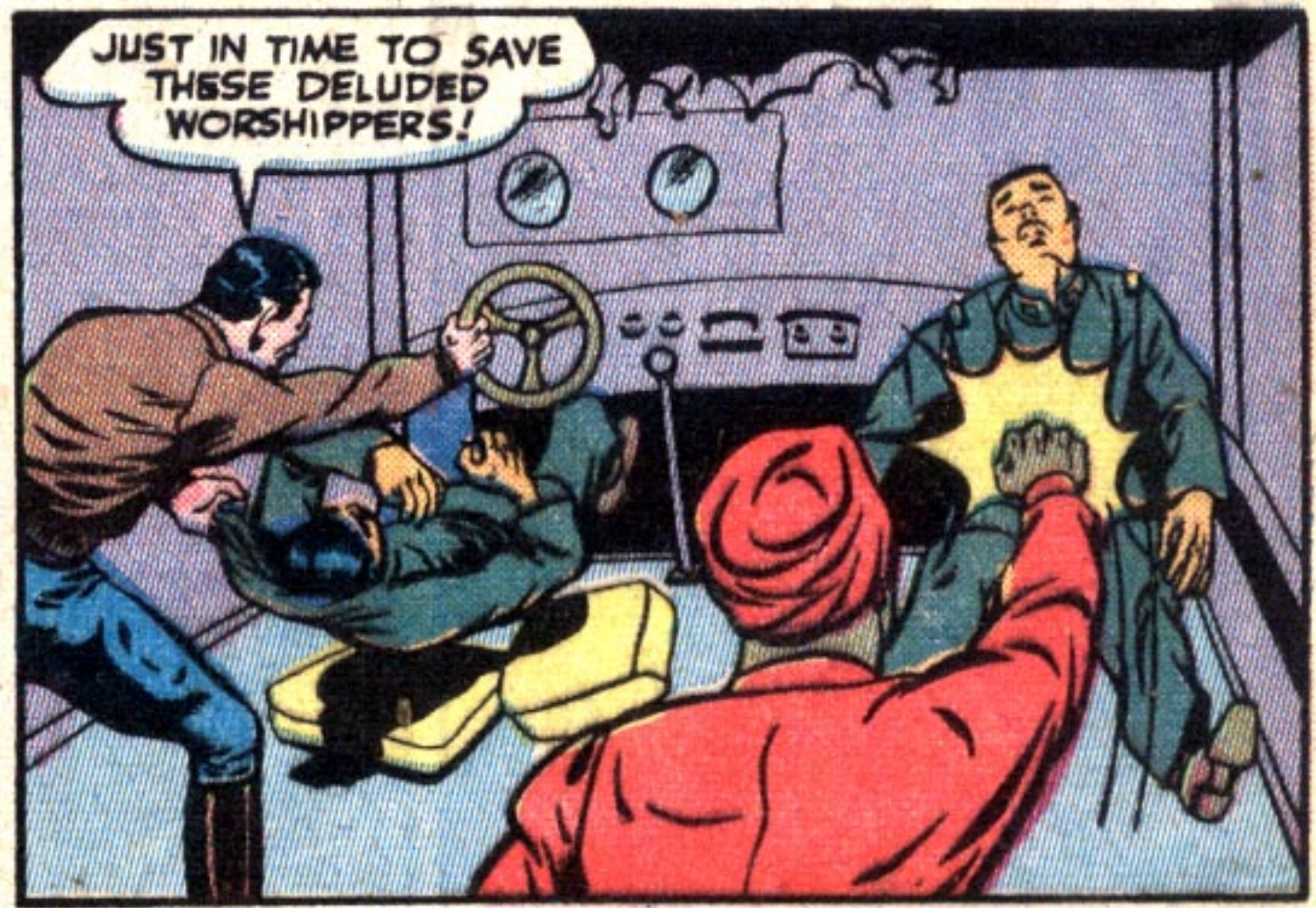
WAIT!

I UNDERSTAND YOU'RE SEARCHING FOR ME!

BLACK X!!





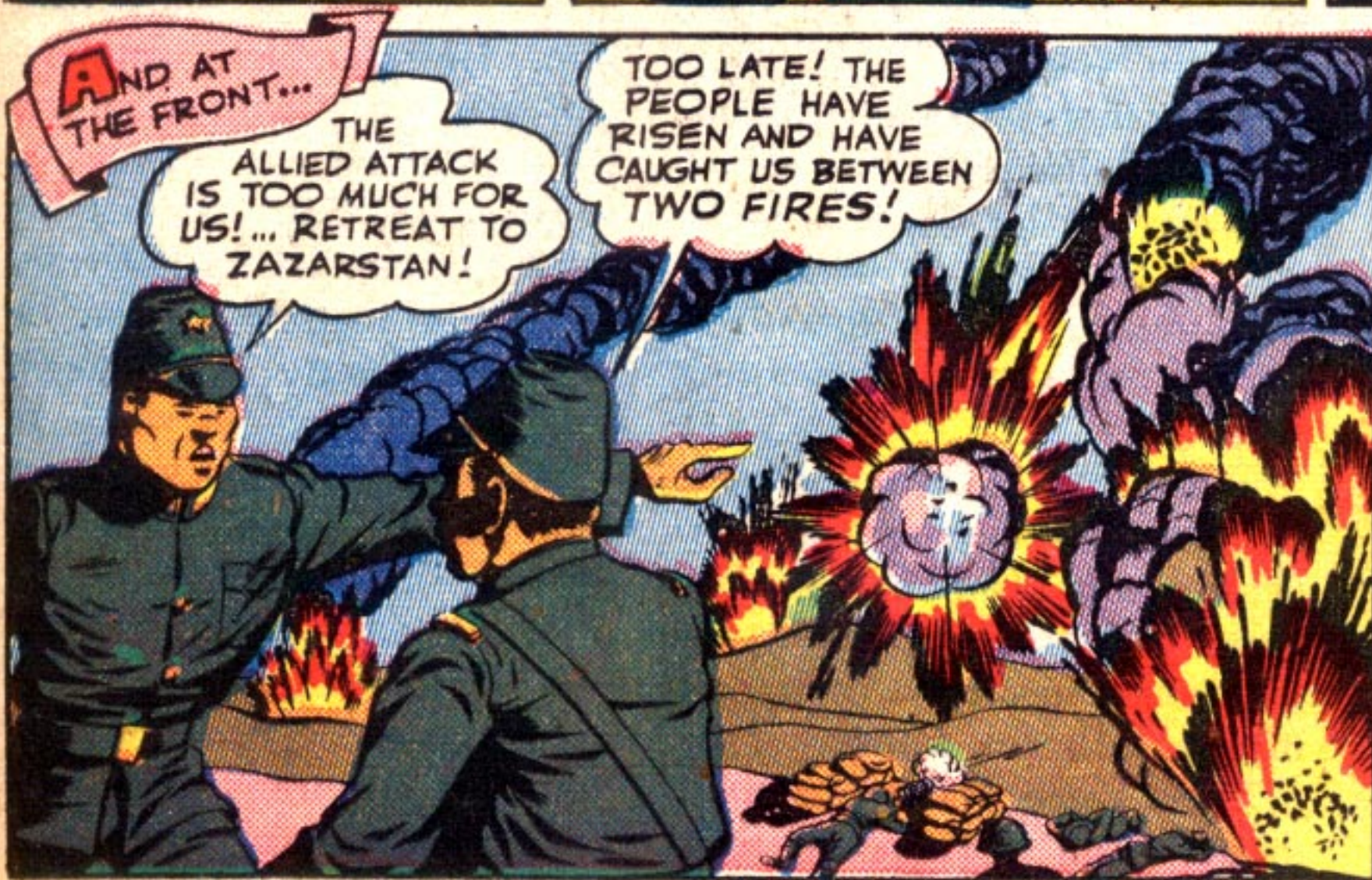
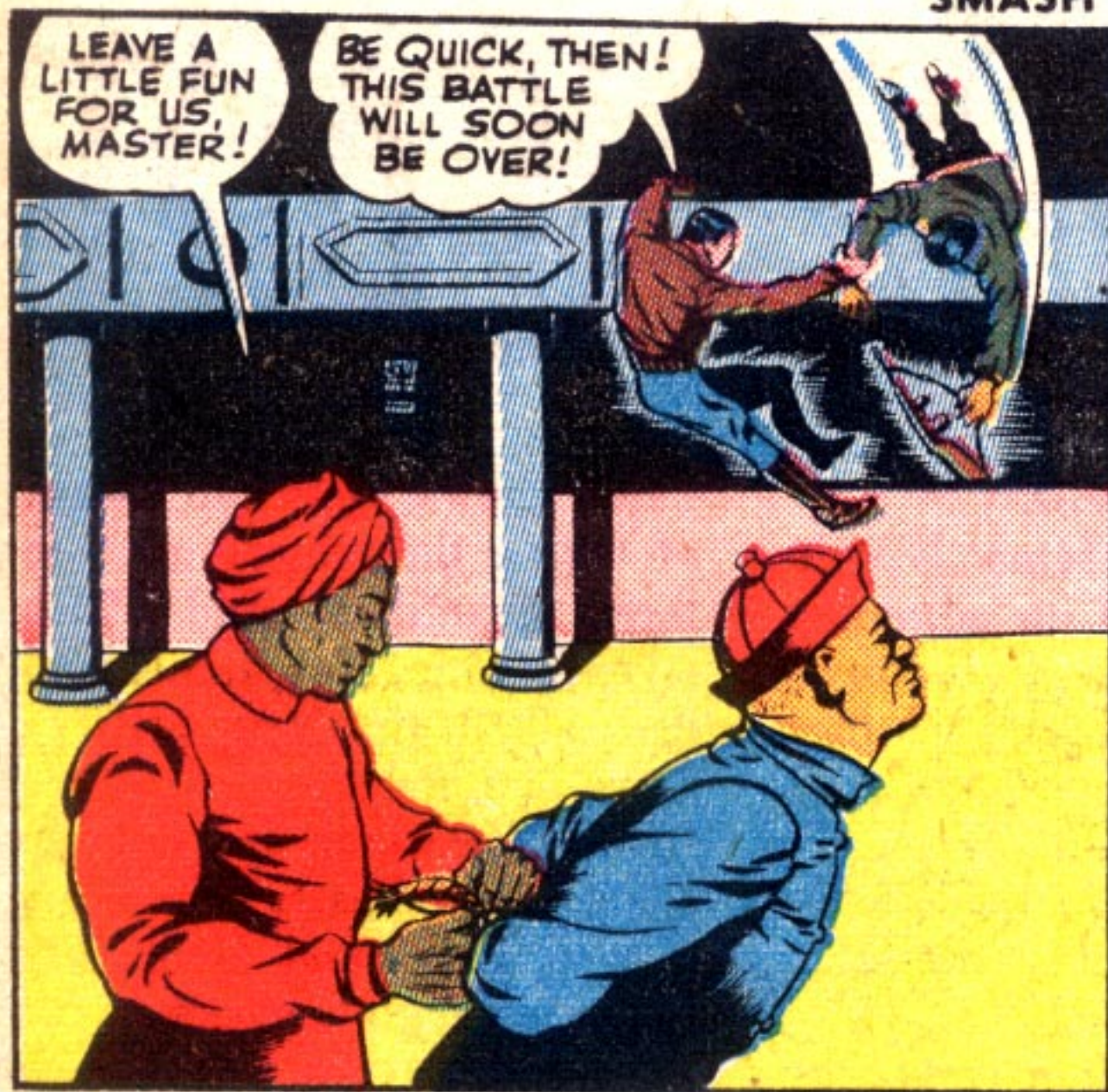












GOLD IN YOUR HEART

HAVING picked up several leads in a mining venture over the rugged areas of Nevada, Jimmy Christian stumbled upon a great story, one he thought he might sell to a motion picture studio in Hollywood. He collected all the facts, talked to old timers, and got all the background color it was possible to get. Then he set out for the magic city of stars—and eclipses.

Jimmy's old friend Kurt Blair was story editor at one of the major studios, and to Kurt went Jimmy with his idea. He had read several screen scenarios, so he was well acquainted with the method of telling or writing a screen yarn. He preferred to tell it to Kurt in the accepted manner. Here it is:

At the time our story opens the crosses in Gold City's "boothill" outnumber the living residents. Among the latter are two early settlers—Brad (Satan) Smith, a shiftless, ignorant, fellow who when not searching the hills for the illusive "strike," earns a precarious living as a mule-skinner and blacksmith. Capable of sudden, violent rages, Satan is the epitome of tolerance and generosity to his few friends. Conversely, he is inordinately suspicious of strangers and wants nothing to do with them.

The other is Old Madge. Sharp-tongued, shrewish, calculating. She wins her bread by washing the miners' dirty

shirts and overalls.

Madge and Satan live in two ugly shacks on adjoining claims in the middle of town—claims staked out when they first squatted there. Little of their past is known. They are simple fixtures scorned, tolerated, but accepted for what they are.

The hills around Gold City boast a few claims. Satan hauls freight for these claims shoes horses—and every chance he gets loads his burros and hies himself off on a prospecting trip. Old Madge rants at him for his uselessness, but it is no secret that many of Satan's grubstakes are financed by Madge's meager savings. Prying it loose takes plenty of "promotion" on Satan's part, but he always keeps a record of these advances.

"Never mind, gal," he tells Madge. "Someday I'll own this here town, an' I won't be fergittin' you!"

And there's Janie, whom Satan had discovered in a cabin 17 years earlier. Janie is idolized by these two oldsters, and she thinks a heap of them, reserving a special love for Satan.

When Steve Baxter comes to town and discovers a rich claim nearby, Gold City grows. Steve is a rugged, fresh-looking young geologist who naturally falls for Janie.

Then Patch Harlan, a promoter from 'Frisco, arrives and things begin to boom.

Patch knows ways and means of taking the miners' dust in large quantities. And Patch takes a fancy for Janie, and bad blood develops between Steve and Patch.

Steve, working for a large mining syndicate, discovers more claims, and Gold City becomes the load-stone for boom-town types. This new progress, while detestable to Satan, nevertheless forces him to expand his business and while hired men do his hauling and blacksmithing, Satan has time to prospect. He and Madge pool enough to send Janie off to a fine Eastern school.

It is Old Madge who changes their fortunes. Year after year of hurling buckets of dirty wash water out her back door has cut a gully in her property. One day, while cussing Satan for his negligence, she heaves a bucket of grimy water and suds over him. He stumbles, sputters and comes up with a nugget the size of an egg.

Dripping, Satan shouts his good fortune. His? Madge informs him that the "strike" is on her property. They begin working. Miners go dirty as Madge digs gold. The vein goes into Satan's claim. They are offered a million dollars. Madge turns it down. The offer is raised. . . .

Madge and Satan are very wealthy! The irony of it, too. For twenty years they have been "sitting" on a fortune.

They crack out in bizarre clothes. They buy gaudy carriages. They build a hotel and move into it. The King and Queen of Gold City!

Satan doesn't forget his old friends. They, and a host of new ones, flock to him for touches, loans, advances to build stores, hotels, churches restaurants.

Satan and Madge now ride through the growing town in a gleaming carriage, nodding to friends, Satan pointing out the countless signs bearing his name along the streets: SMITH HOUSE, SMITH EMPORIUM, SMITH CAFE, etc. Satan is in his element.

"Didn't I tell ye, gal, I'd own this here town someday? Well? . . ."

Their sudden riches demand that they remove Janie to a better and more fashionable girls' school, which is not to her liking, as she has some rough edges and doesn't get along with the daughters of long-established wealth.

Satan and Madge leave for England in a fanfare of boisterous farewells. They're off to meet the King and Queen. They get a royal sendoff in San Francisco, but a royal snubbing in England. They head for Paris. The slickers get them, and when their ship docks back in 'Frisco, they have several thousand gold doorknobs (they think). The knobs turn out to be lead covered with gold leaf. They buy a tally-ho in 'Frisco. Beautiful white horses. They mount liveried outriders on the horses, and set out for Gold City in regal style.

They build a huge mansion on the edge of the town—large

enough to utilize all the gold doorknobs, and a dazzling party is staged, with champagne in bathtubs. . . .

Dutch Muldoon, the new freighting boss of Gold City is present and under heavy charges of champagne, he challenges Satan. They pull off a terrific fight on the front lawn with bullwhips, with which Satan is expert. They cut each other to ribbons. . . .

And on this ribald scene a carriage draws up and a dainty, beautifully costumed young lady steps out—Janie! She is aghast at Satan's shocking fight and flounces into the house in a huff. Satan scratches his grizzled head in puzzlement and a terrible hurt comes into his eyes.

Little Janie! It can't be little Janie!

Satan stalks by himself. The blow is too much.

Time passes. Steve's romance blossoms with Janie, weathering a storm or two. Gold City grows. Patch Harlan's criminal crowd takes their heavy toll. Satan Smith's signs crowd each other along the streets. Smith's lawyer crams bundles of mortgages and deeds into a huge steel safe. Satan turns down no one. He makes loans, buys mortgages, asks for no security. All the way through, Satan's generosity is paramount.

Then the rich vein begins petering out, and miners drift away from Gold City. More people seek loans from Satan. Then his and Madge's veins vanish. Their stocks rapidly dwindle. Their stake fades away. Then it is all gone. So are the people of Gold City—thousands of them, all gone

now that the ore has been all worked out.

Gold City becomes a ghost town.

Satan and Madge sit side by side on a lonely hill overlooking the dead town. In the distance, straggling along the few dusty roads, go caravans, single horsemen, people walking and riding all kinds of horse-drawn vehicles. The Exodus! The soul of a city departing from its dead body. The silence of death descending, the sad sunset tempering only a little the terrible echoes of loneliness.

Satan and Madge sit with their memories.

"Oh, Satan, what'll we do now?" falters Madge. "Their all gone. . . ."

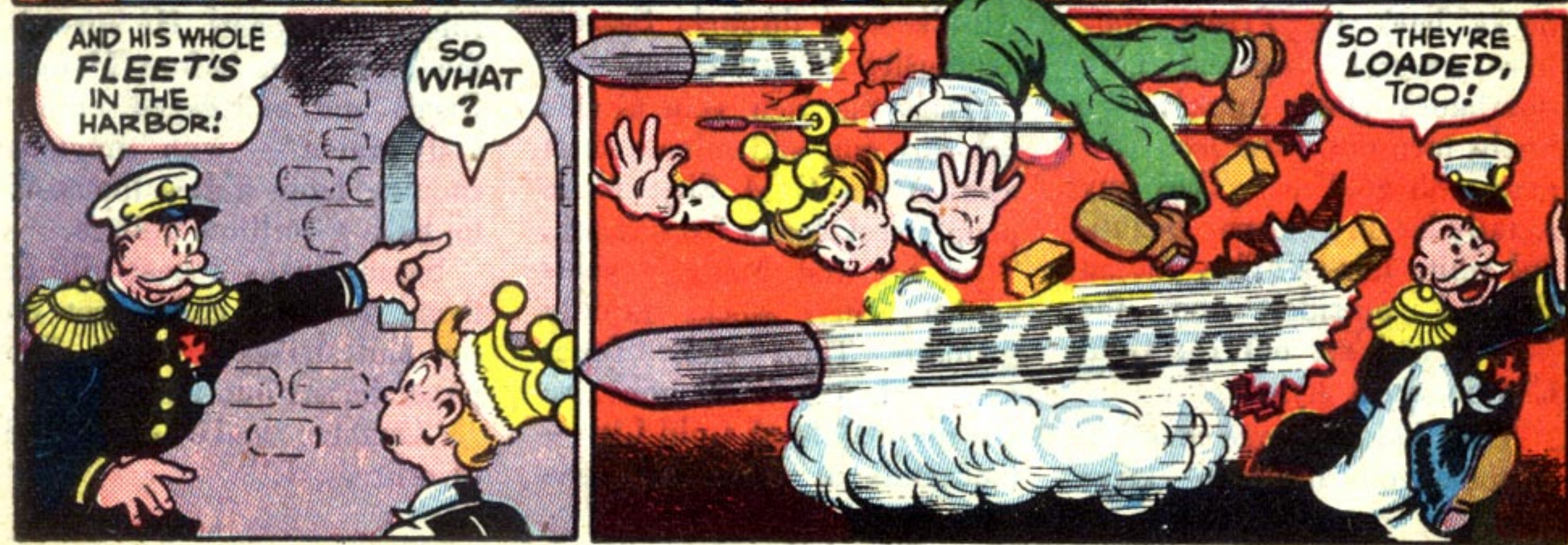
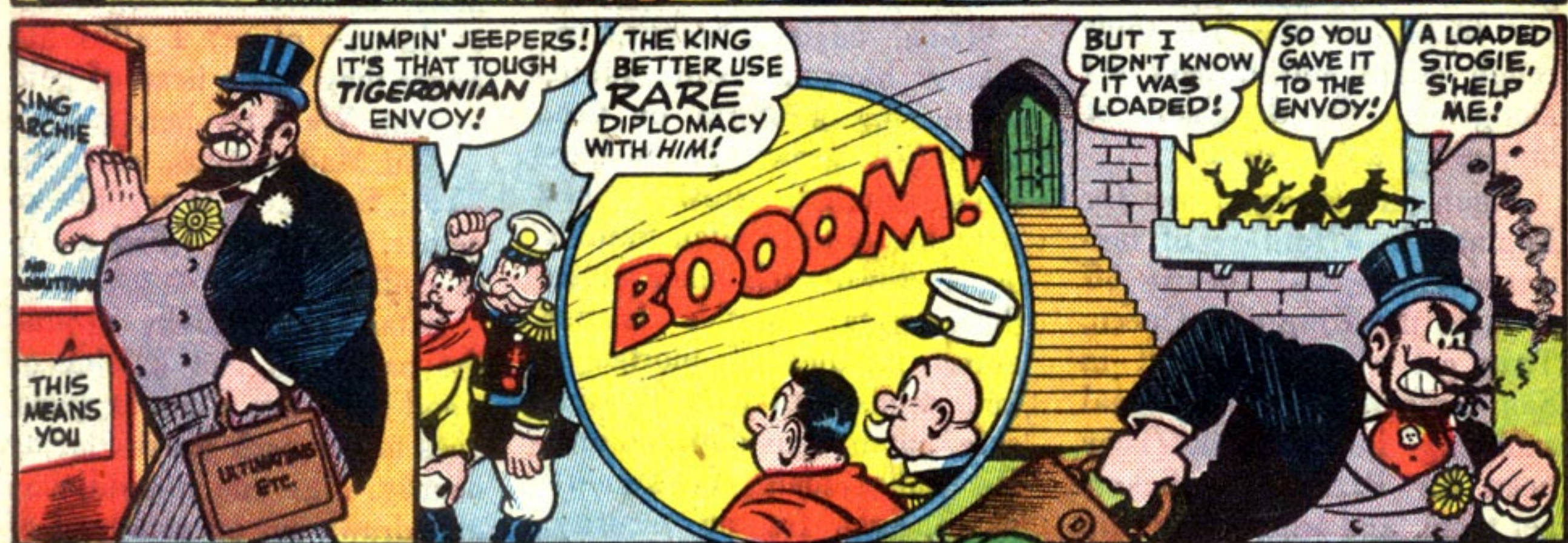
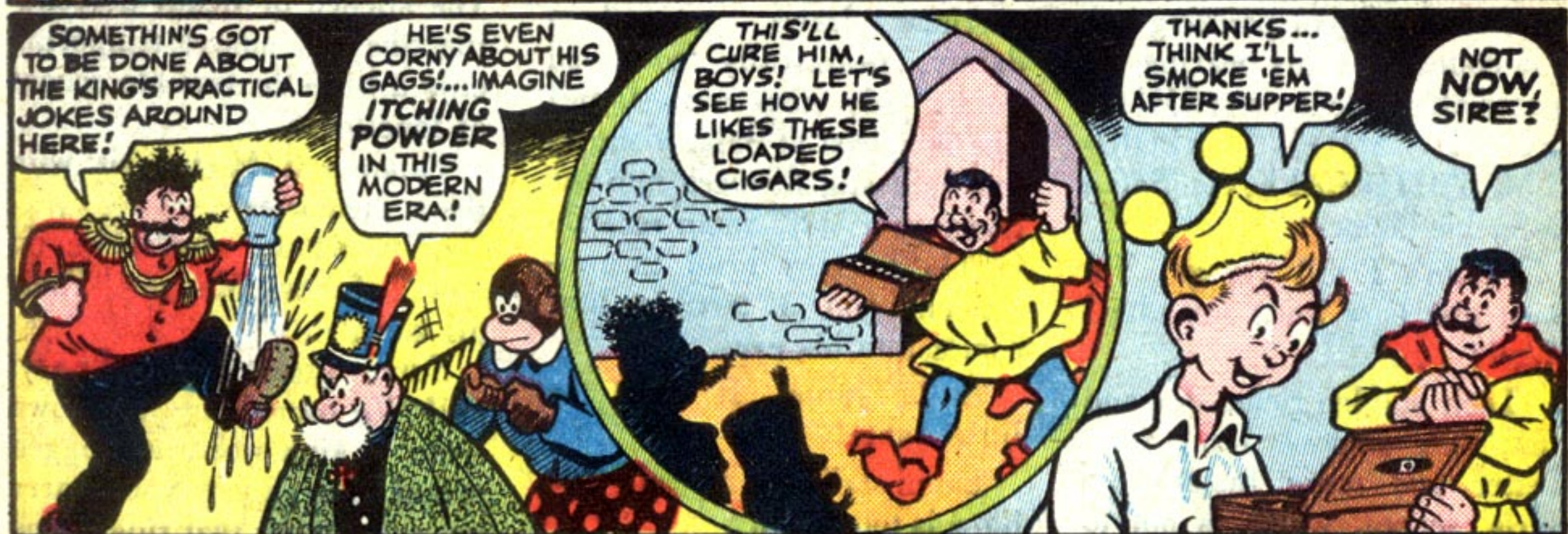
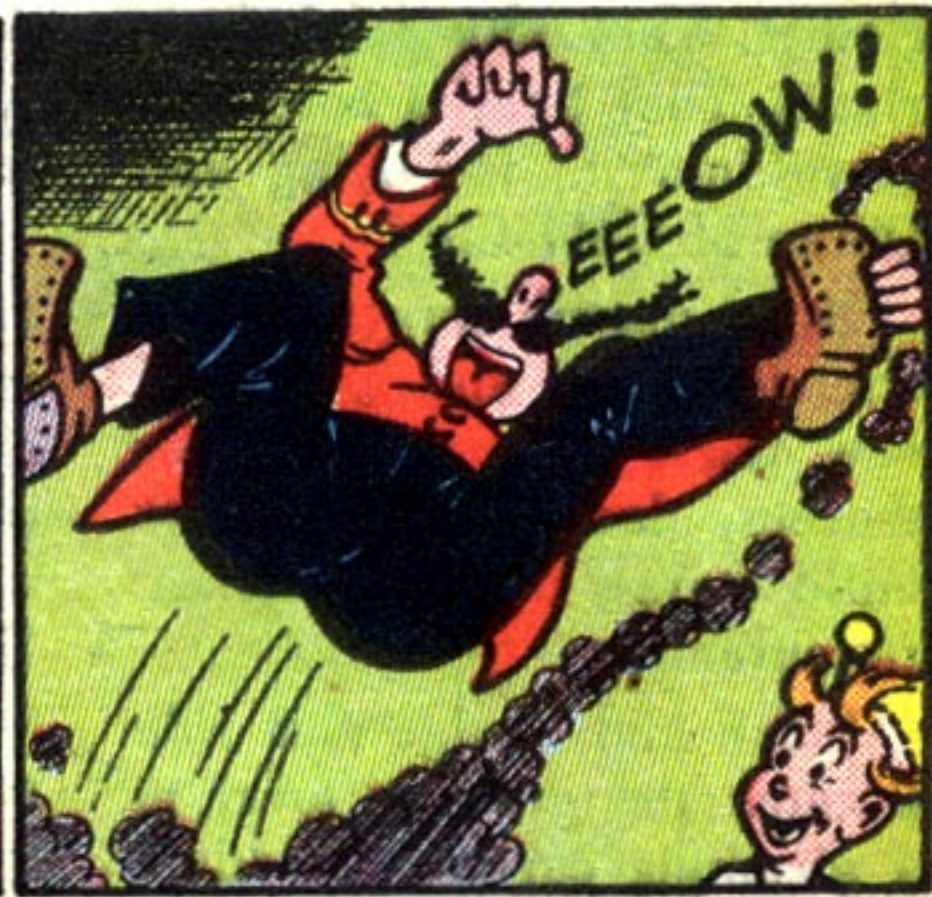
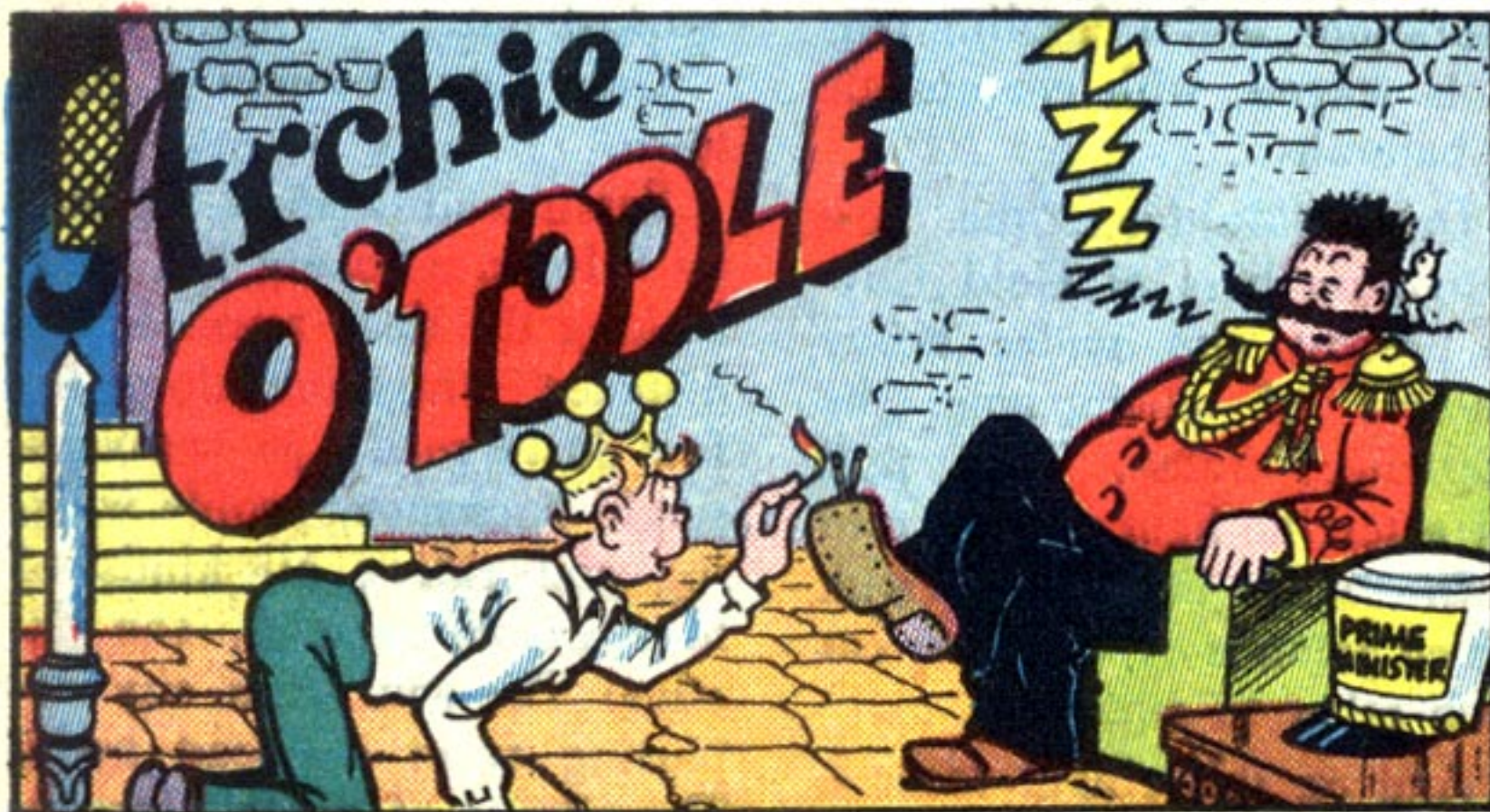
Satan grins wryly. "Easy, gal! We owned the hull town—an' it ain't worth a plugged nickel. But don't you worry none. 'Member that ridge back of Jason's place? I allus did figger they was a heap of gold in that. We'll try her, gal."

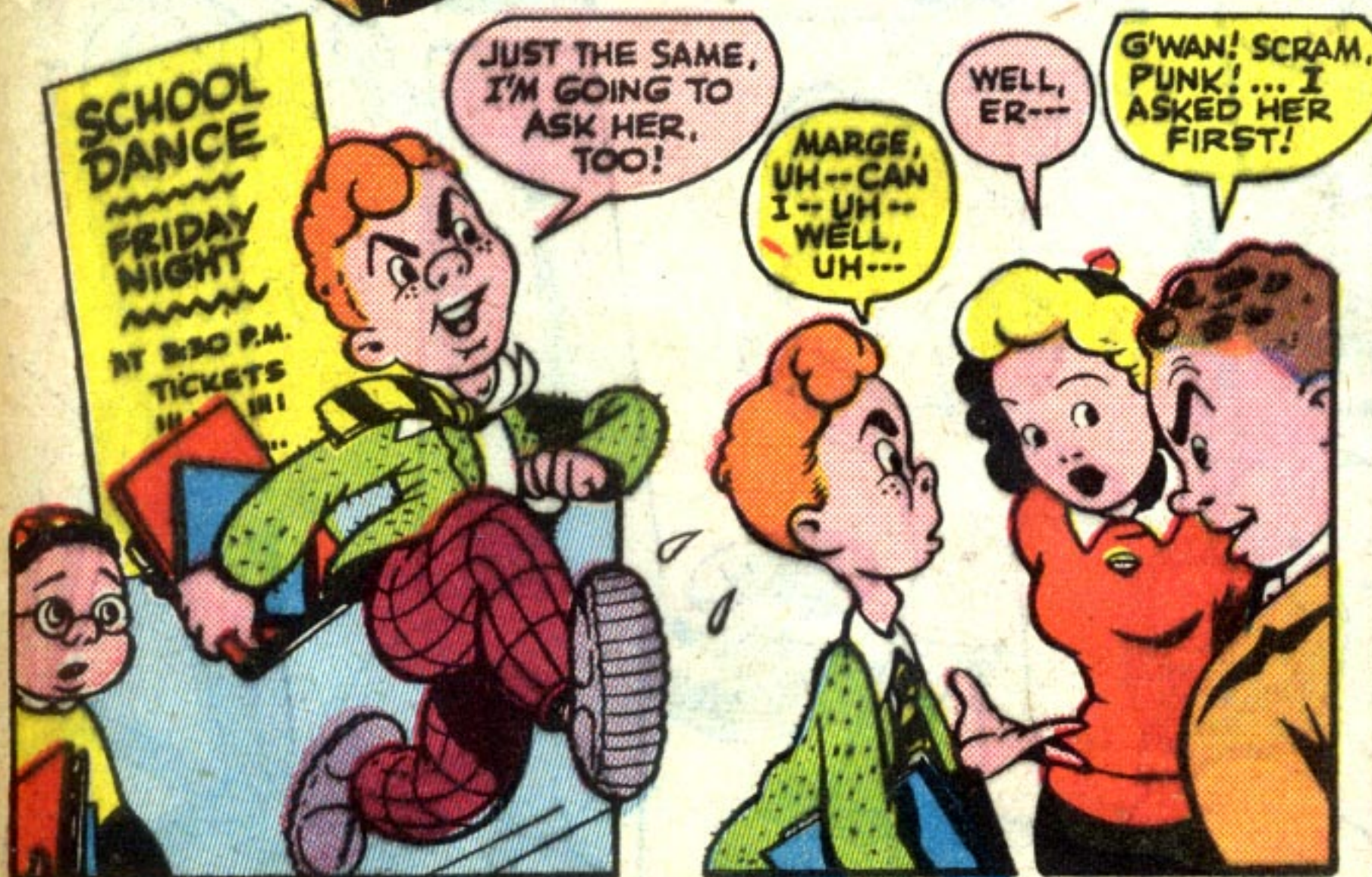
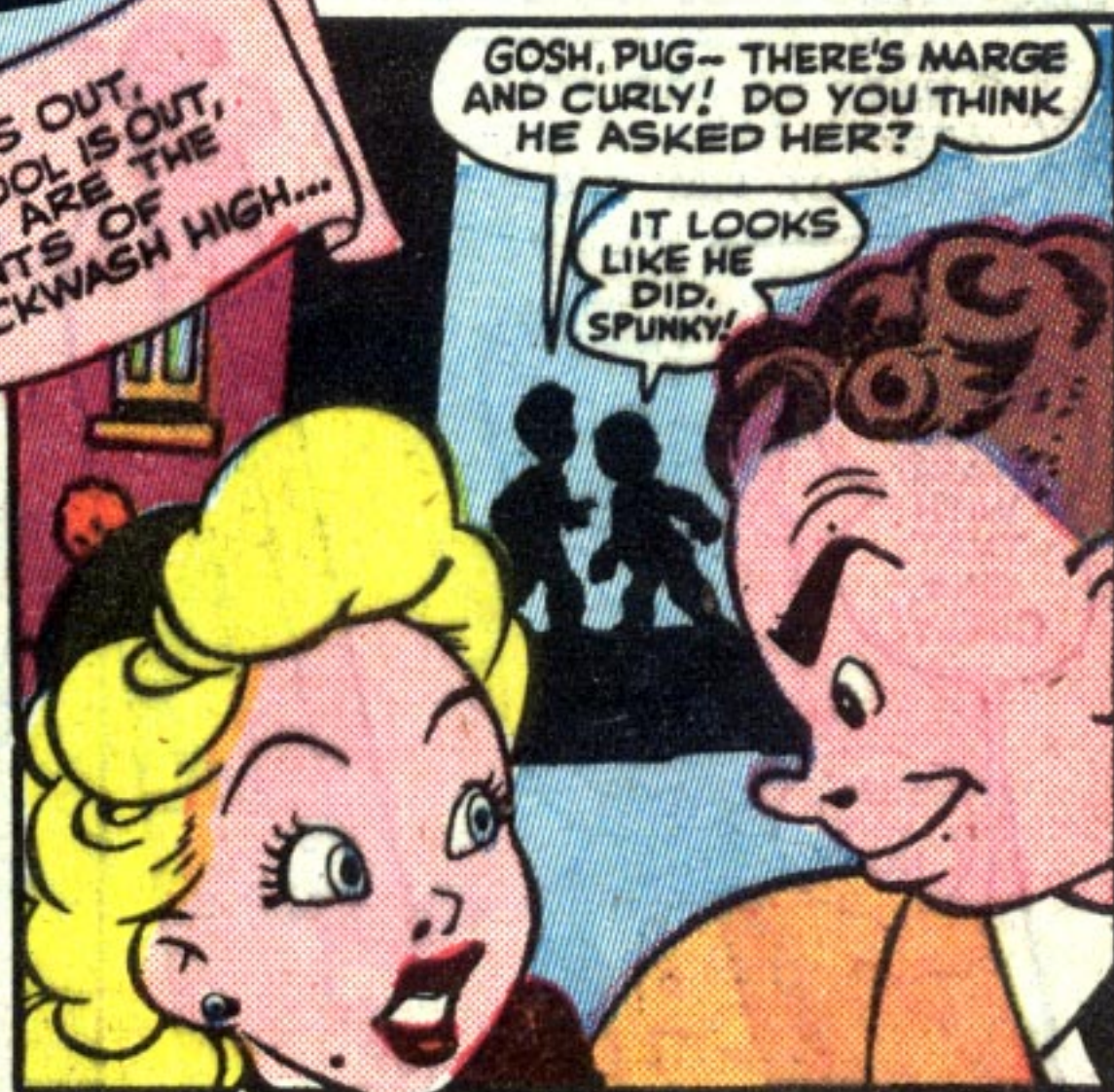
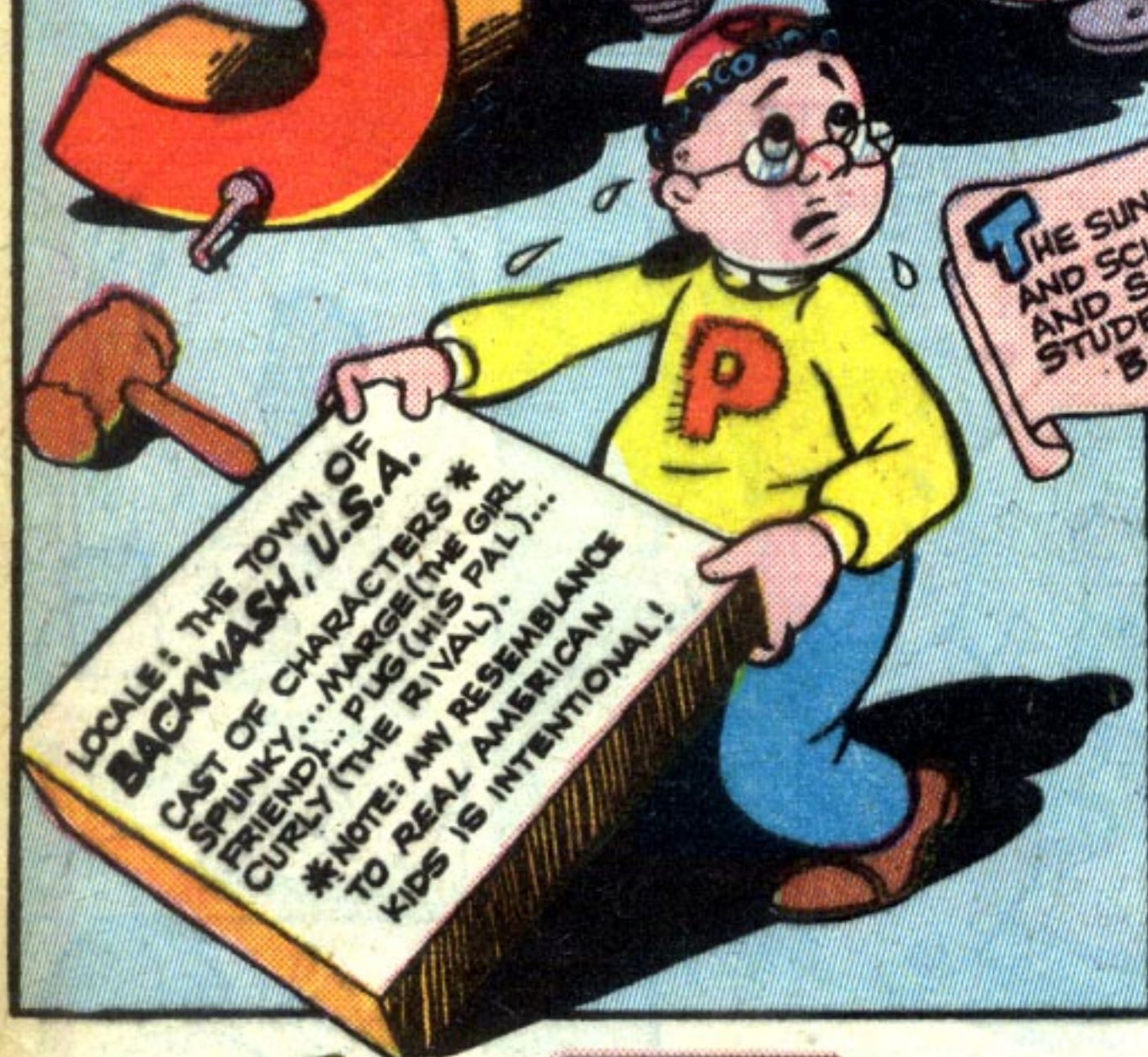
And Madge sighs, whispers. "Yes, Satan, we'll try it—together. . . . Wish I had a cup of coffee!"

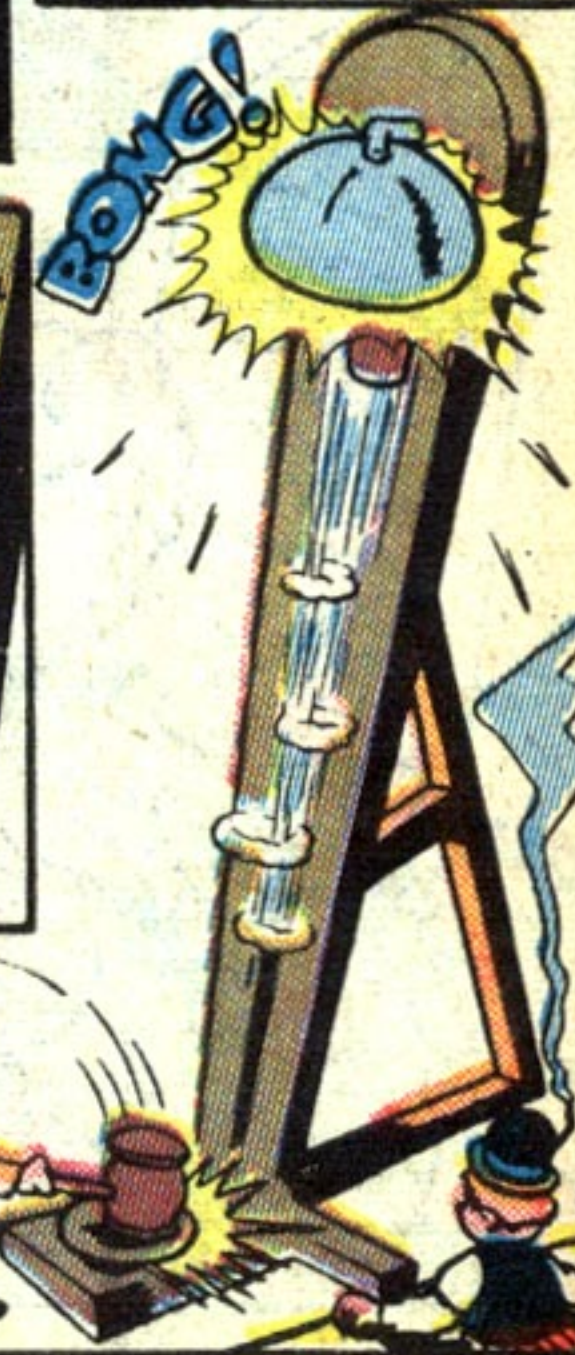
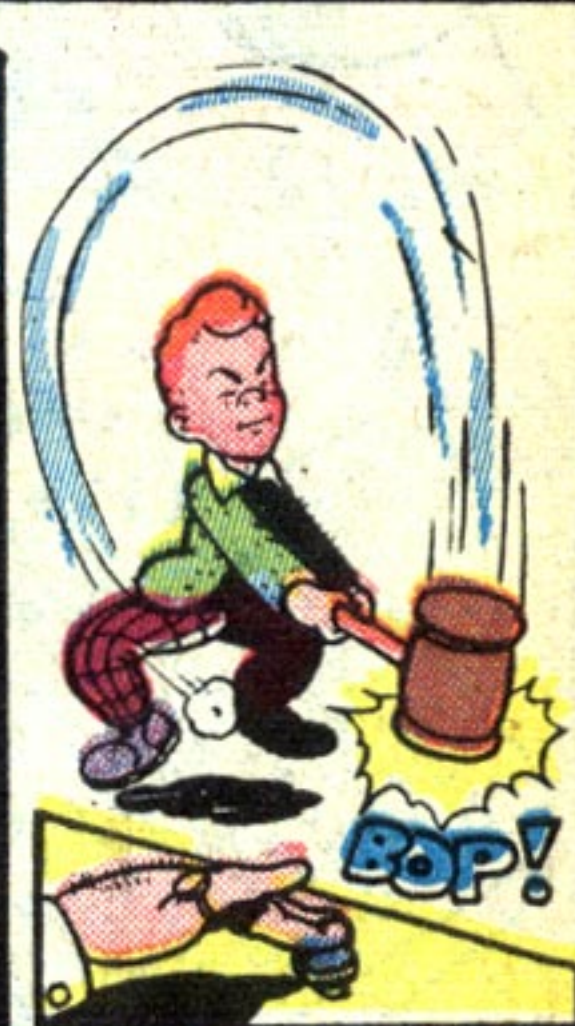
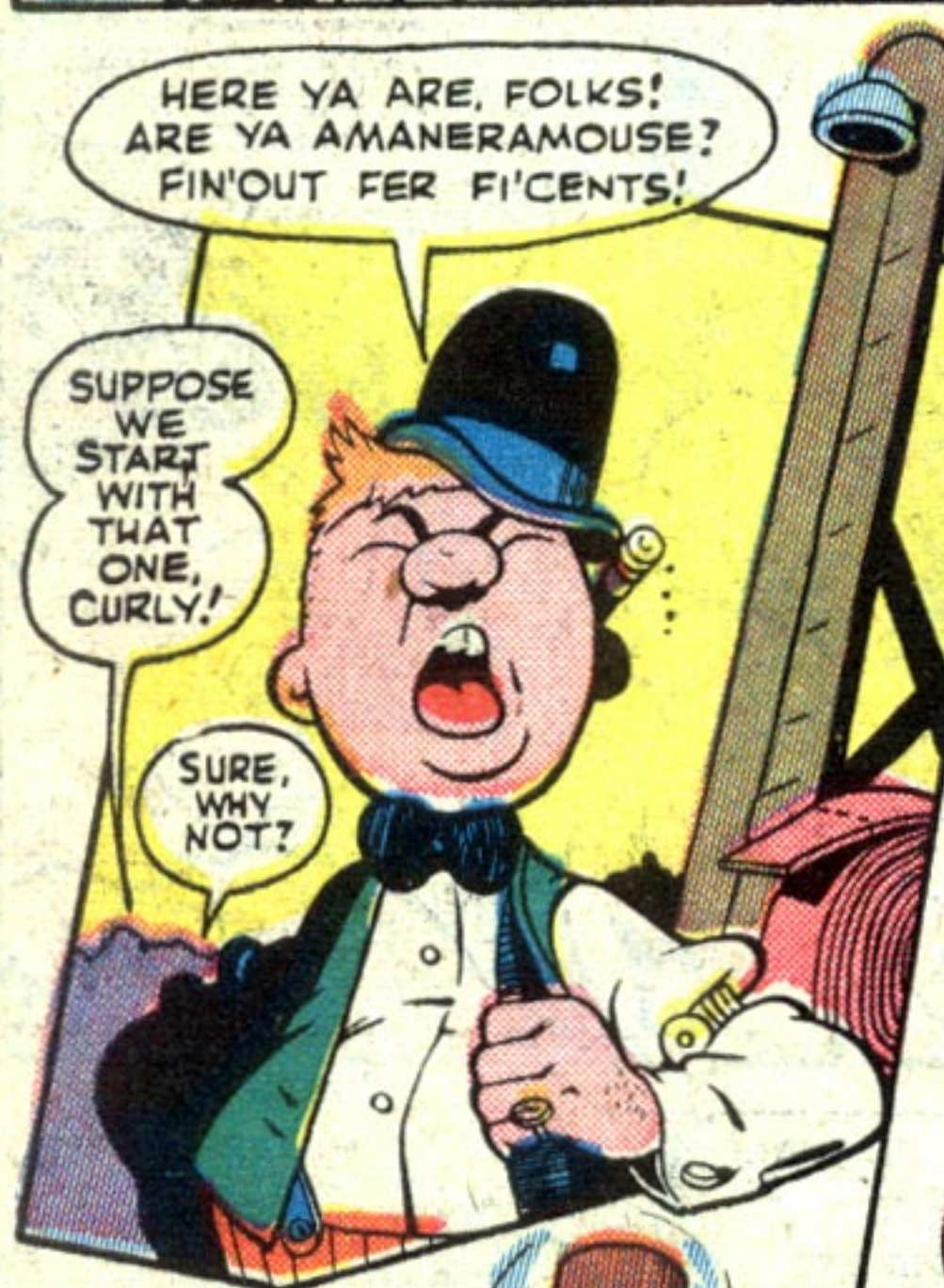
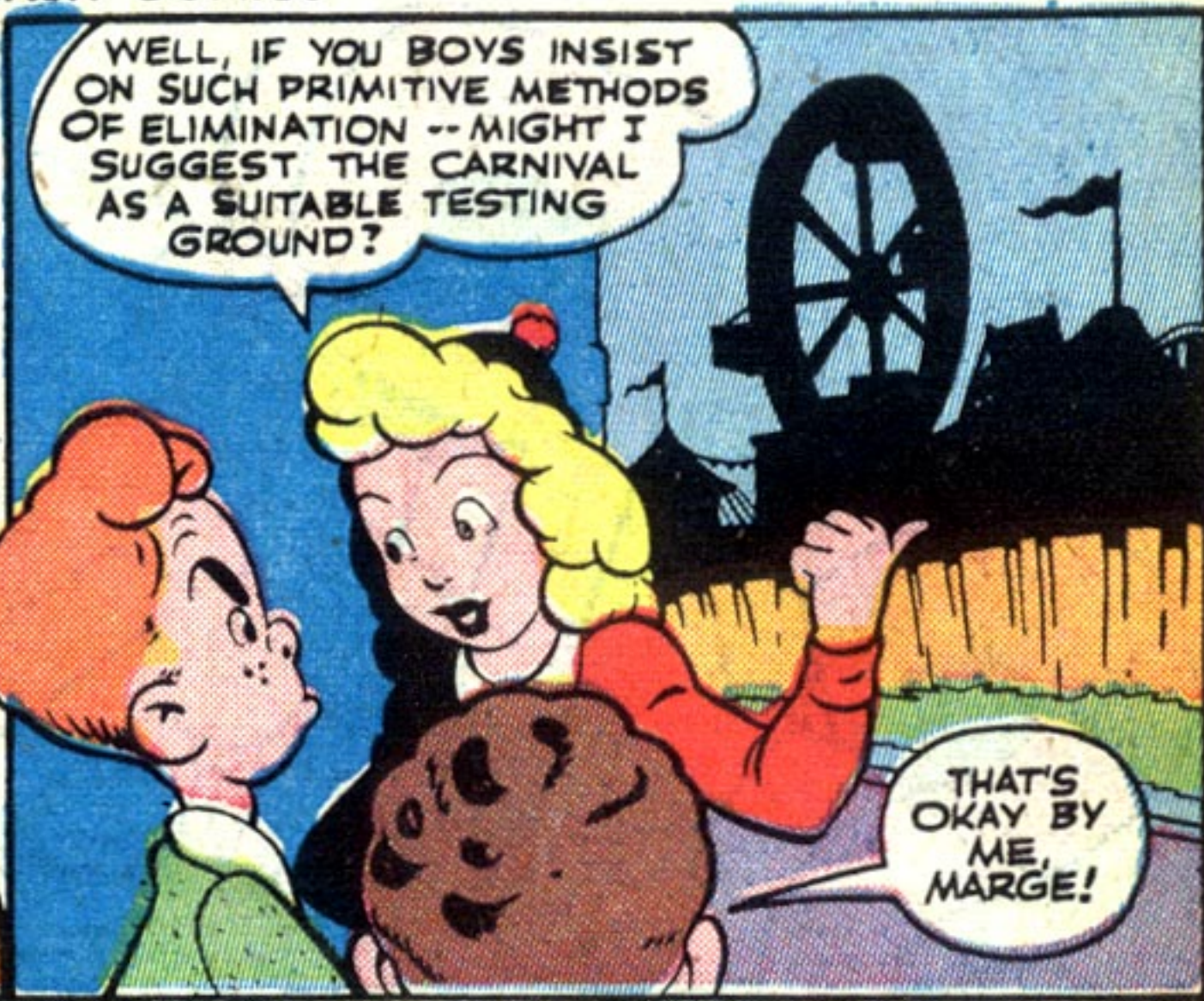
Satan rises, looks around the bare hill. Not a stick of wood for a fire. Then he grins, goes to the pack burros lazing nearby, digs into a saddlebag and draws out an arm-load of folded documents. He spreads the bunch out before Madge. Deeds and mortgages, claims and grants — with amounts ranging from a few thousand to half a million dollars.

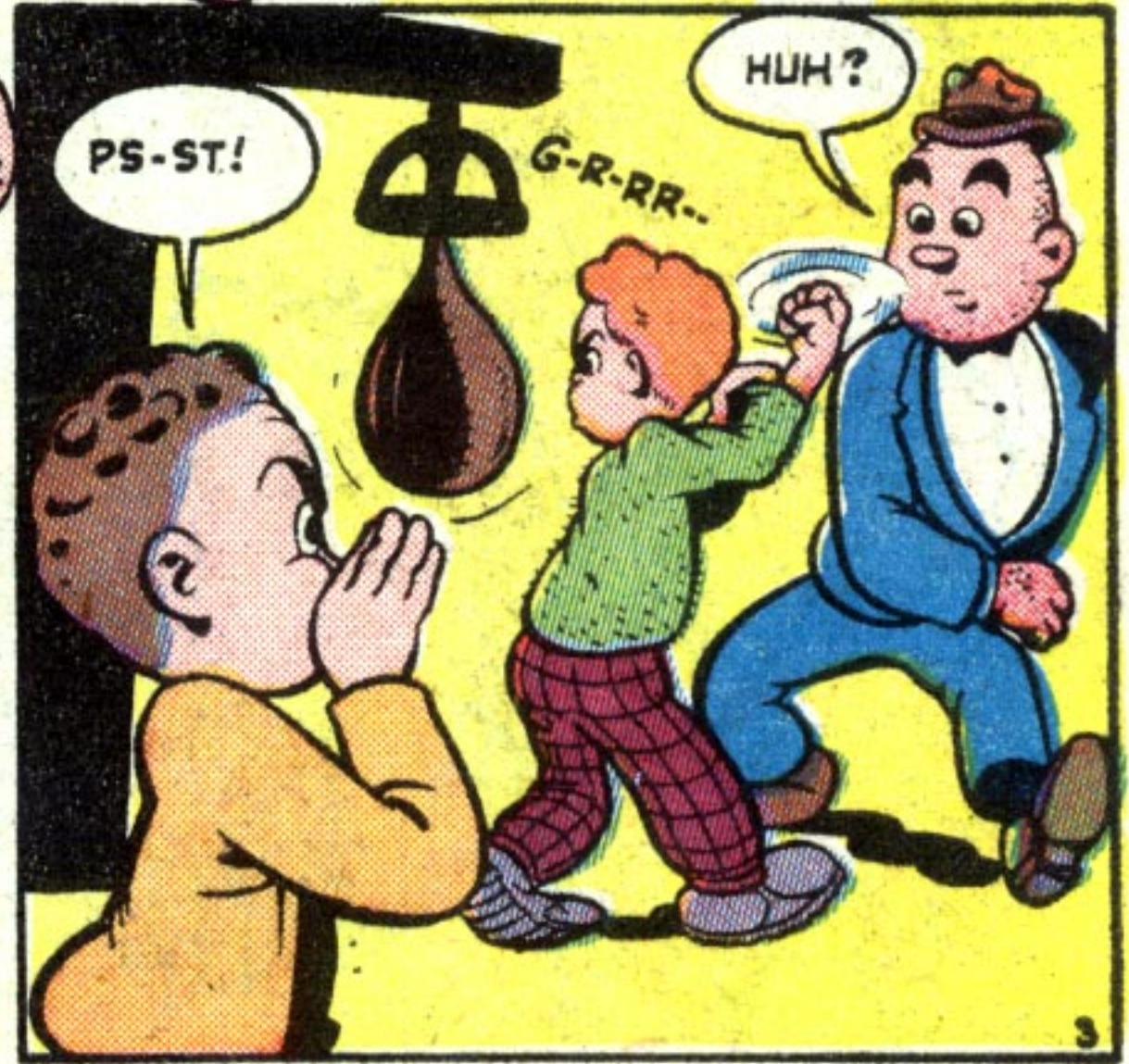
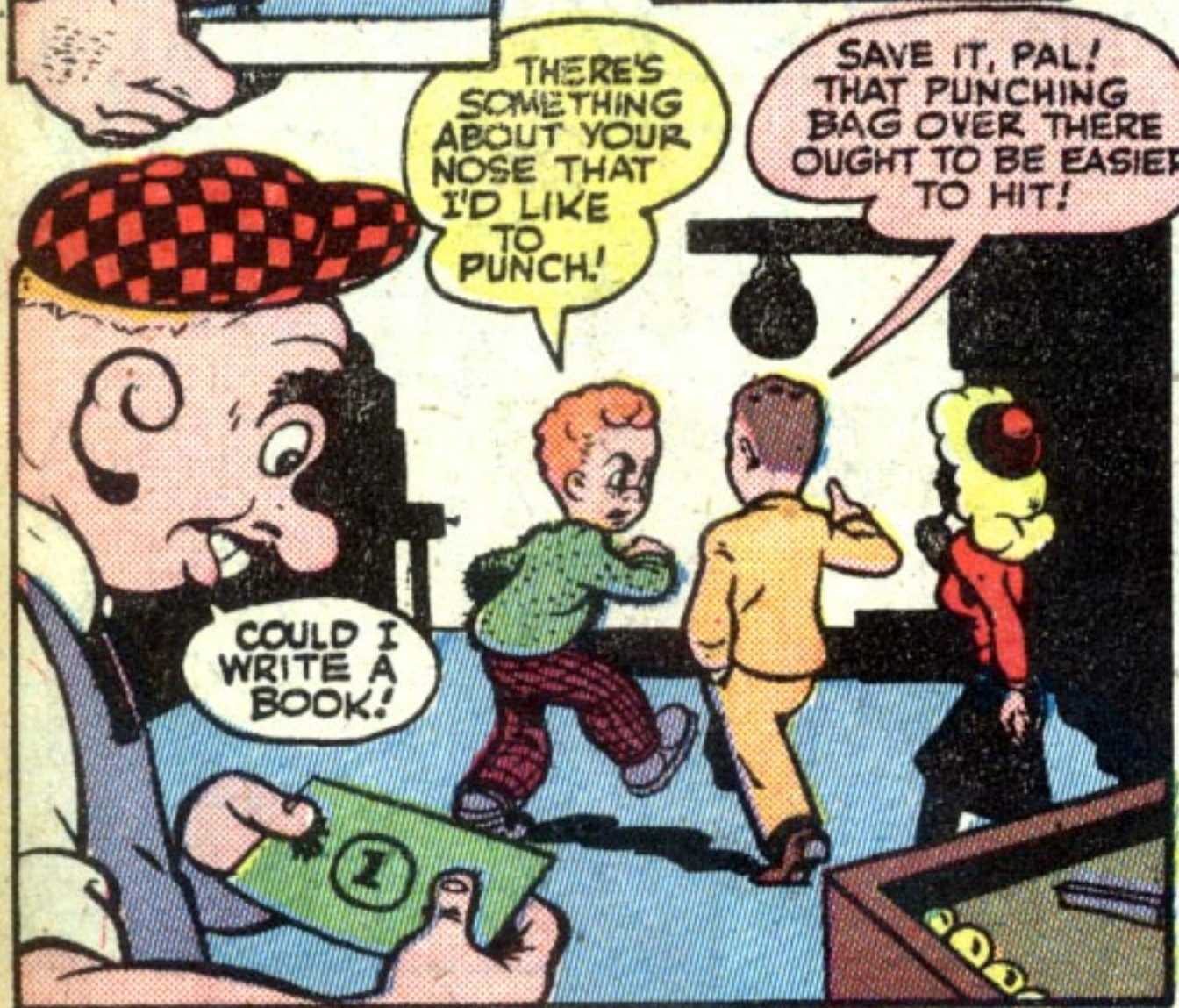
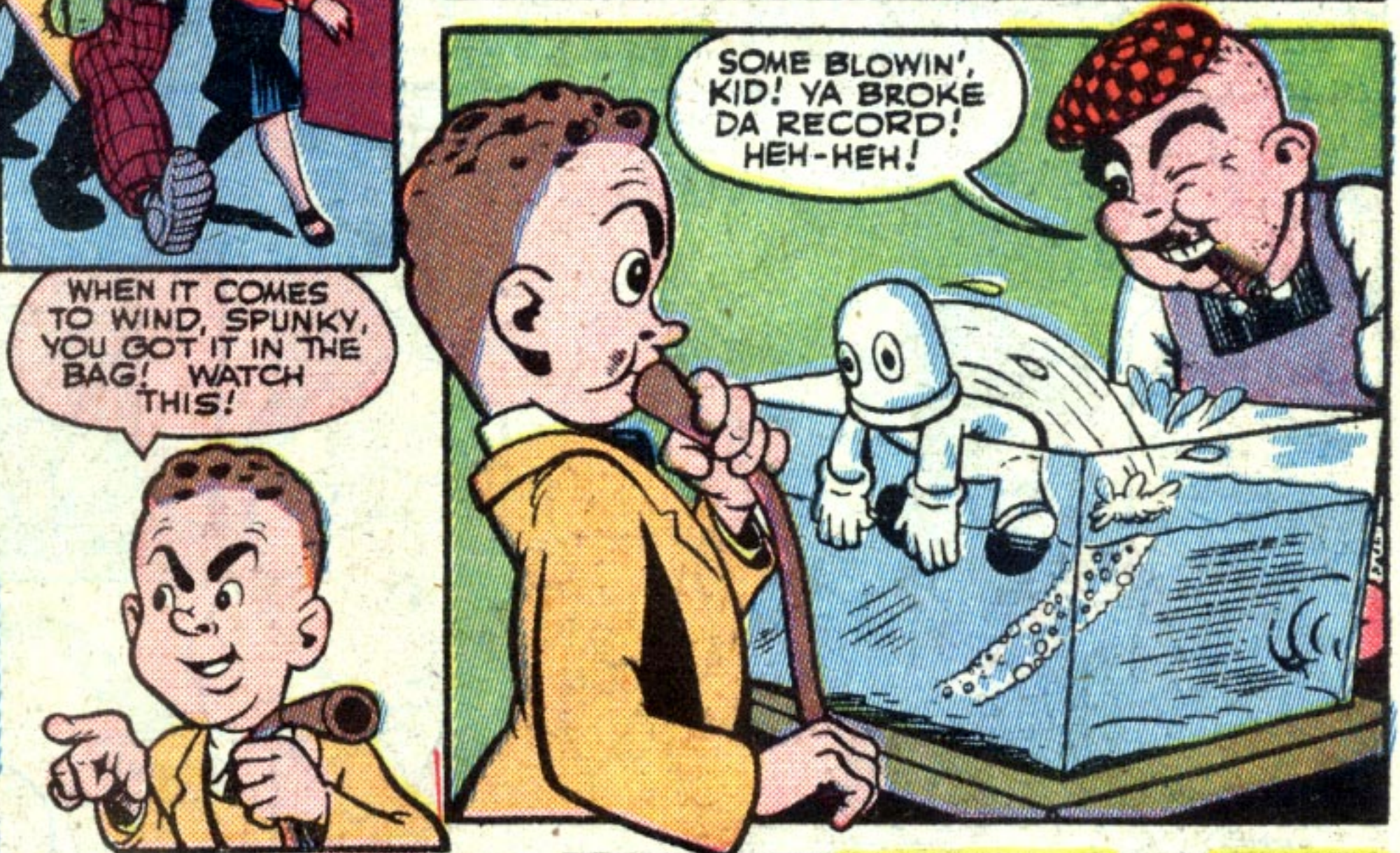
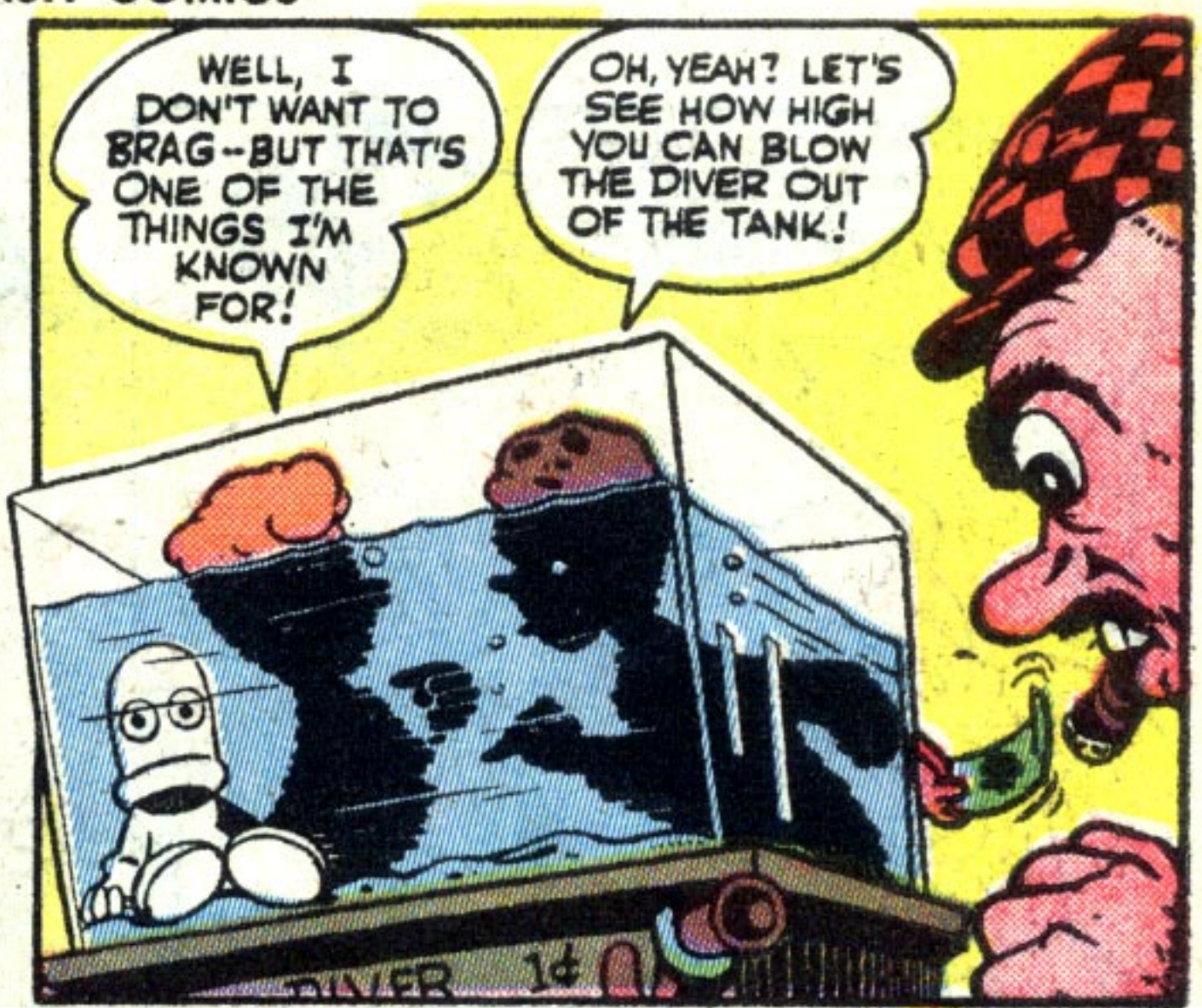
Satan makes a neat pile of them, sets the coffee pot on top and strikes a match. The paper bursts into flame.

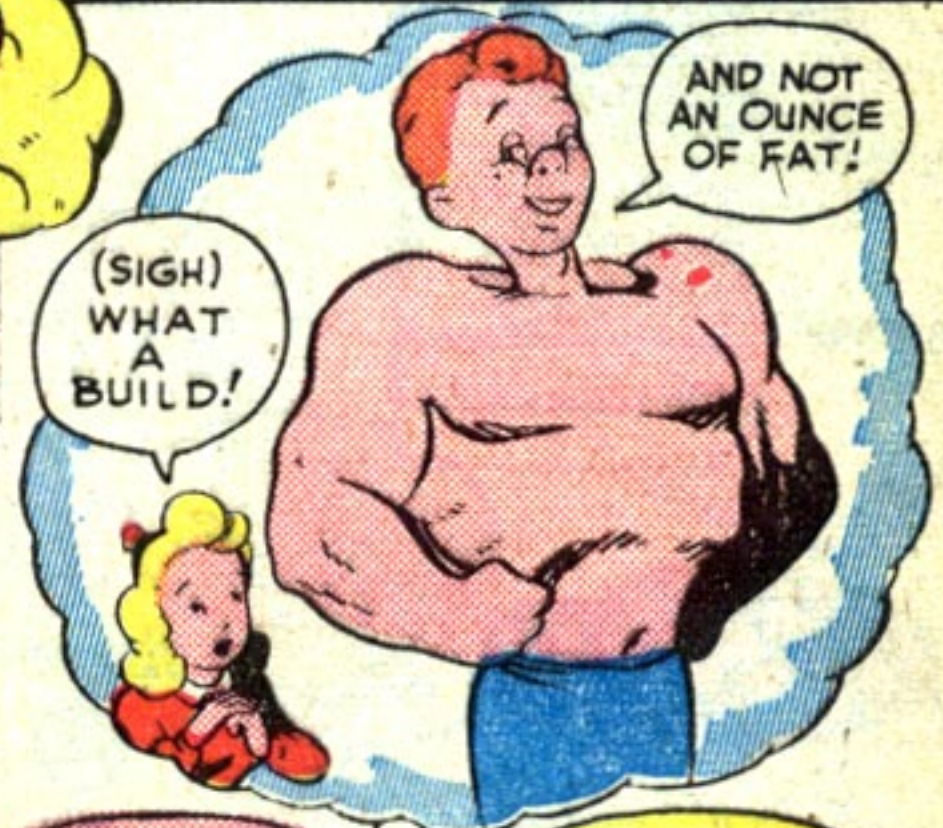
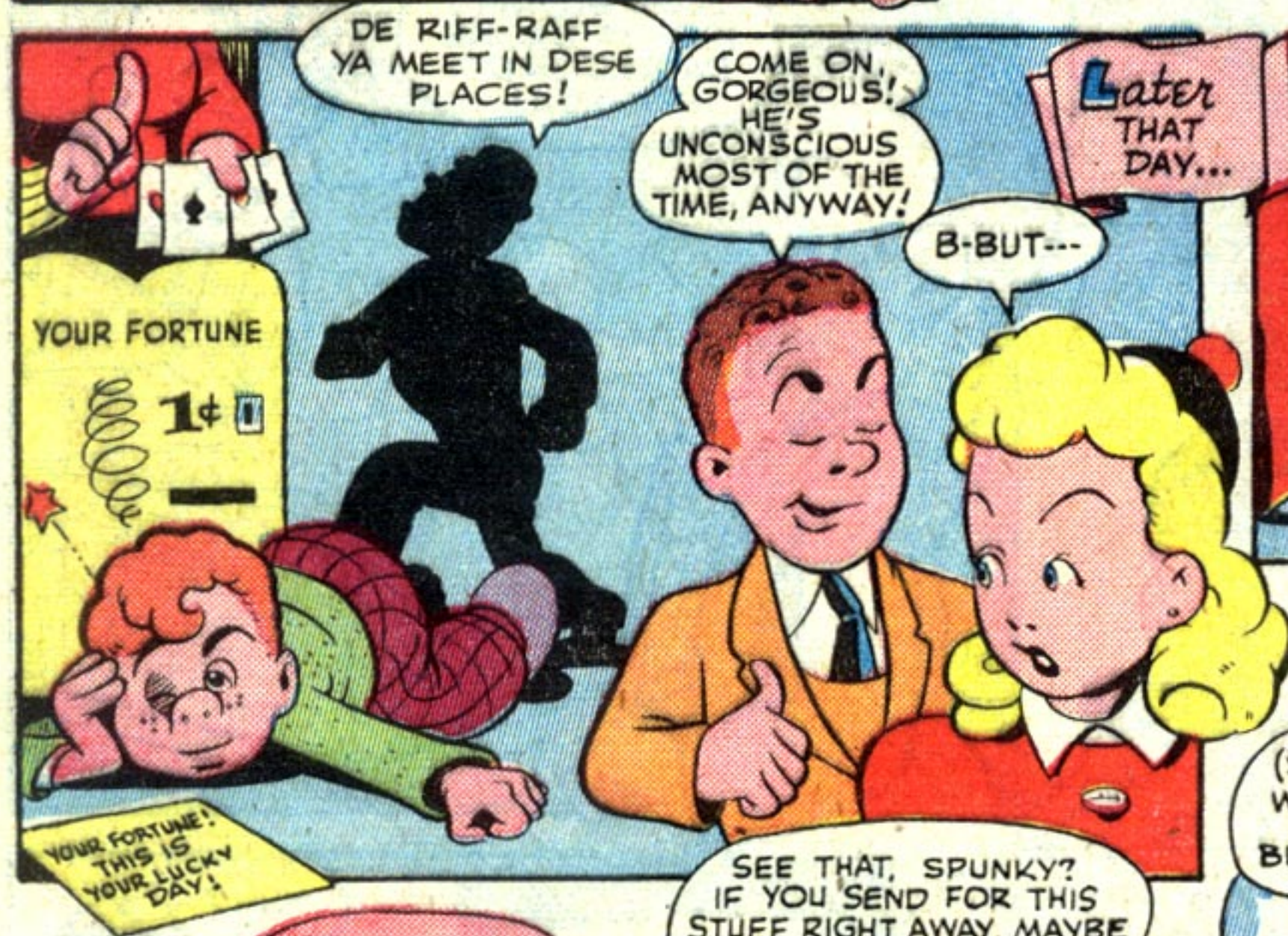
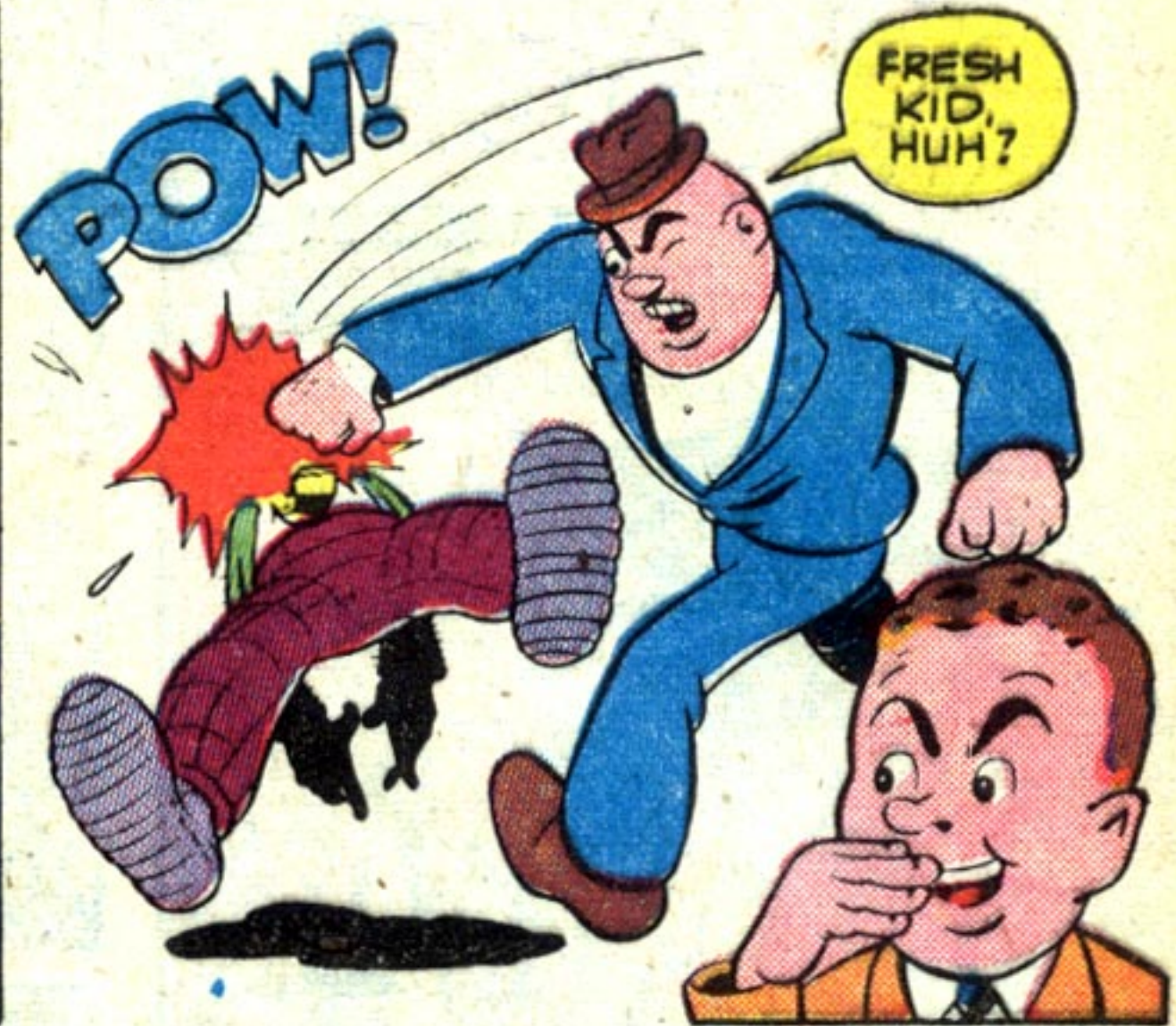
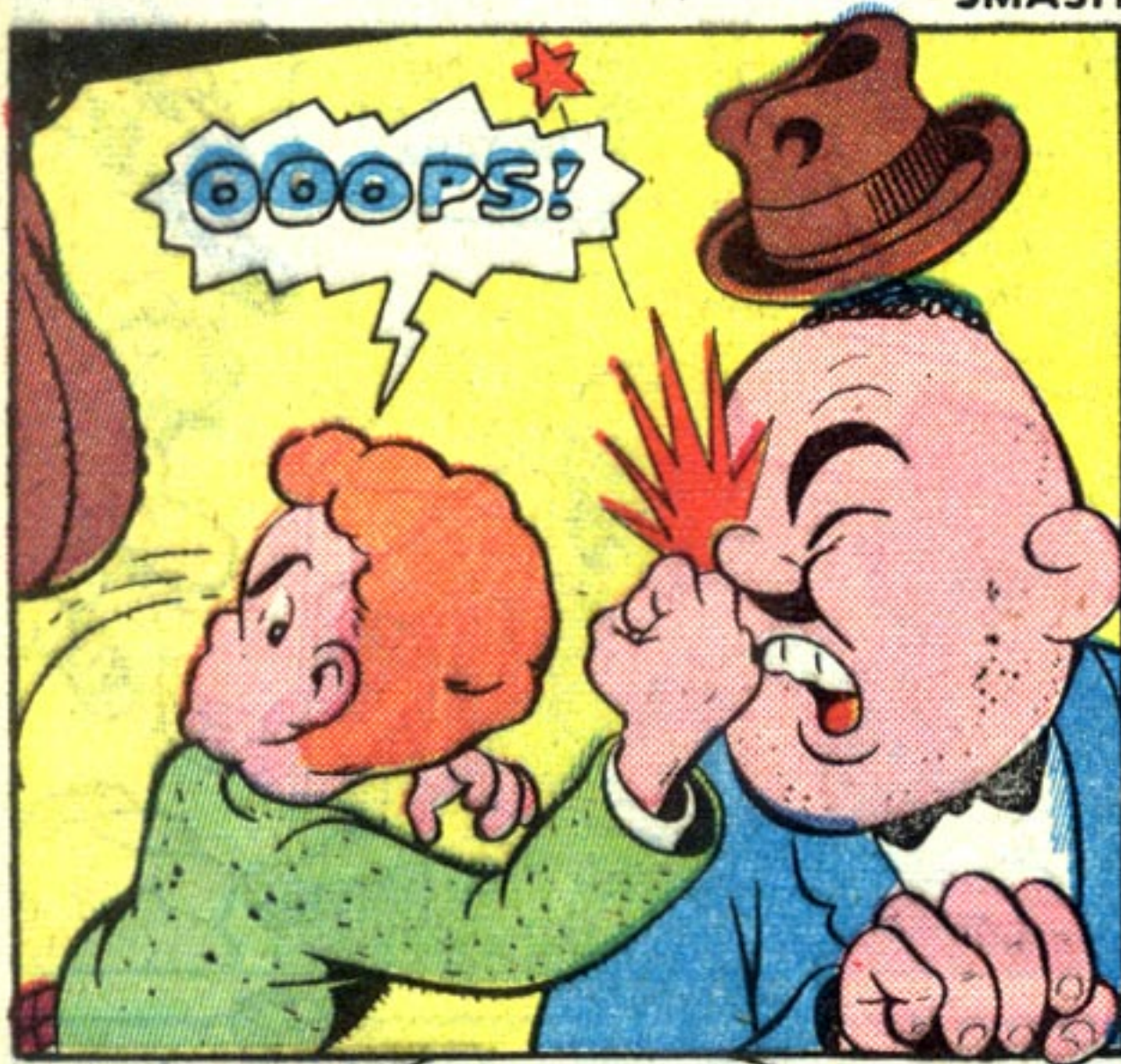
"Oughter make one devil of a fire, gal!"











I CAN MAKE MY OWN EQUIPMENT - AND BESIDES, I GOT A QUARTER!



THROUGH HEAT OF DAY, FOG, RAIN, HAIL, FIRE AND FLOOD - COMES THE FAITHFUL MAIL - AND THREE DAYS LATER, A PACKAGE FOR SPUNKY!



SEE THAT, PUG? MARGE THINKS I'M A WEAKLING! BUT WAIT TILL SHE SEES WHAT I DO TO THAT CURLY TOMORROW! SHE'LL CHANGE HER MIND!

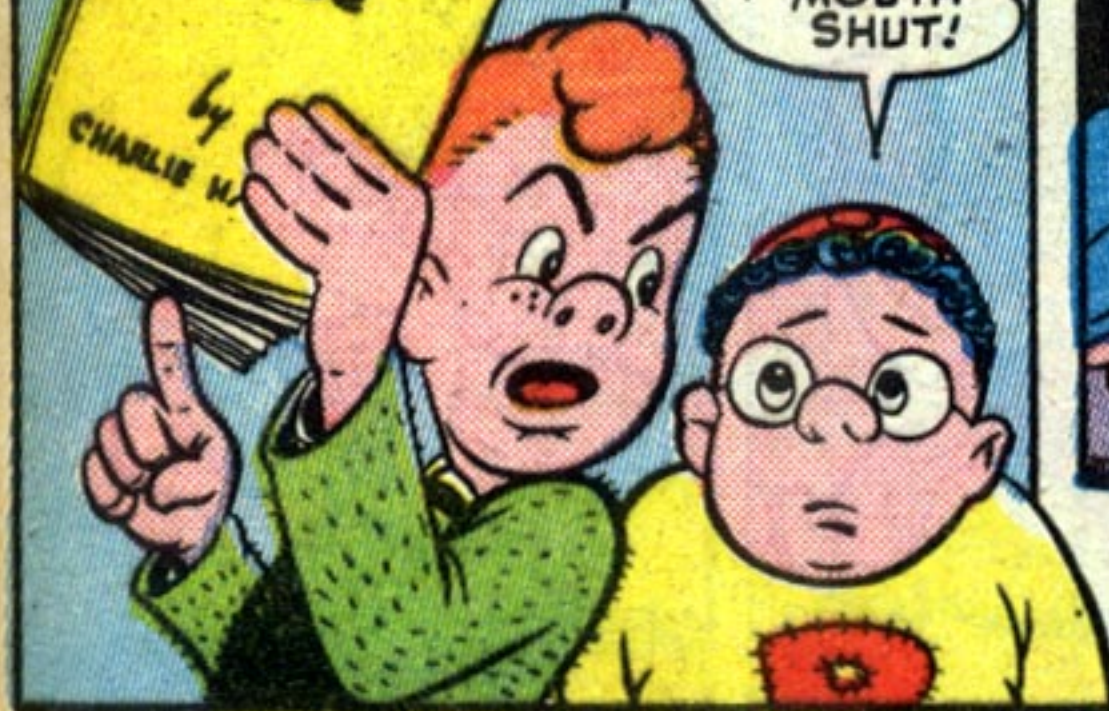
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO USE - A HAMMER?



I'M GOING TO USE THIS BOOK THIS AFTERNOON IN MY BACK YARD -- AND YOU FOR A TRAINING PARTNER!



I OUGHTA TAKE A COURSE ON KEEPING MY MOUTH SHUT!



OH, SPUNKY!

WE'LL START WITH MY CHEST FIRST!



YOU PROMISED TO BEAT THE RUGS TODAY -- REMEMBER?

AW, MOM! I GOTTA SAVE MY STRENGTH FOR MY EXERCISES!

MOTHERS NEVER UNDERSTAND!

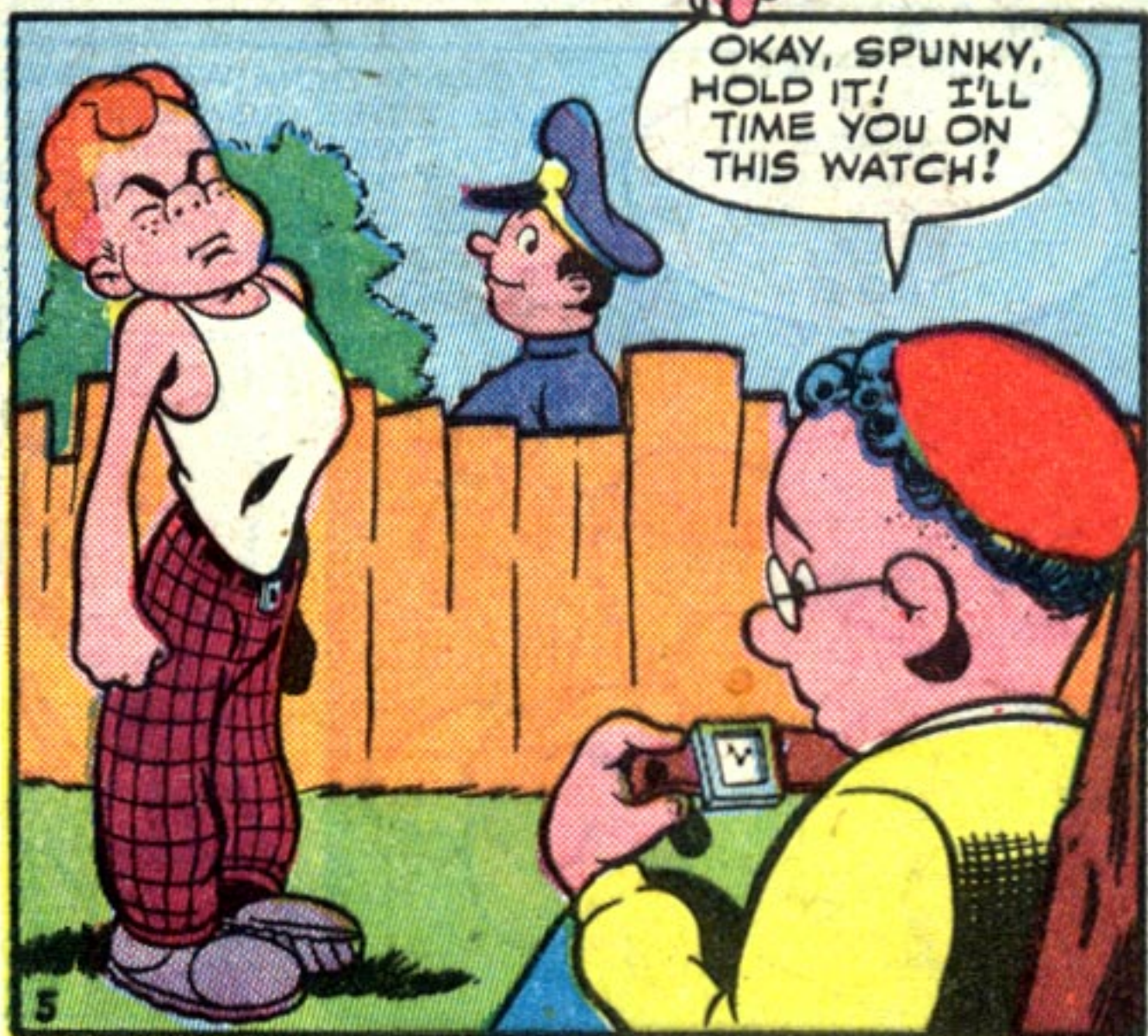


IT SAYS HERE -- "FOR DEVELOPING THE CHEST -- INHALE AND HOLD BREATH FOR TWO MINUTES." HOW MUCH IS MY CHEST NOW?

TWENTY-EIGHT AND THREE SIX-TEENTHS!



OKAY, SPUNKY, HOLD IT! I'LL TIME YOU ON THIS WATCH!



TIME GOES BY ON WINGS OF LEAD...

UH, SPUNKY... THERE'S SOMETHING I THINK YOU OUGHT TO KNOW!

THIS HERE WATCH BELONGS TO MY KID SISTER AND I THINK IT'S A TOY!

G-GOSH, SPUNKY! YOU GAINED TEN INCHES!

THAT'S SWELL, BUT I DON'T FEEL SO GOOD!

NOW THESE HERE SUSPENDERS SHOULD BE JUST AS GOOD AS DYNAMO SPRINGS FOR DEVELOPING MY FORECEPS!

BOY! THESE SUSPENDERS SURE CAN STRETCH!

SQUEAK!

BONG!

WOW! THIS MUSCLE ON TOP OF YOUR HEAD IS A HONEY! BUT IS THAT WHERE YOU WANTED IT?

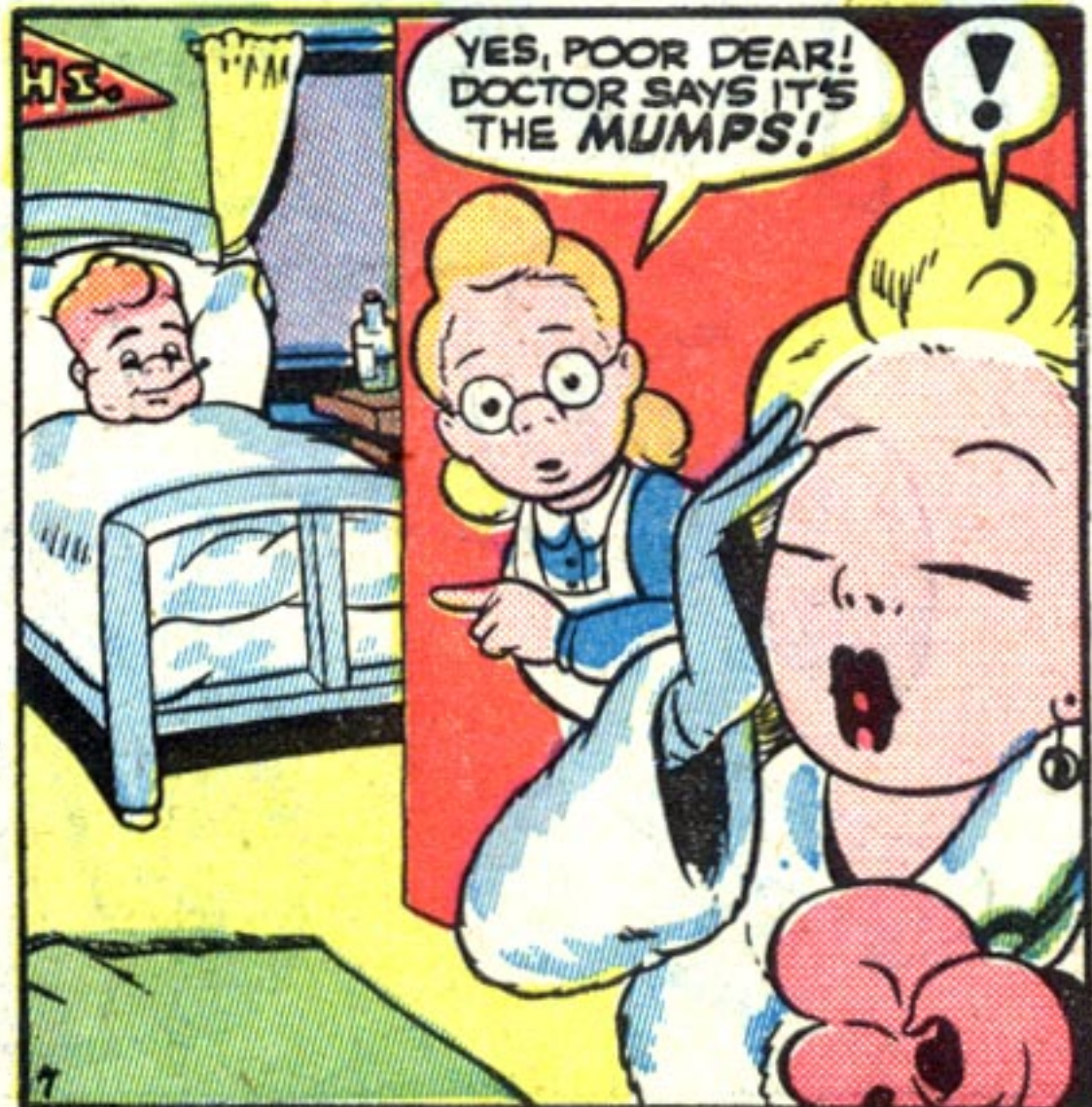
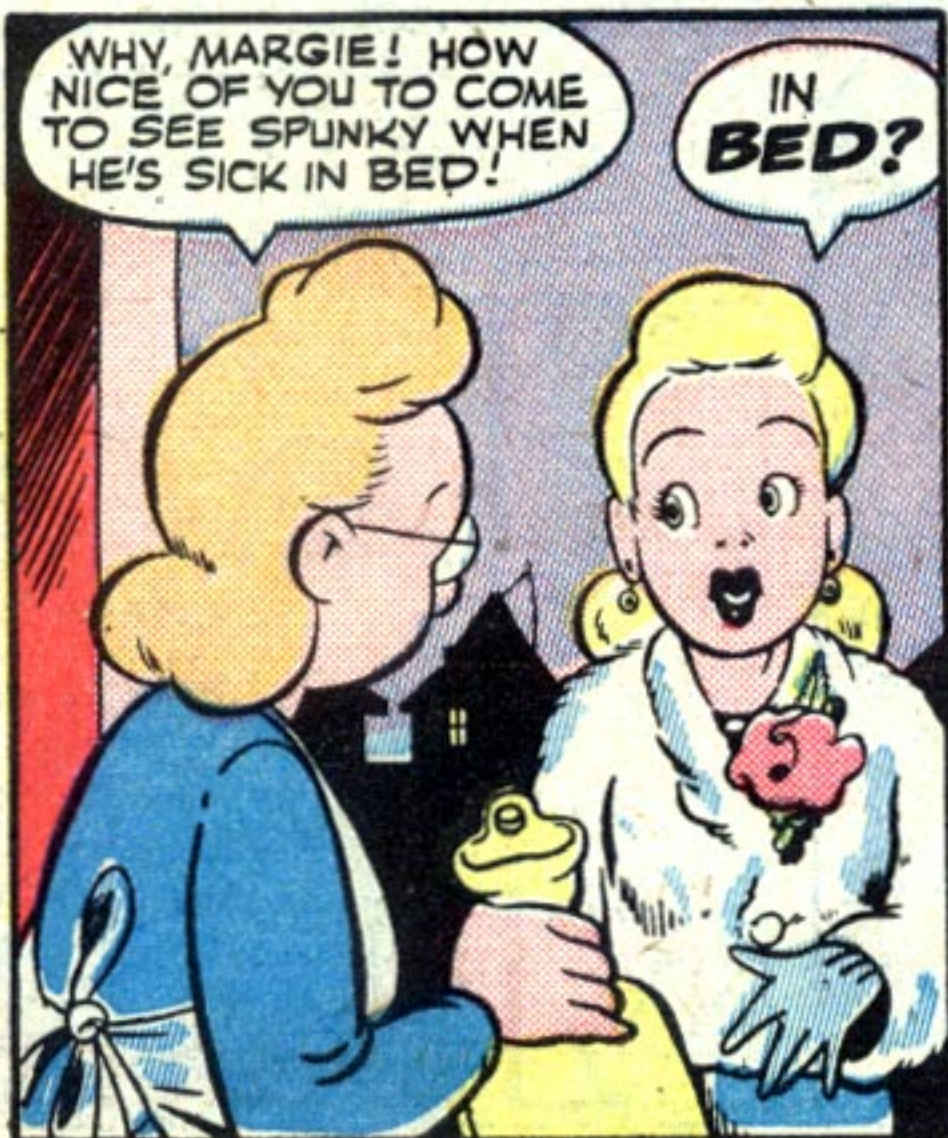
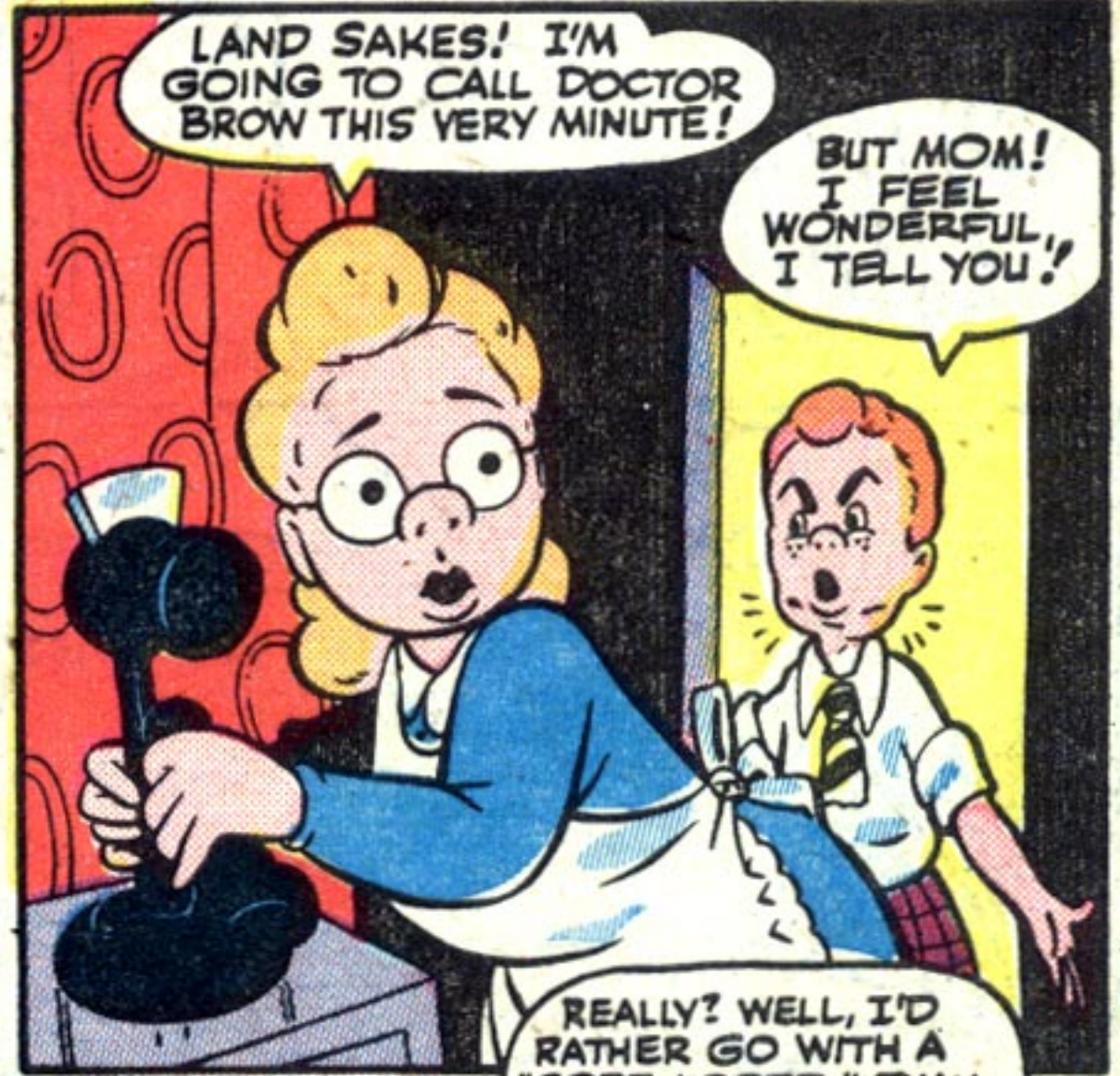
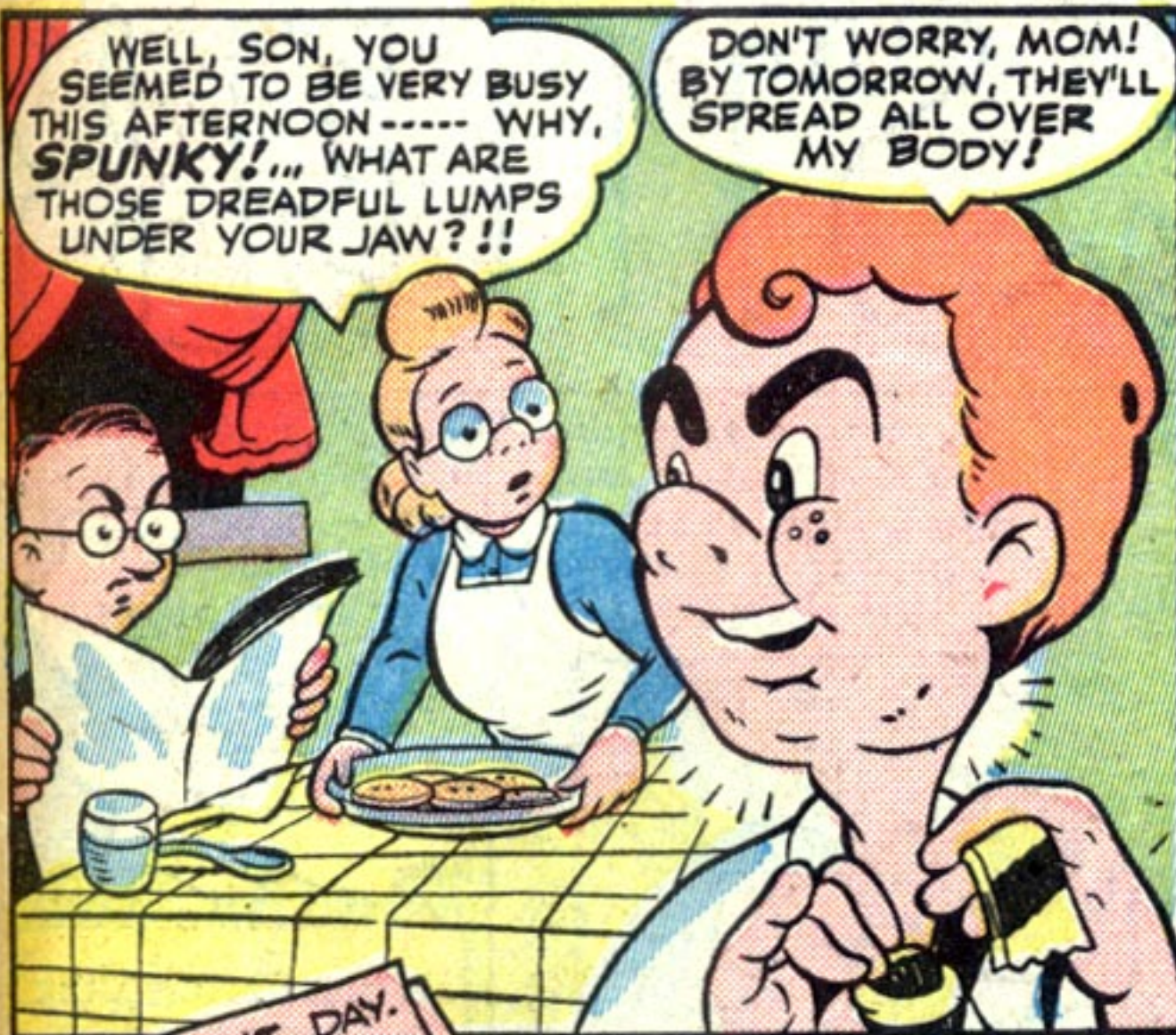
I DON'T THINK WE'RE GOING ABOUT THIS BUSINESS IN THE RIGHT WAY! I OUGHT TO START AT THE TOP AND WORK DOWN! YOU LOOK FOR A ROCK AND I'LL GO GET A ROPE!

GOSH, SPUNKY! I HOPE THAT SOCK IN THE HEAD WASN'T SERIOUS!

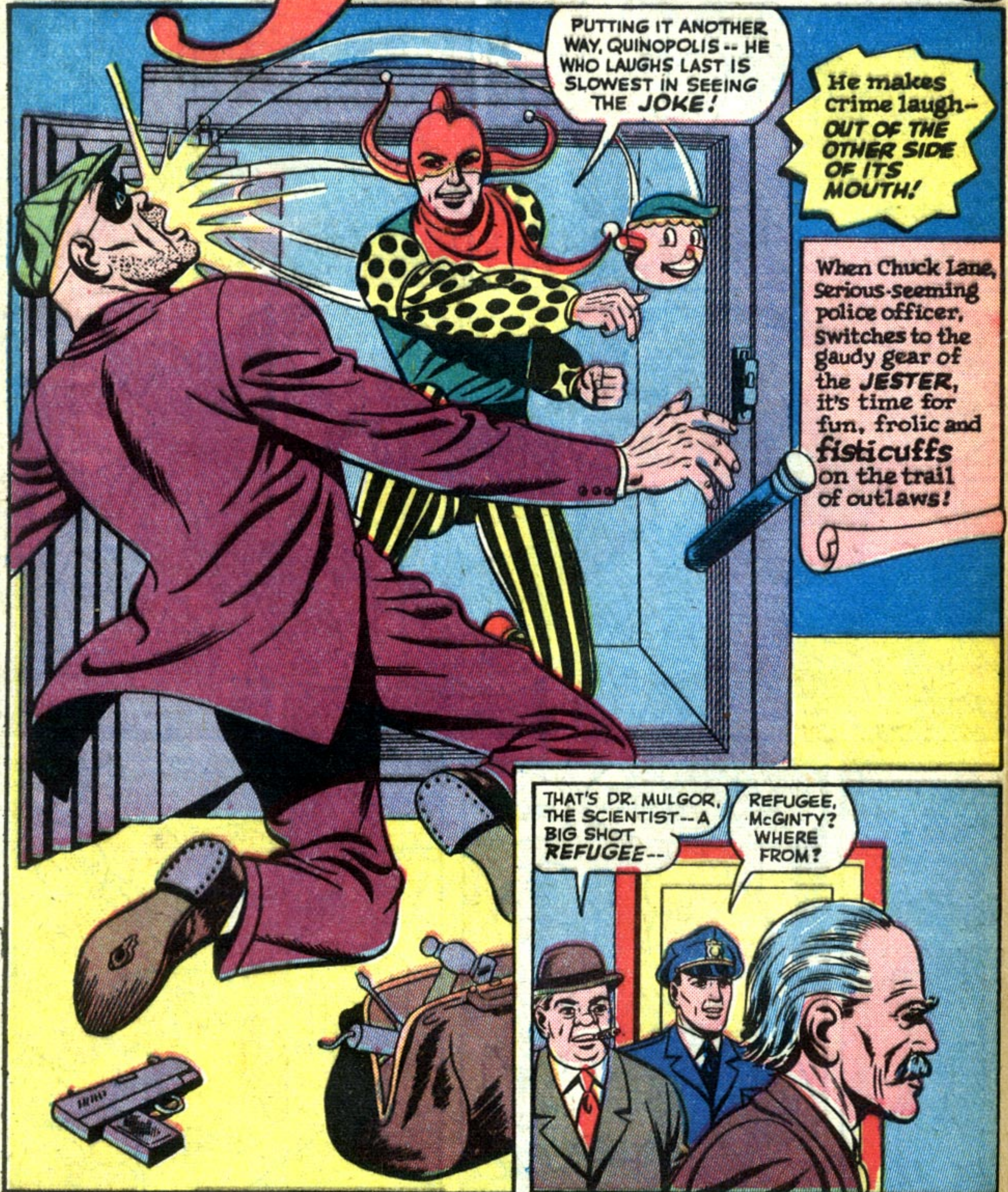
OH, SPUNKY! SUPPER'S READY!

-197-198- I STILL SAY NO GIRL IS WORTH TRAINING TO GET INTO A FIGHT OVER!

J-JUSH GEEB GOUNTING, WILL YA, PUG?



The JESTER



PUTTING IT ANOTHER WAY, QUINOPOLIS -- HE WHO LAUGHS LAST IS SLOWEST IN SEEING THE JOKE!

He makes crime laugh--
OUT OF THE OTHER SIDE OF ITS MOUTH!

When Chuck Lane, Serious-seeming police officer, switches to the gaudy gear of the **JESTER**, it's time for fun, frolic and **fisticuffs** on the trail of outlaws!

THAT'S DR. MULGOR, THE SCIENTIST-- A BIG SHOT REFUGEE--

REFUGEE, MCGINTY? WHERE FROM?



MYSTERY MAN, EH? MAYBE I OUGHT TO FOLLOW HIM!



NO!



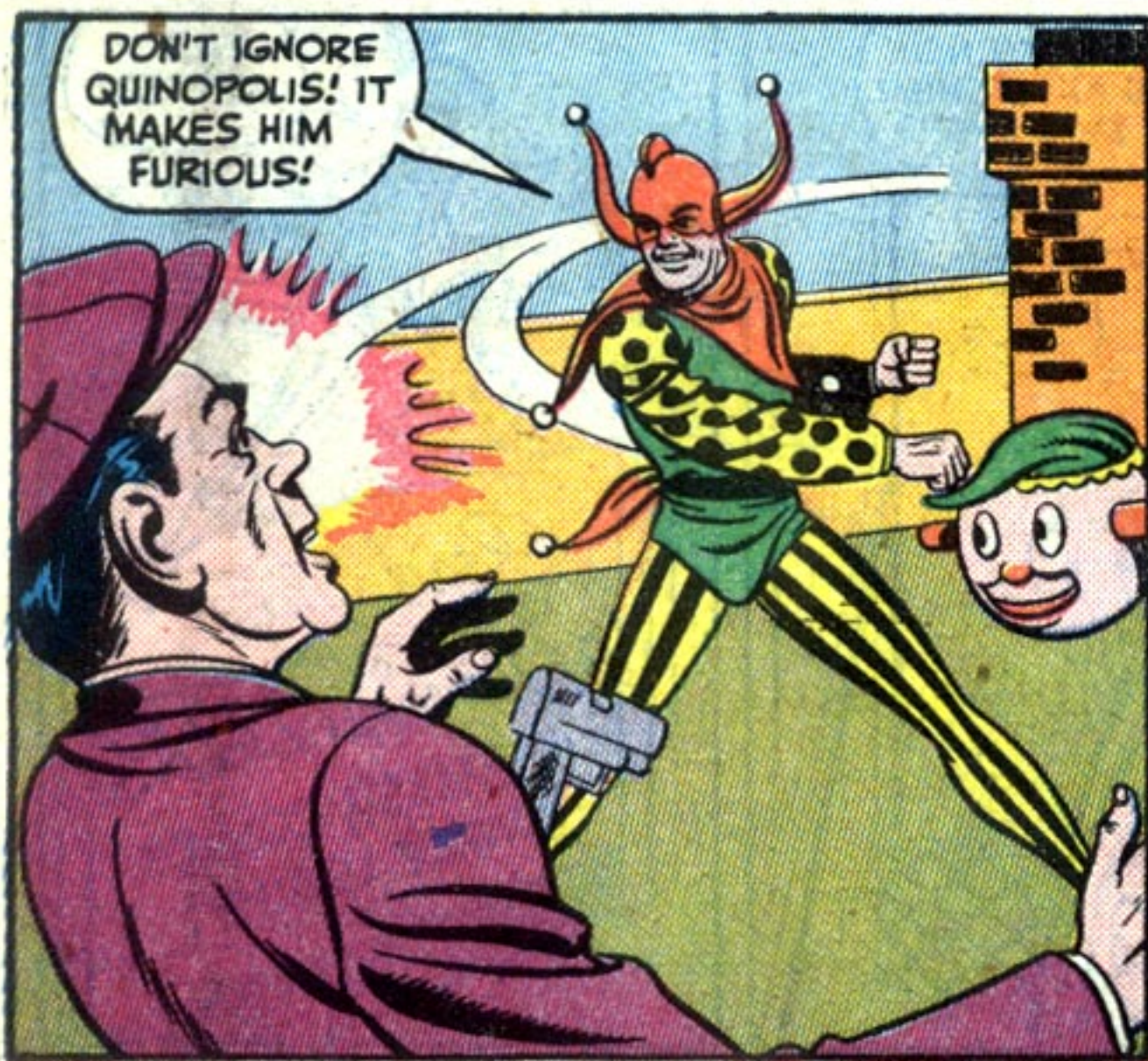
IMPOSSIBLE! I REFUSE! LET THE MAN GO!

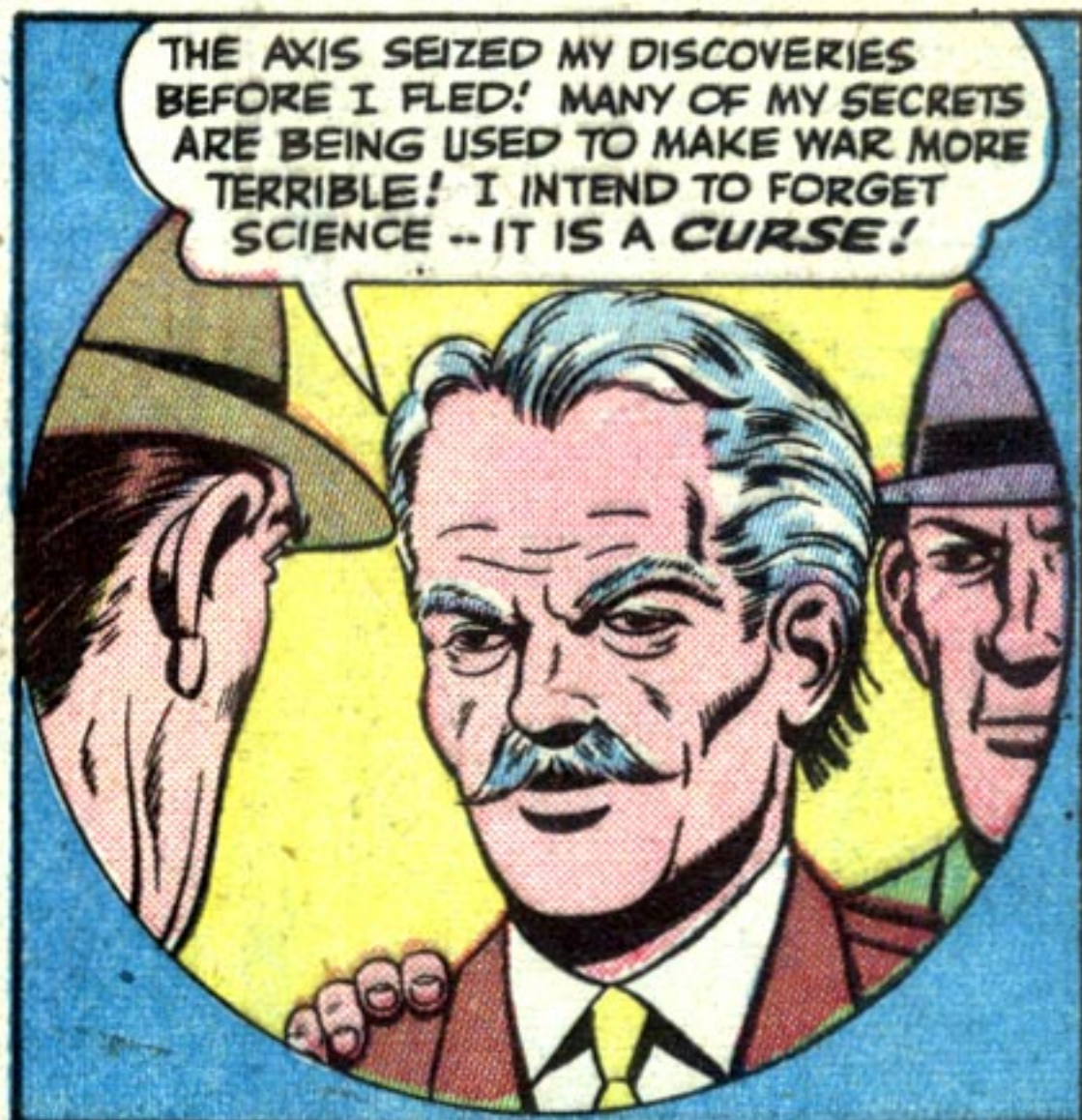
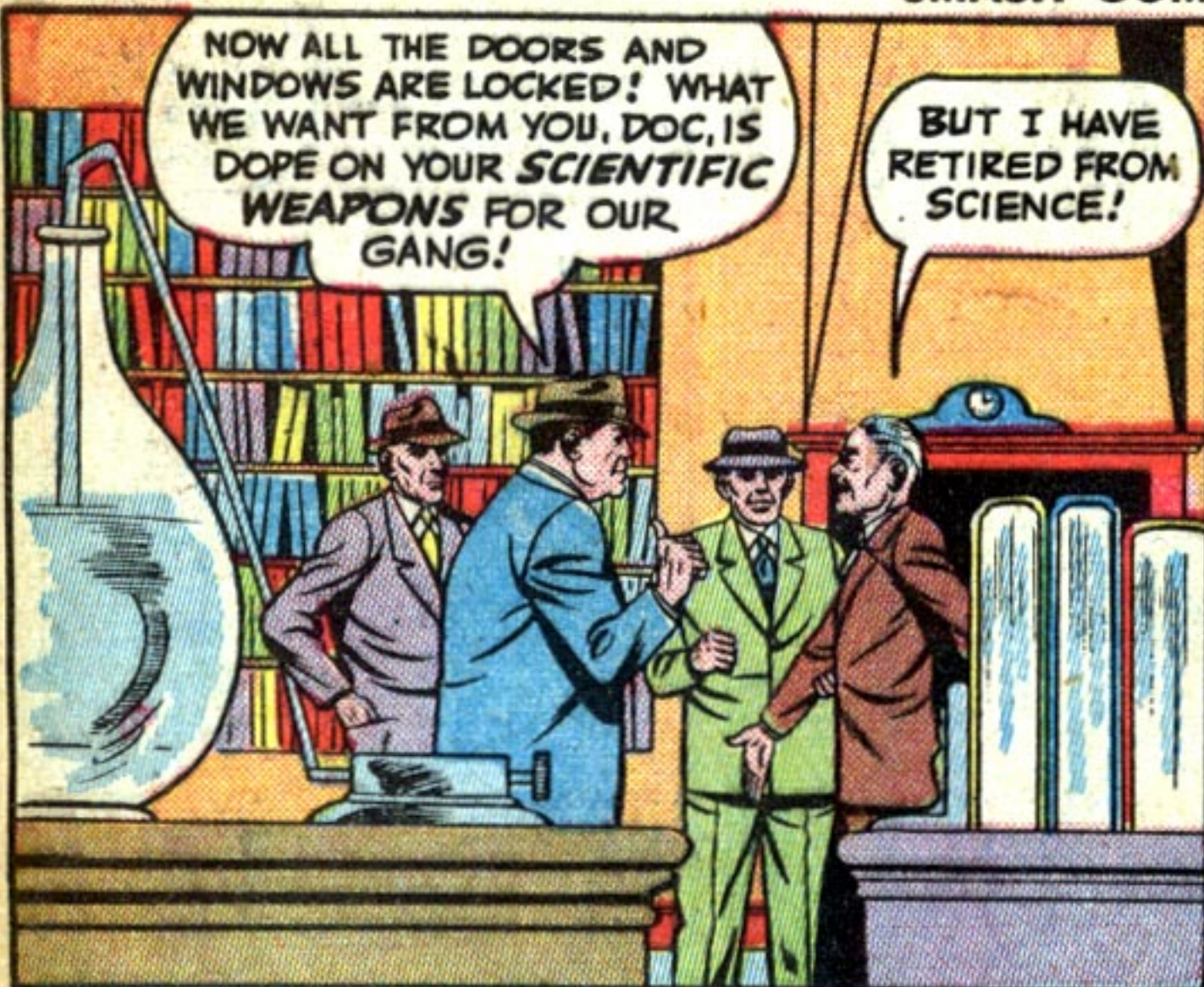


I MAKE NO ACCUSATIONS! I WANT NO POLICE INTERFERENCE!



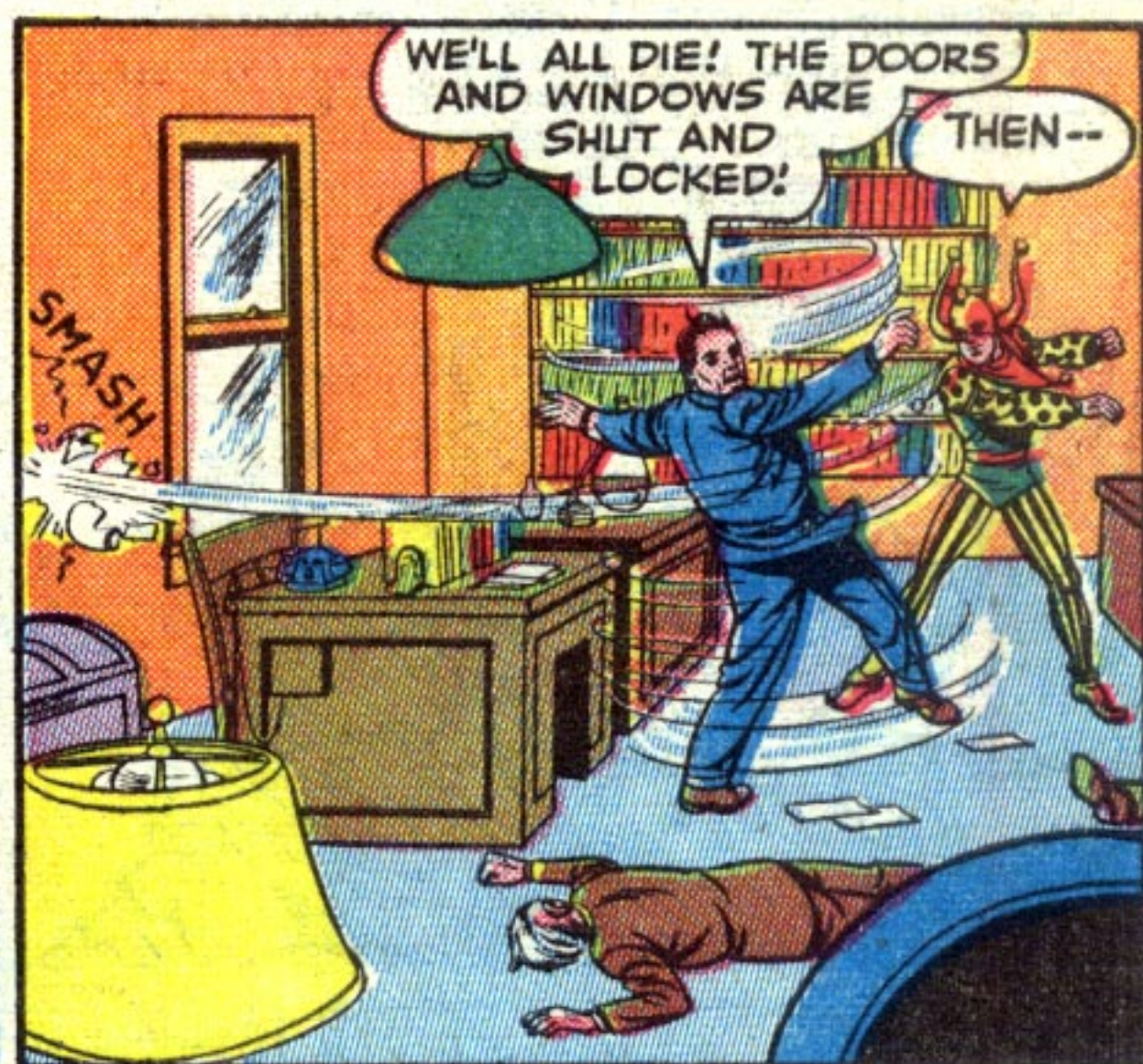
Read the **JESTER** IN SMASH COMICS EVERY ISSUE!

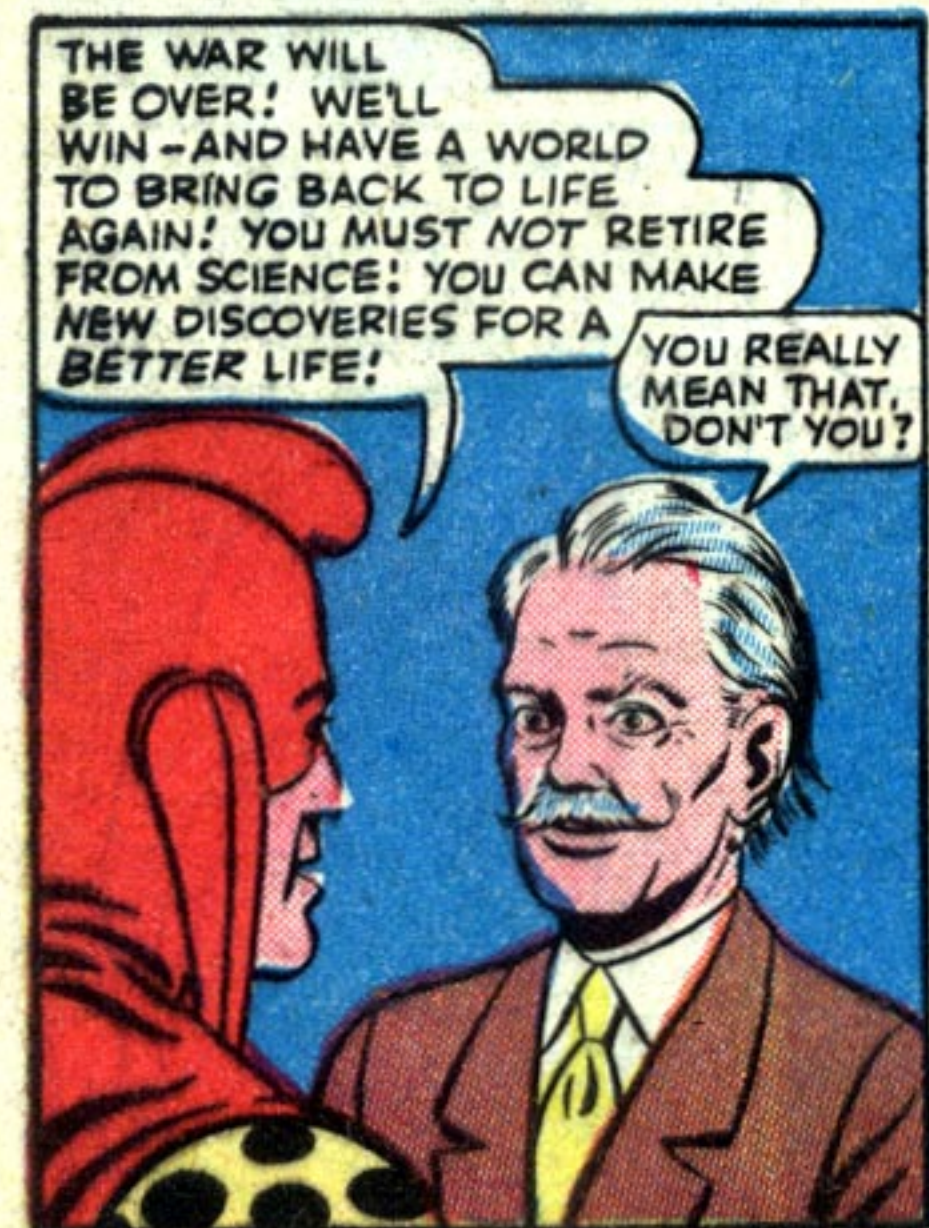
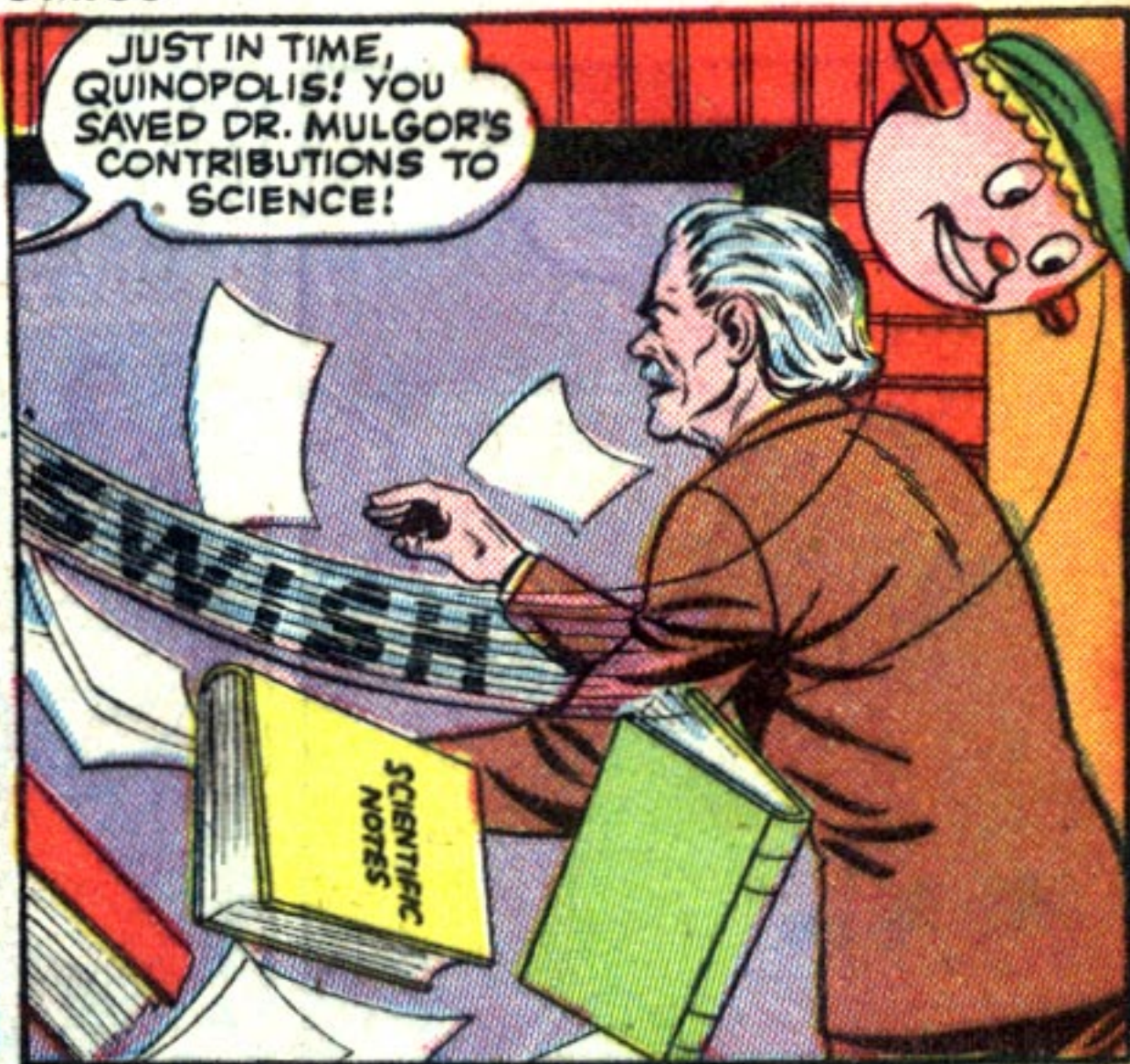






SMASH COMICS





HOW A 97-LB. WEAKLING

Became the WORLD'S MOST PERFECTLY DEVELOPED MAN

The inspiring story of
CHARLES ATLAS



—actual photo of the man who holds the title "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

I Can Make You A New Man, Too, In Only 15 Minutes A Day!

If you're the way I USED to be—if you are skinny and feel only half-alive—if the better jobs pass you by—if you're in the service, but are being "pushed around"—if you're ashamed to strip for sports or a swim—and if you want a HE-MAN's body—then give me just 15 minutes a day! I'll PROVE you can have a build you'll be PROUD of! "Dynamic Tension" will do it for you, too! That's how I changed my own build into such perfect proportions that famous sculptors and artists have paid me to pose for them. My body won me the title, "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man." And now I can give you solid, beautiful, USEFUL muscle wherever YOU want it!

"DYNAMIC TENSION" Does It!

In only 15 minutes a day, "Dynamic Tension" can bulge up your chest, broaden your back, fill out your arms and legs. Before you know it, this easy, NATURAL method will make you a

New Man! In fact, I GUARANTEE you'll start seeing results in the first 7 days!

I give you no gadgets or contraptions to fool with. You simply utilize the UNDEVELOPED muscle-power in your own God-given body—almost unconsciously every minute of the day—walking, bending over, etc.—to BUILD MUSCLE and VITALITY. And it's so easy; my secret, "Dynamic Tension," does the trick!

FREE BOOK

Thousands of fellows in every branch of the service as well as civilians have used my "Dynamic Tension" to change themselves into real HE-MEN! Read what they say—see how they looked before and after—in my book—free. Tells all about "Dynamic Tension," shows actual photos of men I've turned from puny weaklings into Atlas Champions. And I can do the same for YOU. Mail the coupon now! Address me personally: CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 3306, 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.



CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 3306
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

I want proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a new man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name.....
(Please print or write plainly)

Address.....

City..... Zone No. (if any)..... State.....

☐ Check here if under 16 for Booklet A

Captain **TOOTSIE** BATTLES **MONSTER MAN!**



THIS MONSTER MAN IS VERY DANGEROUS, SO REMEMBER--IF YOU SEE HIM, JUST **TOOT FOR TOOTSIE!**

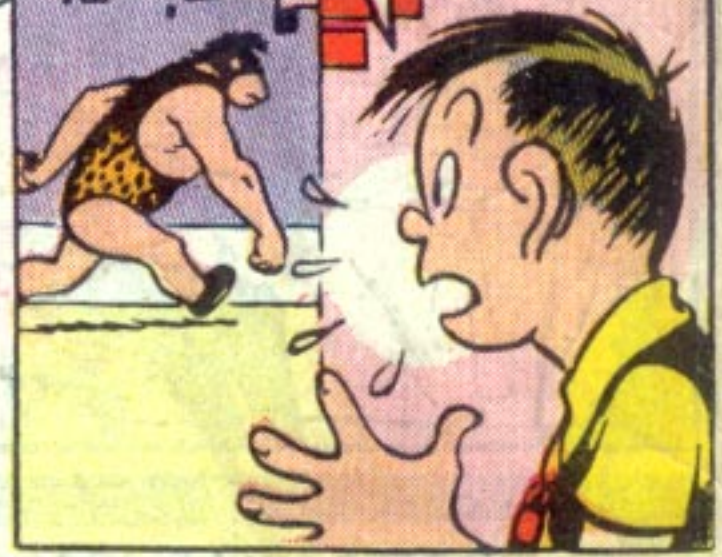
YOU BET, CAP!

'RAV FOR CAPTAIN TOOTSIE!

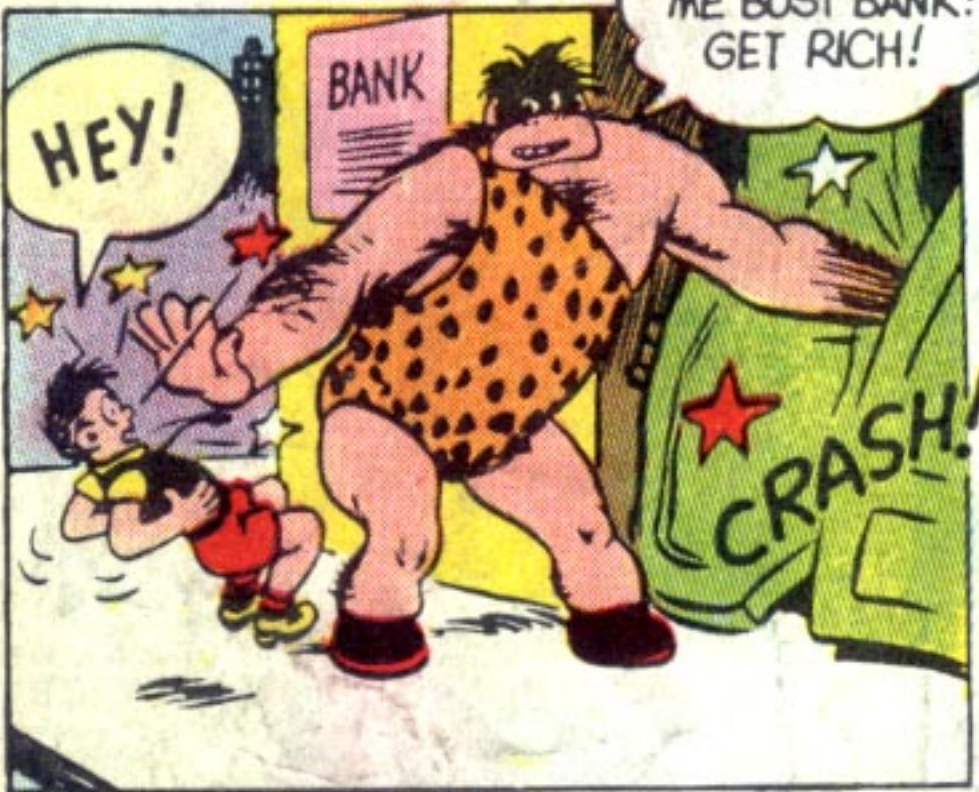
HOOTIN' ZOOTs! THERE'S MONSTER MAN NOW!



CAPT. TOOTSIE AND HIS SECRET LEGION FORM A SEARCHING PARTY.



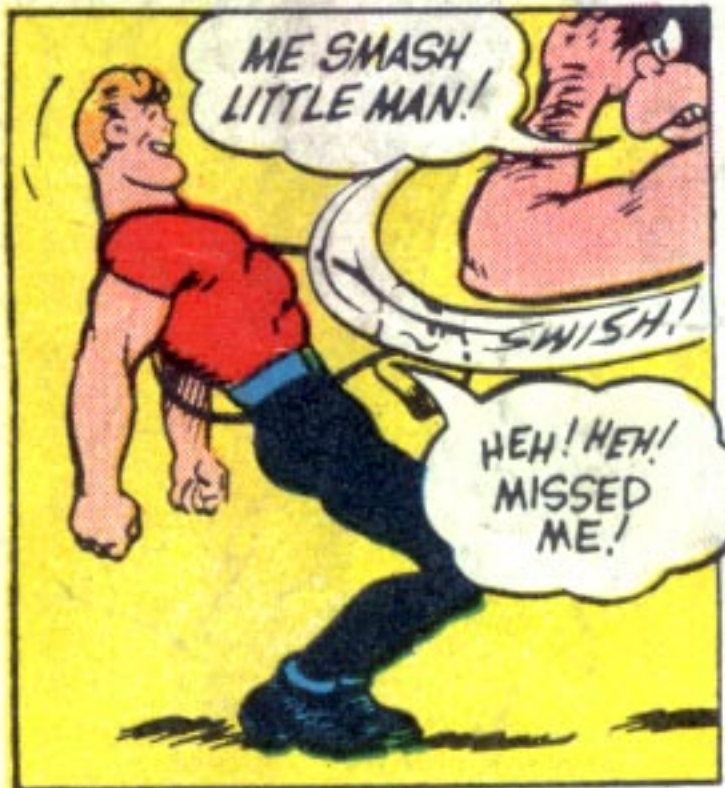
HO! ME BUST BANK! GET RICH!



THIS'LL TEACH YOU NOT TO ROB BANKS!



CAPTAIN TOOTSIE TO THE RESCUE!



ME SMASH LITTLE MAN!

SWISH!

HEH! HEH! MISSED ME!

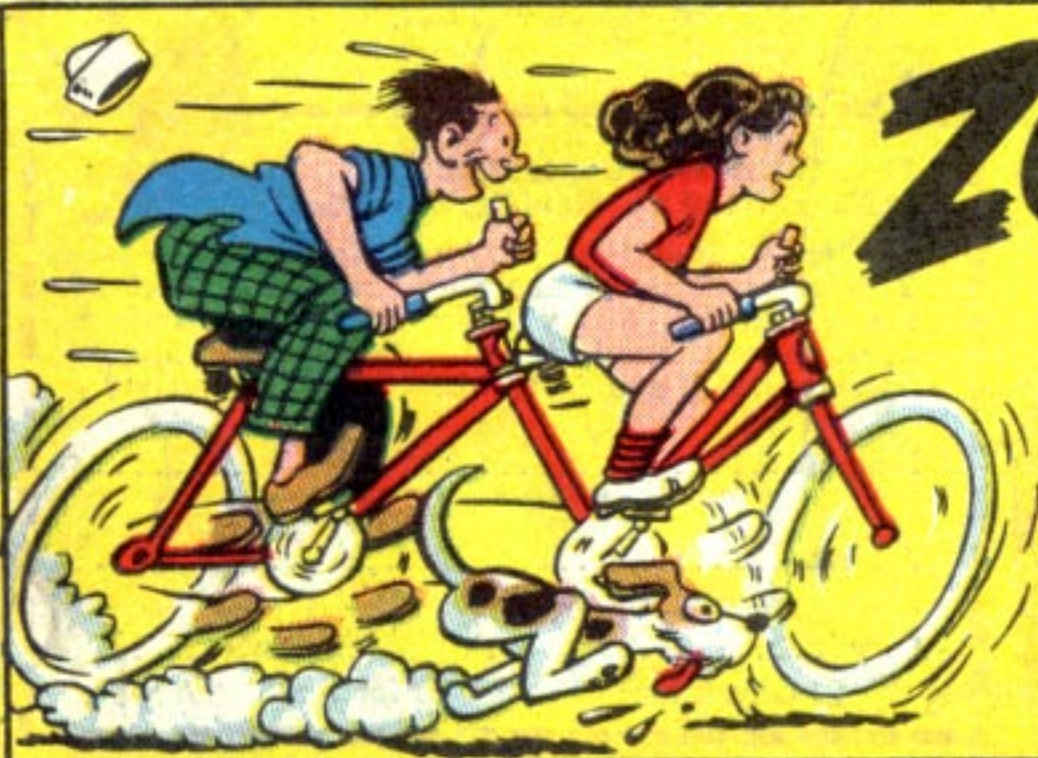
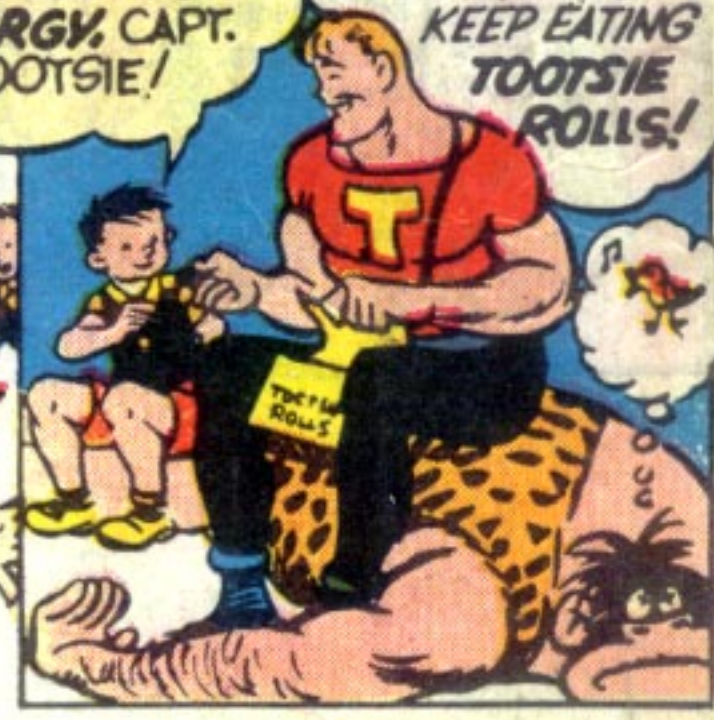


BAM!

HOORAY FOR CAPTAIN TOOTSIE!

HOOTIN' ZOOTs! YOU SURE HAVE PLENTY OF ENERGY, CAPT. TOOTSIE!

YOU'LL HAVE PLENTY OF ENERGY TOO, ROLLO, IF YOU KEEP EATING TOOTSIE ROLLS!



ZOWIE!

IMAGINE GETTING AS MUCH ENERGY from a Chewy, Chocolatey **TOOTSIE ROLL** AS YOU USE TO RIDE A BICYCLE 3 MILES!

• Yes, Tootsie Rolls are not only delicious. They're fine food! They're made with milk, enriched with dextrose — and give you energy you need to win! And they give you energy fast. You can fairly feel the energy rush to your muscles seconds after you pop a Tootsie Roll into your mouth! Try a Tootsie!



Still Only 1¢